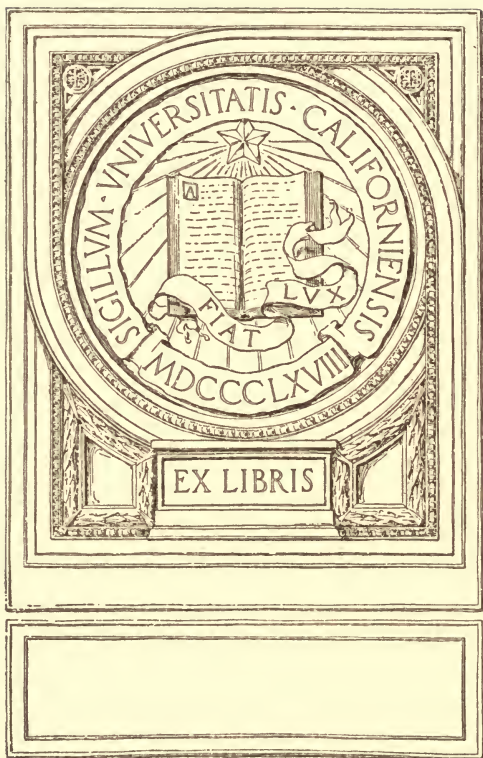


# THE GREATER PATRIOTISM

*John L. Gifford*









# THE GREATER PATRIOTISM







John S. Caffee

# THE GREATER PATRIOTISM

PUBLIC ADDRESSES BY  
JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS

AMERICAN CONSUL-GENERAL AT LONDON  
DELIVERED IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA  
WITH A MEMOIR BY CAROLINE HENDERSON GRIFFITHS  
AND AN INTRODUCTION BY HILAIRE BELLOC



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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
OUR BROTHER  
DR. CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON  
AND TO THE MEMORY OF  
OUR FAITHFUL AND CHERISHED FRIEND  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY





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## INTRODUCTION

I HAVE been honoured with the request to write a few words of Preface to this Memoir of my very valued and very much lamented friend Mr. John Lewis Griffiths, formerly Consul-General for the United States in London.

There is so much that could be said in such a connection, and which I know myself only indifferently able to express, that I hesitate a little to undertake the task : poignant as is my memory of its subject and strongly as I feel it my duty to bear such testimony as I can in the company of so many others.

I shall, I think, render the best service if I restrict my attempt to one narrow field and speak of Mr. Griffiths only in connection with that : I mean the aid which such men as he gave, subconsciously, as it were, and yet at the critical moment, to the general business of the world, which is the right issue of the present war. For John Lewis Griffiths was one of those—I think I may say without exaggeration the most completely successful of those—who established personal relations between Englishmen and Americans ; and the establishment of those relations in sufficient strength to bear the strain of the present alliance is at this moment a definite and large part of the work necessary to the world.

Others will express far better than I can the charm of his personal character: a charm which I think reposed even more upon integrity than it did upon the power of vivid expression, although this last and rare gift was most noticeable in him.

Others, of course, can speak as I cannot, of his career in his own country, of which I know nothing. Others can describe and have described his most exceptional gift of moving, lucid and arresting speech, which made him the best deliverer of an address—especially of such addresses as required reading and judgment combined—whom I have ever heard. But that other matter—his popularity and success in establishing what I have called personal relations between considerable groups of Englishmen and Americans before the war—must be my only object in so restricted an effort as this.

The two societies are more difficult to introduce the one to the other than either is prepared to recognize. The root cause of this difficulty is that you have here a community of language and a partial community of institutions. There are some who would call such a statement a paradox, and a paradox is out of place in any serious study. But for my part I do not think it a paradox at all. On the contrary it seems to me something so obvious that I am astonished men do not perpetually recognize it.

When you frankly regard a foreign nation as wholly foreign, when you are prepared for a shock at every turn; when every word used by the foreigner is unfamiliar to you, and language, the form of thought, is the strangest part of all his strange apparatus;

when his institutions arouse in you bewilderment or ridicule or mere blank incomprehension—*then* you may proceed to a deliberate study of his society, to a grasp of its character and at last perhaps to a full appreciation of it.

Thus Angellier, for instance, of the *École Normale* in France, one of the many Frenchmen who made themselves expert in British things, so soaked himself in the English language and in the Scottish dialects, with all the society and tone of thought which these connoted, that he was able to produce a great monograph on Burns; superior to any rival book.

Apart from these experts, the mass of opinion, the bulk of educated men when they know they are dealing with something completely foreign make allowances for what irritates or confuses them. But when you have a community of language between societies which are in spirit very different, a cause of friction at once arises. When there is not only community in language, but to a large extent in religious formation (for religion is the root of all action) and even in some institutions, the danger of friction grows greater yet. Familiar words mean to the one party what they do not mean to the other. Expressions of the mind which we are expecting in connection with our own speech we find lacking in the similar speech of the stranger. It is like looking into a distorted mirror, or like listening to a conversation passing between others and not meant for ourselves.

If this is true of language it is still more true of institutions. When certain fundamental institutions are similar between independent and different nations,



but though similar are not identical—when the common factors of life are mixed in different proportions and the synthesis of the whole is correspondingly at variance, there is bewilderment or confusion or irritation. In religion, for instance, both nations are Protestant, but the proportionate numerical strength and influence of Catholicism in England is nothing to what it is in America. Again in both nations there is a considerable sceptical class : nowadays a very large one ; but in America there is no tradition left of aristocratic scepticism. In Britain that form of scepticism is the oldest and the most rooted.

The fundamental institution of the law, of legal forms and terms, and even of the legal spirit, is a very striking example of what I mean. There is so much in common between the two countries, that the precedents of the one can be quoted in the other. Every act in an English court, every form, is easily followed by the American visitor of the legal profession, and yet the social spirit which underlies the two systems of courts differs more widely than the social spirit between any two European nations of the West.

This is a hard saying. It will be denied by most of those who read this perhaps, and even violently denied, but it is true. The society of the United States, taken as a whole, is frankly and inevitably egalitarian, that of England is especially and will always be aristocratic—for aristocratic states will never adopt any other form ; they never have in history and, indeed, it is impossible to see how they could. Government by the populace or through the populace is inconceivable in an aristocratic state. No



other form of government is conceivable beyond the Atlantic. The necessary strain between popular government and centralization is at once solved there by the intensive practice of local autonomy—the very core of American political ideas. Here the central control of small closely connected bodies, magisterial, financial, political, is complete and absolute.

It would be tedious to pursue this. The point is, I think, clear. The two societies, profoundly differing, are in a special danger of friction from the fact that their language is identical and that parts of their institutions are closely similar.

Now the reconciliation of such differences is a subtle and difficult thing. I have watched not a few attempts at it and many more imitations of it, which were the more failures because they boasted of success. The intermixture of a few rich people with a foreign society—they are but a handful—does nothing towards helping the comprehension of that society by those from whom such immigrants have come. On the contrary it only breeds a worse friction. The very considerable interchange of literature does something, but it does it badly. The Englishman does not really know what America is thinking through the American books he has thrust upon him or accepts. The American in America reading a much greater proportion of English work is certainly even more deceived about England. I have noticed, for instance, that novels describing English political life if they are accurate and vivid can obtain no sale in America whatsoever, but that the novels which give a conventional picture of the two English Houses of Parlia-

ment and their personnel—a conventional picture as wide of the mark as can be and simply neglected by people actually living in politics—do obtain a considerable sale upon the other side of the Atlantic. Occasionally efforts in philosophy do more to explain the one nation to the other. This was very noticeable in the case of Mr. James and his brother. But most of all is done by those rare men who establish a personal contact in which is mingled understanding, affection and humour. They are, in truth, the ambassadors between the two peoples.

It may sound ungracious, or even unpatriotic, but I fear it is true that work of this kind is far more rare as from us to the Americans than it is from the Americans to us. This is perhaps inevitable. Europe is for the American a subject of travel far more than is America a subject of travel for us. And the Americans see Europe more as a whole than do we see the United States as a whole. We think of the United States—at least we are too much led to think so through our newspapers and many of our books—as a product of British expansion: something originally colonial which afterwards grew up to have an independent life.

The American often sees Great Britain as the nearest and most comprehensible to him of many European states, but still only one of many such states. It is the American who establishes the interpretative relation much more often than it is the Englishman, and of the Americans who established such relations Mr. Griffiths—in my experience at least—was by far the most successful and the one whose influence will most certainly endure.

This was in no small measure due—apart from that extraordinary talent for expression which I have already mentioned—to the immediate affection by which he drew both private acquaintances and great audiences towards himself. The vague and quite insufficient word “popularity” I have heard used of him only too often. It was much more than popularity. It was the recognition of fundamental goodness and sympathy. Everybody felt it. I am happy to count myself one of those who have had opportunities of feeling it most strongly. When such a temperament, with its advantages, is united to the talent or even genius for comprehension and exposition which was present in him, the effect is not only immediately considerable but above all lasting.

This talent for exposition, of which public speaking is only a part, means, when it is generally stated, something diffuse and vague. But in the case of Mr. Griffiths it had a rare, peculiar, and personal quality which caused me to listen to him in something of the same mood as that in which one watches a skilful performance upon a difficult instrument. A man in his position is called upon to address audiences of very different sorts, at short notice—often with no notice at all; upon subjects now agreed, now novel, now controversial, now perilous, now enthusiastic. I have many times, as I listened to him, contrasted his method before the audience he was immediately addressing with that which he had used, and which I had also heard (perhaps but a week before) when he had to meet other minds and deal with other matters. The skill with which he grasped at once the air in which he spoke

and the line that would lead his immediate hearers to conviction or to interest, was something so individual, that I have not found it in any other man.

In all this I am speaking only of talent ; high and admirable, but still talent only. I am saying nothing of virtue, which is incomparably more. The true source from which all this effect sprang was that virtue in the mind of which the French use the phrase "*rayonnant de bonté.*"

I feel as I conclude these very few lines, how inadequately I have dealt with something which is very near my heart and which I could have wished to have put in better terms. A personal emotion is at work—an emotion of reverence, of great regret and of established admiration which if I gave it rein would make me write very differently and perhaps with too individual a note. I have concerned myself only with the public effect of this man's work and virtues coming just before so critical a moment in the history of the world, and coming, as I believe, with a real benediction about it, and a purpose greater than in all his neighbours.

It is the characteristic of those who have done well that when they die their influence does not fade or diminish, but in some way we do not understand bears increasing fruit. It is the test of what those now dead have done. It is their title in the history of the world. And I have no doubt that this friendship with which I was myself honoured and which was extended indeed to all who met and knew its object, will be of increasing value.

HILAIRE BELLOC

## MEMOIR

### CORRIGENDA

Page xxi, line 27, *for* Dunfermline *read* Dumferline.

Page lxxxix, line 28, *for* Tate *read* Tate.

Page xcix, line 2, *for* Lewi *read* Lewis.

Page 204, line 9, *for* memories *read* members.

The Greater Patriotism



## MEMOIR

IT was written of Mr. Griffiths that after his first address in London "Men sit listening to him forgetting their cigars and wine." He was a stranger then in London, but as men grew to know him there they realized that he was a man of deeds, inspired by high aspirations and pure ideals, and so his words acquired a deeper meaning and became not only an entertainment but an influence.

To those who knew him no word is needed to keep him in remembrance. To them he is a living personality and, in thinking of him, he is here.

All of his rich gifts he lavished on the present. He seemed to crave only that unselfish, earthly immortality, "to be the sweet influence of a good diffused and in diffusion, ever more intense."

But I am sure the testimony to his work and his worth should be preserved and his name enrolled among those who have "that humanity which sweetens society and sympathizes with foreign nations." He used his gifts so wisely and generously, that he awakened old loyalties between America and England, and quickened the sense of their kinship in ideals, and so aided in that spiritual *rapprochement* between the two countries, which grew so perceptibly the last few years before the war and without which companionship in arms to-day would be of little avail.



The dominant note in his life was service to others, a service that seemed almost a self-indulgence, it was performed so freely, so ungrudgingly, so joyously. It is rare to find one so keenly sensitive as was he to the individual, the intimate appeal, and yet so tireless in aiding organized effort for the public good. Varied as were his activities, as lawyer, legislator, publicist, public speaker, foreign official, citizen and friend, the continuity of his life was preserved and a unity of impression and expression given to it by his self-forgetful devotion to the cause of human happiness.

Beginning with the tenderest ministrations to those near him and ever returning there, his passion for service culminated in the endeavour to aid in strengthening the friendship between America and England, for he believed that the happiness of the world and the advancement of civilization depended upon its preservation. He felt that treaties could seal but could not make international friendship, whose origin must be the human heart, and so he strove to promote if possible a better understanding between the citizens of his own country and the one to which he was accredited. To this end he consecrated not only his gift of oratory, which reached the multitude, but his social talent, which was just as rare and more often available, for oratory is circumscribed in its appeal, but the charm of character illumined by a compelling personality bears with it a perpetual welcome.

Mr. Griffiths' genius for fellowship was as warm and pervasive as sunlight. It found play in every



relation of life, as well as in all his activities, in intimate companionship, in personal and official relations, and on all public occasions.

It was said of Lord Houghton during his visit to America that he gained a lovable popularity, and that "had the British government sent him there as plenipotentiary at a salary of £24,000 a year to win the hearts of brothers Jonathan, he could not do more than he has done and is daily doing to achieve that national purpose." What was said of Lord Houghton by an American during his visit to the United States was echoed in spirit by the many tributes paid to my husband's services in England which extended over many years. A recent English publication refers to Mr. Griffiths as "America's greatest asset in England during his stay there," and the following testimony from the *Times* bears witness to the success of his efforts to strengthen the bond of fellowship between the two countries. "He never wearied of impressing upon the public"—referring to one of his last speeches—"that the jealousies and animosities between England and America have disappeared, and the two countries are moving forward to the fulfilment of a common destiny. International relations benefited by all Mr. Griffiths said and did when he laboured in London."

Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, chairman of the committee for the celebration of the Centenary of Peace, said of Mr. Griffiths: "Above his wit, his geniality and brilliancy there appeared in him a determined love of goodwill between his own and our countrymen. I remember no occasion on which he ever delivered

a blow to that good cause or failed to give it a friendly lift of a word in season or of the warmth of his personality."

Mr. Griffiths' international services were rendered through a new and large interpretation of consular duties which are usually regarded as offering limited opportunities to the free exercise of social, mental and executive gifts. This fresh interpretation included an obligation to deepen the channel of goodwill between America and England at a time when a good understanding was becoming of supreme importance to both countries.

When Mr. Griffiths entered upon his duties as Consul at Liverpool in 1905 he had the freshness of vision of one newly arrived on the European scene. A keen, sensitive and thoughtful observer, he realized more and more each day that the weight of the piling up of armaments was crushing the liberties of Europe, and he saw, to quote the *Manchester Guardian*, that "year by year men were turning more and more away from the ideals of peace, and familiarizing themselves with the thoughts of war." A few months ago a friend who visited us in England wrote, "I remember more than one conversation with your husband in those pleasant days we had in Liverpool in 1909, and recall distinctly Mr. Griffiths' exposition of the forces that he felt were silently preparing the way for war. While he recognized the influences making for continuous peace and amity he was convinced that war was certain to come within a very few years. Events have proved that Mr. Griffiths was right in his prevision and forecast of the coming conflict."

And so Mr. Griffiths worked for a consolidation of the forces of conciliation in the unheeding years of peace, in order to aid in arresting the forces which he felt were working for the estrangement of nations. He never, of course, advocated a political alliance between England and America, as in his official position it would have been wrong to do so, but a letter written to a friend in 1912, in reply to one referring to his speech on International Arbitration, clearly states that the far-reaching purpose of all his ardent endeavours was for a closer sympathy between the citizens of the two countries.

"I was indeed truly delighted to receive your generous estimate of the speech I delivered before the Pilgrims on International Arbitration. You have noticed that it created some comment in America on account of the intimation that I had advocated an alliance between England and America, ostensibly against Germany. You have read this speech and can judge for yourself. The truth of the matter is that while I was pleading for an Anglo-American understanding I was also expressing the hope that before long we might together create conditions which would make the prospect of war between any of the great powers remote, if not impossible."

Even a brief memoir will show how singularly fitted he was by his natural gifts and education to be a bond between his fellow-men and an interpreter of goodwill between England and America. His clear and unselfish mind saw the truth unblurred by prejudice. His humanity, his winning presence, his persuasive voice and his sense of humour made a universal appeal.

Mr. Griffiths was a passionate lover of his own country and this natural affection was nourished not by blind prejudice, but by a knowledge of the sacrifice, suffering, heroism, aspirations and achievements of the men and women who have made its history.

It is one of the few compensations of war that it quickens the patriotism of the rising generation. He was still a child when the drama of the Civil War was being enacted, but it made an indelible impression upon him. The grim facts of the war were the romance of his youth. Stories of run-away slaves, the news of great battles, the assassination of the President, the sombre and shadowy memory of the Lincoln funeral train aroused his first patriotic impulses.

As he grew older he became an ardent student of the principles on which our Government is founded and he became more and more aware of the emancipating effect of the distinctive American Ideal upon the lives of men and women. His father and mother were both Welsh, and as he said in his last public address, which was delivered at Swansea, Wales, "My earliest recollection is falling asleep to the low crooning of a Welsh lullaby."

He very early imbibed a reverence for England from his parents, and this feeling was strengthened as the years went on by his study of English literature and history, and by years of observation and intimate contact with the English character. His view of England is not a snapshot, but it is the result of a long exposure in a good light—the only way to judge a country.

Mr. Griffiths was educated under conditions especially favourable to form independent, tolerant and liberal judgments of men. He was born in New York, October 7th, 1855. A delicate child, he received more than the usual maternal care given to an only son; and he returned his mother's devotion with a rare filial love. Her early death was ever a fresh and unspeakable sorrow to him. He did not enter school until he was eight years old, but his perceptions were so keen that in four years he graduated from the New York grammar schools. Then the family, which included his father, mother and two sisters, Elizabeth and Catharine, moved West and he entered the Preparatory school of Iowa City and afterwards the University of Iowa where he graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1874 and the Law School in 1875. He thus received quite unconsciously an early impression of the conservatism of the East and of the earnest enthusiasm and buoyant optimism of the West, which gave him sympathy with and an understanding of men of widely different tastes and points of view. Throughout his life he cherished the memory of his college days and of his companions, and that with a deep respect and veneration for the instruction he received at Iowa University.

Keenly as he responded to the rich associations that inevitably cluster around an ancient seat of learning, he never regretted the years spent at this young, living, growing institution. He felt that he gained very much from the robust, natural life he lived there and from the intimate and personal relation between professor and pupil, only possible in a small



college. He followed the rapid development of the University with personal pride, for it grew, during his lifetime, from an attendance of 600 to over 3000 students. He entered with enthusiasm into the social life of the University, and was editor of the college paper and a member of the Zetagathium Literary Society where he first tried his powers as an orator and received his first recognition and encouragement from his fellow-students. He was also a devoted member of the Phi Psi Fraternity with which he was always associated in after life. When we were married in 1889, he said he had only one evening in the year reserved in perpetuity away from home, Thanksgiving Eve, the date of the annual banquet of his fraternity, and we always kept the evening free for that purpose until we went abroad to live. There were no organized games in the Western Colleges at the time Mr. Griffiths was a student excepting baseball, and of this game he was only an ardent spectator. He placed a very high value, however, on sports and athletics in the scheme of life and regretted, as much as he would allow himself to regret anything, that they had not been a part of his training. He had, however, something even better than a skill at games, and that was the spirit of sport and this was always of great service to him in work as well as in recreation.

It is often taken for granted, perhaps by the law of compensation, that a brilliant pupil is superficial, and Mr. Griffiths having the Celtic fluency of speech was classed among the most brilliant. But a report from a record of that time, kindly sent to me by the present Dean of the University, proves that his

success in his work was so great that it could not have been the result of accident but of a concentrated attention to his studies.

### LAWYER

At the close of his college course Mr. Griffiths went to Indianapolis, Indiana, to live. He was only twenty years old and without a single acquaintance in the State. He first read and soon after began the practice of law. His former law partner, Mr. Alfred F. Potts, thus described his first appearance in Indianapolis.

“ So many years ago that it seems as if it must have been in some pre-existing state, I sat as a callow youth in the mock dignity of judge in a law students’ debating society. The issue pending was a dry-as-dust question in a real estate ejectment suit. The assembled students, tired of their day’s study and the dull discussion of the hour, were yawningly awaiting the closing speech of a new member, a fair-haired unknown boy, named John Lewis Griffiths. When he arose there was a moment’s curious observation of his youthful appearance, but after his first utterance there was a hushed silence.

“ All who were there were conscious that a new force had arisen, they had heard the maiden effort of one of those rare men whom God in His Providence endows with the strange, magical gifts of the orator.

“ Within the year, in September, 1877, he honoured me with his partnership, which lasted for twenty-two years. Not a mere business relation but a union of the high hopes and ideals which knit the souls of men together and make a joy of arduous intellectual effort.”

Mr. Griffiths' human sympathy and his gift as an advocate naturally led him into the practice of criminal law. His firm were appointed attorneys to defend pauper criminals, and within a short time it happened that a number of celebrated cases came up for trial. They defended them with the intense and serious ardour of youth. It is one of the legends of Indianapolis that at one time when the boyish lawyers secured a change in the sentence of a client from death to imprisonment for life in their exultation they drove through the main street waving the governor's reprieve at the passers-by.

The Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, in speaking of Mr. Griffiths said, "I remember very well when Mr. Griffiths came to Indianapolis to practise his profession. At the time the chance to win quick recognition did not seem very promising for a beginner. Mr. Griffiths entered a field where there were already many well-known, able and successful practitioners. Some of the most eminent members of the Bar were there in full practice.

"While the outlook was not promising for a young lawyer, there was, nevertheless, room for the man of talent, industry and integrity of purpose. Mr. Griffiths happily possessed a combination of qualities essential to success. Even among those strong in his profession he quickly attracted the favourable attention of his new associates by his geniality and the possession of a fine standard of professional ethics, and all who came into contact with him knew that he would command success sooner or later."



As was anticipated, he soon won recognition in his chosen profession for which he had a deep and abiding love. Mr. Griffiths' legal friends regretted that he did not confine himself strictly to the law for which he had great natural gifts and exceptional training through his early association with the Supreme Court of the State and his diversified practice. He had the sanity and poise of the judicial temperament and the sympathy and responsiveness of the advocate. He was powerful in the presentation of a case before both judge and jury.

Early in his legal career General Harrison said to him, "With your gifts you should bring every case to trial." But Mr. Griffiths had the spirit of reconciliation so strongly developed that, when it was really against his own interest to do so, he often persuaded a client to compromise a case or settle it out of court. He had the happiest association with members of his profession, not only when he was engaged in the active practice of law, but during the years of his official and political life. He was naturally endowed for either a legal or a political career and he was always deeply interested in politics and public affairs, but his love was always for his profession. He studied legal procedure in England with the discrimination of an expert lawyer, and wrote on that subject for the *American Journal of Political Science* only two months before his death. Frequently the guest of the various law societies of England, he also often attended the Law Courts as a guest of the Lord Chief Justice and had the privilege of friendship of many of the acknowledged leaders of the English bench and bar. He took

an active interest in the International Law Association and was elected honorary Vice-President of that organization at the London International Congress in August, 1910.

### POLITICS

Mr. Griffiths' interest in public affairs, his ardent republicanism, and his power as a speaker made him in constant demand as an advocate of Republican principles, and he devoted much thought, time and strength to the work of his party, and he always aroused the most affectionate enthusiasm in his political associates. A story connected with his first candidacy to office he told with evident enjoyment. It was of a youthful admirer who came to him one day with a manuscript which he requested Mr. Griffiths to look over before it was sent to the Press. It proved to be a history of Mr. Griffiths' life which at that time lay mostly in the future. He glanced at the first line which read, "John L. Griffiths left New York at the age of twelve and the Great Empire State was loath to part with him." Mr. Griffiths thanked his biographer warmly, and said he would like to look over the manuscript before it was published. Then he put it in his pocket and retained it until after the election, lest it should fall into the hands of the political caricaturists and become an asset for his opponent.

In 1886 Mr. Griffiths was elected Member of the House of Representatives, and served in the session of the next year. The following extract from one of the leading newspapers in the State of Indiana gives an account of Mr. Griffiths' entrance into political life :

*Terre Haute Star, January 15th, 1905.*

"Mr. Griffiths' election as a representative in 1886 was under the most flattering circumstances, for it was in that year that Marion County stood divided and elected both Republican and Democratic legislators. The fight promised to be close, and the labour organizations submitted various questions asking what position he would take upon them if submitted for legislation. Without hesitation Mr. Griffiths frankly answered, 'No,' to the questions he felt he could not support.

"There was a strong labour candidate in the field but the labour interests combined and supported Mr. Griffiths because of the fearless stand he had taken, and he was elected by a large majority. Although one of the youngest Members of the Legislature, the records show that he was a prominent figure in the session and one of the leaders of the House. He was chosen by the Republican Caucus to place General Harrison in nomination for the United States Senate and made a memorable speech which added to his reputation as an orator.

"From the very first day of the session he distinguished between measures that were purely political and those which should be considered on the broader basis of the common weal. Although party lines were tensely drawn Mr. Griffiths at once arrayed himself with the forces of Progress and used his political power to advance a non-partisan movement of broad humanity. His work in the legislature to which he attached the greatest importance, because of its far-

reaching results, was as a member of a committee which took evidence in regard to the abuse and mismanagement of the State Hospital for the Insane. The Committee took evidence for over a month, and presented a searching and lucid report which showed the most sordid neglect and mismanagement and an utter disregard of their obligations to the patients and to the State by those in charge of the institution.

"The work of investigation of the Institution had been inaugurated before the election by a committee of the Indiana Civil Service Reform Association, composed of Mr. Dudley Foulke, Mr. Lewis Howland, Mr. Oliver T. Morton.

"The committee represented that element of the community who watched the trend of public policy, knowing that indifference and drift lead to disaster. Mr. Griffiths' work for the improvement of the State institutions did not cease with the presentation of this report, which revealed the sordid conditions prevailing at the hospital for the Insane. He at once introduced a bill for an act establishing and defining the powers and duties of a State Board of Charities, and a bill to improve the Civil Service of Indiana and to establish non-partisan boards for the different penal and reformatory institutions with a woman representative on the Board.

"The debates on the latter bill especially show the widest divergence of opinion between the progressive and reactionary elements in the State. If there had not been so much of human suffering and neglect at stake, the argument put forth by the reactionaries would make excellent light reading. To them, Civil

Service was a novel and absurd discovery, interfering entirely with party discipline and party prerogative. To the members of the opposition, State Hospitals and State Prisons seemed to exist simply for party purposes.

“Mr. Griffiths was thoroughly familiar with the admirable results of non-partisan Civil Service in other places. His position was that the advantage of Civil Service had been taken out of the region of speculation into that of certainty.

“One chivalrous, if blind, partisan, frankly said: ‘I want none of those peculiar views of Civil Service. Why put antagonizing elements together with a woman between them. They never would accomplish anything. The Democrats would vote with the woman, and the Republicans would vote with the woman, and the woman would be the Board. I should rather have a woman rule alone. I do not know but that I should vote for a measure of that kind.’

“The two bills referred to passed the House but did not pass the Senate at this session; but, with the report on the mismanagement of the Hospital for the Insane, they had an importance. They became a State-wide issue in the following election. Mr. Griffiths defended them before the people as he had done in the Legislature with all his eloquence, sympathy and understanding. It was a campaign for the education of the heart as well as of the mind of the people. The public had not been callous, but it had been credulous, and it had not been vigilant and apprehensive lest the human touch in the State care of the unfortunate should gradually and unconsciously be replaced by a



political machine. The people throughout the State were thoroughly aroused by the disclosures made during the campaign, and the reactionary forces were overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

"The result was the emancipation of State institutions for all time from political control, the creation of a central board of State Charities the following year, 1889, and the appointment of a non-partisan board of trustees for each one of the State institutions, the members serving without pay. Thus Indiana, thirty years ago, reached a stage of civilization and philanthropic development upon which some of the older commonwealths are just entering. Indiana is in the front rank of States now giving intelligent care to defectives, dependents and delinquents, and with the inauguration of this work for humanity Mr. Griffiths was always grateful to have been associated.

"As the result of his constructive work in the legislature and his vigorous campaign not only for his party but for a humane and progressive plan for the care of the wards of the State, he received the following year the nomination for the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court. At the election he received the highest number of votes cast for any candidate on a State ticket. He served in the office from 1889 to 1893. During his term he published twenty volumes of the decisions of the Supreme Court, and five volumes of the Reports of the Appellate Court, which was established during his term of office. The work of his office bore directly upon his profession and added to his training in and knowledge of the law."

Mr. Dudley Foulke, an ardent reformer, who represents Indiana's general culture and disinterested public spirit at the highest level, and who was associated with Mr. Griffiths during the campaign for purity in government, and was ever after his friend, wrote December 11th, 1916, "I have had very few friends for whom I have entertained the same constant esteem and affectionate admiration. He was one of those rare men who maintained by his high ideals, and the reasonableness with which he supported them, the confidence, not only of those who were aggressively devoted to reform work, but also his party associates, and his influence was as great at this time, I should say, as that of any man in our State. Active and public as his life was, I have never heard him severely criticized, and this was not due to any neutral or colourless position on his part, for his convictions were strong and he spoke them freely, but always with an honesty and reasonableness which won approval even from those who dissented. As to his speeches, there was no finer master of English diction."

In 1892 and 1896 Mr. Griffiths was an unsuccessful candidate for governor of Indiana. His friends and even his political enemies—he had no others—characterized him as a good loser. Certainly he showed no dispiriting effects from defeat, nor did he indulge in criticism of individuals who might have contributed to it. He did not seem to have the human frailty of wanting "to fix the blame." That he possessed the confidence and affection of the whole people was generally recognized.

Political defeat so momentous in prospect, in retro-

spect seems only an incident, perhaps because one loses only what one has not possessed. At least in time we looked back upon Mr. Griffiths' candidacy for governor from a detached and almost impersonal point of view, and the period became simply an interesting historical study. Politically it was a transitional period and therefore a time of intense political organization, with a view to counteracting the tendency toward the disintegration of old forces which had long been counted upon as positive elements in influencing the result.

In the nominating convention of 1892 the farmers' vote was perfectly compact and held the balance of power. James A. Mount, an intelligent farmer with a wide acquaintance in agricultural districts, received the nomination for governor. Since that time long distance telephones, inter-urban railways and motors have brought town and country nearer together, and the interests they have in common are so generally recognized that the organization of the farmers' vote as representing a separate and sectional interest will probably never occur again. The claim, too, of the old soldier still had magic in the nineties, all the more because the ranks of the Civil War Veterans were thinning fast, and soon the cry "vote for the old soldier" would have lost its efficacy.

Mr. Griffiths was not an organizer. He was a political teacher rather than a political leader. His work was impersonal. His ideal in politics was a voluntary and not an organized following. He had a fine pride in asking no personal favours in politics or in life. But there were many men in Indiana who



were always loyal to him, who were, in political phrase, "for him, first, last and all the time." They never attached themselves to any other candidate and looked forward to his successes as to the gratification of their own personal ambitions. It was on such friendships he dwelt and by such loyalties was sustained.

To Mr. Griffiths politics was not a game. He did not criticize others for so regarding it, but to him the public service and the powers trained and dedicated to such service were too sacred to be used as stakes in a game of chance. His philosophy took into consideration that a public career in America offers no promise of continuity. The flexible and reassuring English system, which practically insures a constituency to a candidate, especially if he has proved of value to the nation, does not exist in our country. And this lack of opportunity for continued service accounts for the reluctance of our citizens to enter politics, far more than the sordid and selfish reason often ascribed to them.

Mr. Griffiths felt, too, that a political career for itself alone is arid. He was singularly domestic in his tastes. His joy in home and the friends who frequented it, his intellectual and social resources, his love of his profession of the law, and his continuous work for the community more than filled his life. The years were rich in living and working, in travel and congenial companionship. At home Mr. Griffiths was honoured by the intimate friendship of the leaders of religious, political and literary thought: General Benjamin Harrison, General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, J. G. Milburn, Dudley Foulke, Dr. Charles R. Henderson, Catherine Merrill,

among the older members of the community, down to the younger generation of men and women who form what Mr. W. D. Howells has called the Indiana group.

His friends included those private citizens who influenced for good the daily life of the community. Mr. Griffiths was a clubbable, but not a club man, While he dropped in at all clubs, literary, social, political, commercial and especially the University Club, his social life was entirely associated with his home. He numbered among his friends the members of the faculties of the various universities and colleges throughout the State, constantly delivered addresses before the professors and students of various educational institutions, and took the greatest interest in the advancement of learning and contributed to it.

His love of travel was gratified by trips abroad, to Canada and different parts of our own country. We spent the summer of 1903 in Finland and Russia, including in our journey a visit to the Crimea and Constantinople. Russia appealed greatly to his imagination with the mystic beauty of her religion, the strangely mingled, mediæval and oriental civilization, her troubled, half-awakened present, and her dimly outlined, yet inevitably great future. "The woven wonders of that summer's holiday" enriched our lives with memories and suggestions for the future.

In 1904 Mr. Griffiths, as usual, took an active part in the Republican campaign, which resulted in Mr. Roosevelt's election. He spent several weeks in New York and New England, where his brilliant and persuasive speeches attracted large audiences and arrested the attention of national political leaders.



( Photographed by C. H. G. )

WATCHING THE BLACK SEA FLEET. CRIMEA, AUGUST, 1903



The results of the election of 1904 had scarcely been announced when the newspapers began to forecast the choice of Mr. Griffiths as an office holder under the incoming administration. The following is a quotation from one of the Indiana papers at that time.

*Terre Haute Star, January 15, 1905.*

“Mr. John L. Griffiths, whose name is prominently mentioned as a probable recipient of honours in token of his fidelity to party and the enviable record as a lawyer and statesman. . . . When such a reward comes to Mr. Griffiths it will come with the additional honour of being unsolicited and wholly in recognition of character. Although few men have worked more faithfully for their party interests, none has asked fewer favours and less reward.”

The predictions of the press were verified. Mr. Griffiths without any initiative on his part was invited to take office under the new administration. Several posts were considered in the correspondence with Washington, in both the Diplomatic and Consular Service. He accepted the appointment as Consul to Liverpool and entered upon his duties in May, 1905.

Mr. Griffiths was so thoroughly identified with all the manifold energies of the community where he had lived so many years that, had it been simply a question of local attachment, he would undoubtedly have chosen Indiana as the scene of his whole life work, for he loved the State and City of his voluntary choice. That love he never lost for it was a part of his life, and as he said, “As often as we return we feel most keenly the inspiration of home.”

Brief as is the leave of absence allotted in the foreign service, a part of each holiday spent at home was occupied in the preparation and delivery of an address, promised long in advance of our return. He spoke for the benefit of the Teachers' Pension Fund, the Harrison Memorial, the Indiana Society, and gave many short addresses when on leave. In a letter written to a friend after one of our visits home he wrote, "Indianapolis grows more beautiful and if possible it seems to me the people have also grown more warm-hearted and more cordial. It is a lovely place to claim as home and we felt most keenly its charm." He never lost his large personal and political following. It grew with the years. Neither time nor distance, nor absence from home effaced it.

Never were the requests more urgent for him to return and enter politics than the last two years of his life. The following is one of a large number of letters received in 1913 and 1914 from men high in the political councils of the State :

MY DEAR MR. GRIFFITHS,

Your favour of the 3rd came a few days ago. With your many other friends I join in regretting that you cannot become a candidate for the United States Senatorship. We understand the present situation and the impossibility of your return at this time. We join in cordial compliments upon your splendid record and the confidence given you on every hand.

As life unfolded in England and Mr. Griffiths realized that he was especially adapted to his environment, he had a growing conviction that there was work



for him to do of international significance, and that he had made no mistake in his decision to serve his country abroad. He touched English life at innumerable points and with the divining rod of sympathy found the great hidden forces that were working beneath the most casual experiences. Like almost all Americans, Mr. Griffiths took a keen interest in all new experiences. Nothing was alien to his interest that interpreted the temperament and character of the people among whom he lived. He entered with enjoyment into the celebration of the Christmas Hot-Pot Feast, given to the poor of Liverpool, the impressive ceremony at old Chester Cathedral at the opening of the Assizes, the children's yearly carnival at the Town Hall, the Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon, the King's Levee, the Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, Studio Day with its round of visits to artist friends, May Day at Knutsford, the Grand National, Ascot, the Derby, a little dinner at the House, the scene of the old Pump-room at Bath, where Beau Nash was more real than a modern rheumatic visitor, the Christmas Carols ringing through Westminster Abbey, and the great Memorial Services at St. Paul's, each in turn represented some longing of human nature, some phase of English life, the love of ceremonial, the kindness, and the social genius of the people.

Mr. Griffiths' official hours while Consul were spent amid the business activities of Liverpool, and he was probably as familiar as any American official has ever been with the rich, characteristic and varied daily interests of a modern provincial English city. We

lived in the country overlooking the valley of the Dee with the Welsh mountains outlining our view, and Mr. Griffiths enjoyed beyond measure the beauty, variety and tranquillity of the English countryside and our home with books and flowers and friends.

And afterwards in the larger and more cosmopolitan life of London, while Consul General there, he rounded and completed the experiences that composed our English life. Had he lived to return home, as we some day hoped to do, he would not have felt as Henry James said of Story, "The dawn of what he had been away from so long and what he had missed was the breaking of a sad retrospective morning." Rather he would have been glad to return, bringing with him all the trophies of a rich and happy experience with new friends, for his old friends and neighbours to enjoy with him, and he would have entered again into the old life with new zest, born of that abiding affection which had not changed with the changing years.

### LIVERPOOL

Entering the Foreign Service is, however, a break with the past. There are hours when a sense of homesickness dulls the brightest expectations. The evening we arrived in Liverpool the breach seemed momentarily much wider than it really proved to be. We asked the question always uppermost in the mind of the exile, "Is there any mail?" It was hardly justified for we had not written a letter. There was mail, however. The first package we opened with excited eagerness proved to be from my husband's faithful friend, James







To The Honorable John L. Griffiths - Canal at Indianapolis  
 With the high esteem and hale affection of  
 his old Hoosier friend and fellow citizen,  
 - James Whitcomb Riley



REMEMBER them your old supporters here  
 In County meetings where he built the choir,  
 And fondly introduced you to the throng  
 By saying, "I will not detain you long."  
 Recall his "speech," with business most fit:  
 Because in praise of you he couldn't quit.

Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A. -  
 May 5th, 1905

PORTRAIT OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY INSCRIBED TO THE HON. J. L. GRIFFITHS

Whitcomb Riley. What a charming remembrance it was, a manuscript illumined by Mr. Riley's gentle amused face that always seemed to bid one take heart. The photograph of the poet was mounted with the infinite care he always bestowed upon a gift to a friend and underneath the portrait was the inscription :

To the  
Honourable John L. Griffiths—Consul at Liverpool  
With the high esteem and hale affection of  
his old Hoosier friend and fellow-citizen  
James Whitcomb Riley.

Remember there your old supporter here—  
In country meetin' where he helt the cheer  
And proudly introduced you to the throng  
By saying " I will not detain you long."  
Recall his speech with lenience most fit :  
*Because in praise of you he couldn't quit.*

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U.S.A.

*May 5th, 1905.*

I believe Mr. Griffiths felt more like resigning his office that night than at any time afterwards. Could new and rich experiences ever take the place of old friends ? Happily he did not have to choose between them. This unique and affectionate remembrance from Mr. Riley formed the first of many links between the old life and the new.

Fortunately there were immediate claims upon Mr. Griffiths' time and attention. Our luggage was not unpacked when a note was brought to him which said that the International Navy League, now holding its

annual meeting in Liverpool, was being entertained at a banquet in the hotel, and the chairman, Lord Lathom, having heard that the new American Consul had arrived, sent an invitation to him to join the guests at dinner. It was very amusing the way Mr. Griffiths' mind played around the thought of encountering John Bull for the first time in a naval engagement, when he had spent most of his own life two thousand miles from the coast. He felt that it was hardly a propitious beginning, but dressing was always a tranquilizing process with him, and by the time he had dressed he had decided just what to do. He would slip in quietly, pay his respects to his host, and then withdraw immediately after dinner. As he left our sitting-room he said, "I shall be gone only a very short time."

It was after midnight when he returned. When he came in, a wilted collar and a gratified look were indications that he had made a speech which had not been a failure. I said something about his having remained longer than he expected. He threw himself on a couch, lit a cigar, looked perfectly at home—then and ever after—and said in a tone of one who had made an amazing and happy discovery :

"The—English—are—easy."

I recall this especially because it was one of the rare occasions on which he used a slang expression and I believe, for a newly arrived American, an unusual application. Then he told me that half-way through the dinner the chairman had sent him a note requesting him to respond to the toast "The American Navy," that he had done so and how it had been received.

Whatever he said, it was a happy introduction to England, and some of the dearest associations with English friends began that night.

Entertainments in connection with the Navy League continued during the week. The following evening we attended a Civic dinner and ball at the Town Hall. It was an evening of again meeting our new acquaintances of the night before. One of the gentlemen said, referring to Mr. Griffiths, "He is going to be popular and will need protection." Both predictions were true. Men of all types and classes were attracted to him, and we were offered every courtesy and assistance in finding a home in or near Liverpool.

Among them, Lord —— said he would be very glad to have us take a house belonging to a member of his family who was away at the time. He said that it was within fifty miles of Liverpool, and the train service very good for either Liverpool or Town, meaning, of course, London, and he added, "Mr. Griffiths, of course, will have the privilege of the shooting in my park." I told my husband, who was notably not a sportsman, of the very kind offer, and he said, "How very gracious and thoughtful—and brave too—for I should probably bring down an Earl every morning before breakfast!"

Soon after our arrival, the then Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. John Lea, gave a luncheon at the Town Hall in honour of Mr. Griffiths as American Consul, the guests including a large company of both ladies and gentlemen. The luncheon was not only a personal compliment, but it was intended as a special recognition of the kinship between England and America.

the Town Hall to welcome the city's representatives, the new Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. It was not until we lived in Liverpool that we realized the significance and value and the intimate part the Town Hall played in the life of the city, making as it did for civic amity and dignity. The men who make a city famous are not alone the men who make it great. Liverpool has had and still has many distinguished sons of international fame, but she has become great through the steady and cumulative efforts of the many enlightened men who, numbered among her private citizens, have with earnest purpose and high intelligence sought to advance her interests rather than their own.

It was the men and women who worked in this spirit whom Mr. Griffiths met constantly at the Town Hall, where all the "energies and amenities" of civic life are concentrated, and whose aspirations and achievements he studied and admired. It was evidently the intention and ambition of every representative citizen to give a part of his time to the public service.

When Mr. Lowell was asked what he most desired to take back to America with him, he replied "A Gothic cathedral." While I am sure not even Mr. Lowell admired a Gothic cathedral more than my husband, I believe Mr. Griffiths would have said "The Town Hall" had this question been asked him, provided he could also have transplanted the seed of the spirit which was manifest there.

It seems impossible to an American that, in a city so large as Liverpool, a relation so intimate could be formed between the city and the citizen. Even the

little children have a share in the pomp and glory of the civic home. Early in the evening of a short winter's day English heroes and heroines, real, historic and imaginary, may be seen in miniature flocking to the Town Hall or crowding the great stairway as guests of the Lord Mayor at the Annual Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball.

Whatever typifies a city as a whole has a place there. The City Council meets in dignified assembly rooms, and the annual meetings of the great charities are held there. New plans for civic betterment are considered, and old causes are infused there with new life. Mr. Griffiths formed his high opinion of English character and English public spirit largely from his constant observation of this serious and devoted citizenship continuously in evidence at the Town Hall, and he almost grew to envy for his own country's sake that permanent civic home where all the rich associations of the city accumulate to form its tradition; a place where civic honours are bestowed in a noble and appropriate setting, a place where international sympathy has found reverent, stately and consoling expression.

#### PROMOTION TO LONDON

One evening in May, 1909, Reuter's representative called at the Adelphi Hotel where we were temporarily staying and requested an interview with Mr. Griffiths. The representative brought the news that Mr. Griffiths' name had been sent to the United States Senate by President Taft for confirmation as Consul-General to London. It was our first intimation of the appointment, nor did Mr. Griffiths know



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that it was contemplated. It was exceedingly gratifying to him that his work in Liverpool should receive this recognition, as well as an evidence that the Consular Service was being placed on a permanent basis. Two weeks elapsed before official notice of the new appointment arrived, and the intervening days were spent in receiving congratulations from near and far and wondering if the news were really true. When the report was officially confirmed we began our preparations to leave for London, with that mingled feeling of sadness and expectancy always associated with the sacrifice of personal and endearing associations for larger opportunity.

It seemed only a day since we were welcomed to Liverpool at the Lord Mayor's luncheon, given in our honour at the Town Hall, when we were surrounded by strangers. Four years had passed and not strangers but friends filled the banqueting room and by their generous words and touching hospitality on the eve of our departure strengthened the ties that held us to Liverpool.

The toast of the chairman, "The Health of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths," was supported by personal and intimate tributes of friends, colleagues and neighbours, Sir John Grey Hill, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Edward Rae, the Greek Consul, Dr. Eton and Mr. Robert Hield. Sir Edward Russell referred to the national services Mr. Griffiths had rendered during his stay in Liverpool in words which, with the expression from other friends, warmed our hearts for all the years to come.

Sir Edward Russell said they all looked forward

to that day with feelings partly of grief, preponderatingly of grief, and also largely of pleasure, that they were speeding their parting guests in a manner acceptable to the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, and appropriate to the services which they had rendered to the city.

He was not saying that Mr. Griffiths was the only American Consul who had endeared himself to the community. Far from it—still he would say that Mr. Griffiths had been pre-eminent from the manner in which he had adapted himself to the city and thrown himself into its purposes, its characteristic aims, and given to us abundant and continual aid in the promotion of all that we value and all that we had pursued. We had seen him helping our charities and employing his great eloquence, which was both ardent and stately and always evidently sincere, on behalf of many public objects. We had seen him in the course of his private life and there was no relation or circumstance in which those intimate with Mr. Griffiths had not found him a good man to watch, and he was certainly to be enjoyed as he was watched. He, Sir Edward Russell, would venture to bear testimony to one thing, which he had noticed, that his conversations, accidental or otherwise, on American life and customs or thought, had greatly lessened the difference and distances which must inevitably exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. He had often felt, after he had heard Mr. Griffiths and after he had known what Mr. Griffiths had been engaged in and how he had been engaged in it, that anything like essential or intrinsic differences

between the English and Americans, very largely disappeared by the force of his own high example. The Declaration of Independence was an echo of our own conflict with despotism and prerogative, and if afterwards the echo went on and came across the Atlantic and reverberated in our own institutions and politics, it was due to the expansion in modern times, and in the present necessity, of the great truths of the Declaration of Independence, and they were truths. They were parting with the man they deeply valued, whose value they did not realize even now, and for whom they must expect the future to hold a great career in which his qualities must tell and must be to the advantage of every community in which he served.

The following are quotations from two Liverpool papers :

“ He was generous in the use of his powers. We are losing our public orator. Liverpool’s self-esteem will not permit those among whom he is now so valued to expect for him in the capital so concentrated and comprehensible a sphere of social efficacy as he has here enjoyed, but they know that he will always deserve the felicity and the distinction which come of honour, public spirit and of international fraternity.”

*Liverpool Post and Mercury.*

### THE AMERICAN CONSUL

“ The remarkable personality of the gentleman who now occupies the position of American Consul at Liverpool, but who is soon to be translated to a higher and much more important position in London, has

left an impress upon the minds of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance which will not easily fade with the lapse of many years. His official duties have brought him into close contact with the business life and the business men of the city, and, short as has been the period of his stay with us, he has by his wonderful versatility, his perfect courtesy, and by his many kindly and thoughtful acts secured for himself an amount of good feeling, one had almost said affection, which it is given to but few to experience even by years of good citizenship. He was welcomed as a comparative stranger in our midst less than four years ago. He will leave behind him a void that will not easily be filled. The social life of the city will sadly miss his genial presence, his racy stories, his wonderful flow of language prompted by the highest ideals, while the many humanitarian interests, which naturally call forth the best efforts of the people of such a community as Liverpool, will lack a certain amount of energy of purpose and a forcefulness in well doing which Mr. Griffiths brought to bear in this as in every other direction in which his abilities were directed. None the less, all who know him and his work will heartily wish him *bon voyage* in the new and more exalted sphere in which his talents will find abundant scope in the immediate future."

*Journal of Commerce.*

#### LONDON

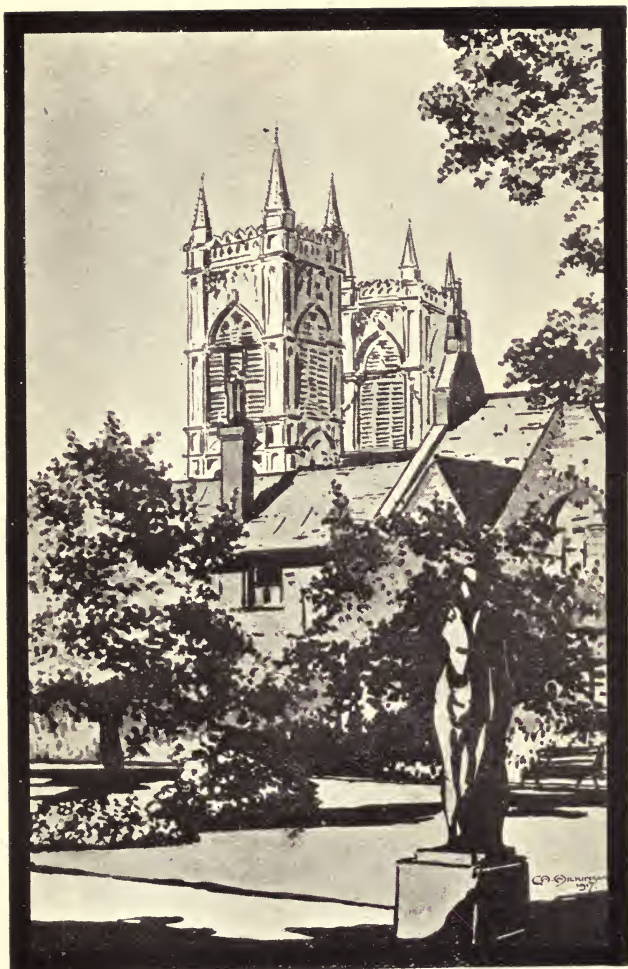
With such a wonderful farewell, we were glad when we left Liverpool that, if London is large, England is small, so small that we continued to abide under a



Liverpool roof-tree for some time after we reached London. The night Mr. Griffiths' new appointment was announced, a Liverpool friend asked, "Where will you be in Town?" We told him we had not had time to think of that. "I have," he said. "You are going to my house in Stratton Street, and you must keep it until you find one of your own."

It was a warm August day when we arrived in Town, but the house of our generous friend overlooked the Duke of Devonshire's garden. We spent a delightful week there and then went to 2 The Abbey Garden, Westminster, where we were again guests of a Liverpool absentee host and hostess.

It is said that every man has his London and this has always remained our own. The Abbey Garden, Westminster, is one of those charming old world bits occasionally found in the heart of London, where no sound of the outer world disturbs its sweet tranquillity. Mr. Lucas' "Wanderer in London" included in his collection of houses where he could be happy the one opposite, but we wondered when we read that delightful book if the author had ever passed through the gates in our old wall and entered the enchanting garden of No. 2. The spacious garden is really a quad, enclosed by the little cloisters of Westminster, the old Westminster School, and on the other two sides a high and ancient wall, as old as the Abbey itself, and just outside the wall and facing the garden are the diocesan houses in one of which we lived. From our garden window we saw all the spires of Westminster gathered together, and through the branches of an old elm that stood in the middle of



A VIEW FROM THE ABBEY GARDEN  
*After a drawing by C. A. Wilkinson*





the green enclosure we saw only leafy Elizabethan London.

We could have adopted the motto of the City coat of arms, had we known it then, taken from a legend of the old Roman occupation, "The sweetness of the place holds us." It was not our house but it remained for ever our view. We moved to 34 Lowndes Street, led there in house hunting by reading Lowell's delightful letters which were written in that neighbourhood, and we remained there over four happy years.

### THE CONSULAR SERVICE

Our Consular Service enjoys the halo surrounding the names of our three greatest men of letters, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte and W. D. Howells, and their association with it has given it an enduring charm which attracted many men of literary tastes to this foreign field. These famous men occupied consular posts during the years of our national isolation. Our foreign service was then a sanctuary where a man of letters could retire on a more or less assured income, and after serving his country during brief official hours he still had time to pursue his real vocation in an atmosphere of leisure, surrounded by all that was "ancient, delicate and fair."

They honoured the Consular Service by the uses they made of the leisure it afforded, for their official duties were almost perfunctory. They have thrown light upon the Service, as it were, by an afterglow of literary comment. They all realized its possibilities and the futility of efforts in a service—transient, unrelated and undemocratic.

Hawthorne's conception of the ideal Consul would satisfy the most ardent devotee of the service—Bret Harte's post at Glasgow was filled vicariously while he delighted the London coterie by his perpetual presence among them. Mr. Howells returned from his Venetian post voluntarily, bringing with him impressions that have through his books enriched the world. He left Venice, "not glad to be going," but thinking it "well to be gone." He writes: "For my part personally I felt keenly the fictitious and transitory character of official life. I knew that if I had become fit to serve the government by four years' residence in Venice that was a good reason why the government, according to our admirable system, should dismiss me, and send some perfectly unqualified person to take my place ; and in my heart also I knew that there was almost nothing for me to do where I was, and I dreaded the easily formed habit of receiving a salary for no service performed."

These posts of leisure have vanished before the advance of our international trade relations and the easy accessibility of all parts of the world to the American traveller. Our foreign service is now a field of intense and laborious activity, with growing demands upon our officials, demands that as a result of the early traditions associated with a foreign appointment are only dimly perceived by the majority of our citizens at home.

Mr. Griffiths hoped when he went abroad that, temporarily freed from the responsibilities which attend long residence in one community, he would find time to complete the biography of Genera<sub>1</sub>

Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third President of the United States, which he had undertaken at the request of General Harrison's family the year before he entered the Consular Service. General Harrison had been his political teacher and in many ways his political ideal. The historical period, too, was attractive and thoroughly familiar to him. His youth had touched the age of the great figures of the Civil War and the Reconstruction era and still the time had receded into a fair perspective, throwing men and events into clear relief. Mr. Griffiths' work, however, at his Consular post was from the first continuous and imperative, and the biography which he had developed in thought was to the unutterable regret of General Harrison's friends and his own never finished in literary form.

If Mr. Griffiths could have accepted as his ideal of service the limitations of defined duties, his official hours would have been less exacting, but he felt that an official should improve the wider opportunities offered by the prestige of his Government, his position and his personality for usefulness to his own country and to the one in which he resided. While he had the larger vision in his conception of Consular work in striving to realize it, he did not neglect the immediate and practical obligations of his position.

As soon as he entered upon his official duties in Liverpool, he concentrated attention at once on the instant needs of the Consulate. For over fifty years the American Consul had gone blinking around in his dusky hole, as Hawthorne describes the Liverpool office, which had not changed since Hawthorne's time, a half century before. It was all the more depressing

because one had to grope up two flights of stairs to reach it. With the full consent and co-operation of the State Department, Mr. Griffiths moved the Consulate to large and commodious offices which comported in some measure with the dignity of the country represented.

Mr. Griffiths had had no previous experience in Consular routine, but the capable and technically skilled English vice and deputy Consul at Liverpool, who had been in the American Consulate from boyhood, rendered such loyal and intelligent service that Mr. Griffiths' time was set free to study commercial questions in their larger relations, inseparably linked as they are with labour, diplomacy and legislation. He brought to his work the trained mind of a lawyer, the wide outlook of a student of economic conditions, public affairs and social questions.

The problems of labour which occupy an increasingly large place in the work of Parliament were especially absorbing between 1905 and 1915, for the decade marked a new era in social legislation in England. Mr. Griffiths followed this legislation very closely. He attended the debates in Parliament through the courtesy of friends who were Members, and studied the interests and demands of labour sympathetically, knowing the vital human needs that lay beneath them. His investigations included labour disputes, labour co-operative societies, old age pensions, co-operative purchasing societies, housing and town planning acts, industrial peace, unemployed insurance, profit-sharing, labour co-partnership, health insurance and the care of the children in Great Britain.

The State Department has a record of one thousand four hundred and seventy official documents prepared by Mr. Griffiths while in England.

The *Liverpool Journal of Commerce* said, "Mr. Griffiths' remarkable grasp of commercial affairs in their relation between this country and the United States has been of the greatest assistance and value to merchants, shipowners and manufacturers." His interest in the problems of labour and social betterment did not end with what he could glean of advantage for our own people from a study of the experiments made in England. His investigations were official, but the human appeal contained in them was personal and individual. He was soon one of that large number of men and women who steadily contribute voluntary social service in England as elsewhere in the world. When we left Liverpool the Labour organizations passed resolutions of regret at Mr. Griffiths' departure and deep gratitude for the sympathy and help he had given them. I remember how happy and surprised he was at their action, for all that he had done was a natural and spontaneous expression of his sense of human fellowship.

When Mr. Griffiths entered upon his duties in London, August 1st, 1909, he found the Consulate-General quietly reposing in a cul-de-sac where it had been for half a century in quarters, inconvenient, rambling and detached. Again, as he had done in Liverpool, he moved the offices to a location easily accessible to the business interest of the city, into spacious ground floor rooms having much the appearance of a modern, dignified, perfectly equipped



banking-house. He continued his Consular work on the same high plane where he had pursued it in Liverpool, fully appreciating and using the wider opportunities for usefulness which the position at the head of the Consular Service afforded.

#### RELATIONS WITH HIS COLLEAGUES

Mr. Griffiths' genial relations with his colleagues may be easily inferred, for during his official stay of four years in Liverpool he was elected President of the Consular Corps in that city, and in less than three years after his transfer to London he was unanimously chosen President of the Association of Foreign Consuls, an association representing forty different countries. He was the first American to receive this honour.

That Mr. Griffiths' regard for and observance of the amenities of the Consular Service were appreciated is shown by the following letter from the Consul-General at large : " I have been under the deepest obligations to you from the start. You had turned over the Liverpool office to Mr. Washington in excellent condition and with a courtesy and professional thoughtfulness that he appreciated highly, and it has been of value to me in my inspection work. The splendid organization and efficiency of your present London office have been of constant value to me, as has the assurance, felt from our first meeting, that inspection had your support."

The output of the London Consulate-General was at least double what it was under any of Mr. Griffiths' predecessors, and its quality may be judged by an official memorandum left on Mr. Griffiths' desk by the

Consul-General at large for Western Europe, who was in London during Mr. Griffiths' absence on leave, and which was Mr. Griffiths' welcome back from his holiday: "The Consul-General in London is highly commended for the foregoing—which is entirely in accord with the extraordinary general efficiency of his office."

In 1911 permanency of tenure was still trembling in the balance. Every few days a new name appeared as a possible successor to the London Consul-General. The uncertainty brought with it a compensation in the disinterested loyalty and devotion of his colleagues and their evident desire that he should retain the London post. One of the Consuls from Germany wrote, "To remove you and put an inexperienced man in your important place would not only be wrong, so far as you and the post are concerned, but it would set the service back years, lessen the faith and courage of the rest of us and give courage to the mere spoilsman. Your judgment, your accessibility to the public, your untiring industry, your care in correspondence and other features of your work aided me and I am sure aided the entire service. It is worth many sacrifices to think of you as a colleague across the Channel."

No record of Mr. Griffiths' work would be complete without a reference to his relation with the young men in the Service. The following is a letter from one of his most valued Vice-Consuls and is typical of Mr. Griffiths' influence over the young men who were under his direction:

"Consul-General Griffiths was a true patriot in his devotion to duty; his clear vision and rare judgment made



his work at Liverpool and London of the utmost value to the State Department, and the result of his untiring efforts was a greatly added prestige to the American Consular Service and to the American nation.

One of his principal endeavours was to encourage the younger men of the service to look upon it in a large way and to impress upon them the opportunities which exist to enlarge its scope, dignity and usefulness.

His power to attract and to hold men together by his loving kindness caused every member of his staff to put forth his best effort for the public welfare. This Consul-General Griffiths accomplished without rules or restrictions upon their personal liberties, thus granting them an opportunity for the free expression and development of their own ideas. In his personal relationship with his subordinate officers, his heart and his home were always open.

To-day all of his young men holding responsible positions under the Government endeavour to give to the public service the same joy which came from his heart, the inspiration which came from his soul, and the high ideals which he created and maintained in the performance of duty.

(Signed) ROGER TREDWELL,  
(Consul of the United States of America at Rome.)"

#### OUTLINE OF CONSULAR DUTIES

Mr. Griffiths delivered several addresses on the Consular Service but all were extempore. His notes, however, outline the popular, the literal and what

he regarded as the true interpretation of Consular duties. They are amusing, yet informed and serious and have a value to a student of the service.

“ In trying to fulfil the vague and usual conception of Consular duties and his own interpretation of the proper functions of his office the range of a Consul’s activities is so great that he never has any reason to complain of the monotony of a day’s work, which makes the life of the average man so uninteresting and irksome.

“ He is the repository of many sorrows and the sharer of many joys. He gives away reluctantly a charming bride in the morning and in the afternoon tries to solace one who is suddenly stricken with disease in a strange land. He spends many hours of the Government’s valuable time with a claimant to an estate of \$20,000,000, left by a sea captain, presumably a pirate from the size of the estate. He is called to the relief of Americans in distress and has the privilege of giving from his private purse to a great variety of objects, many of them worthy and some of them grotesque. He has an opportunity to help clean the Sphinx, finance a play lacking plot, situation and dialogue, to trace royal relationships, to induce wayward sons and daughters to return home, to reconcile disappointed wives and husbands, secure admission to the House of Commons for parties from one to fifty, and to furnish international social facilities. He must, of course, concentrate upon his duties, and yet be easy of approach at all times to casual visitors, listless sightseers and homesick or eager travellers.

“ He is expected to speak without preparation at the opening of a bazaar, dedicate a library or museum, Esperanto Congress, Congress of Eugenics or at a symposium to discuss past civilization or literature of the race. To be thoroughly qualified for his post, the Consul must be tactful, sympathetic, imaginative, patient, facile in suggestion, fertile in resource, untiring in industry, thorough in investigation, a man of initiative, enthusiasm and faith.

“ A Consul’s real duties are not unlike many of the duties performed by ambassadors and ministers. His principal function is to broaden the trade relations between the country he represents and the country to which he is accredited. He is not an advertiser, for advertising is a fine art. He does not engage newspaper space to exploit the manufactures of his country. A Consul should familiarize himself with and inform his Government of the social, economic and trade conditions of the country where he is stationed. He must be a student of the relations between capital and labour, the trend of industrial development, the progress of inventions, the nature of social experiments, the condition of crops and everything bearing upon foreign and domestic events. Above everything else he must study the temperament, desires and needs of the people among whom he is living, so as to ascertain what they need, when they need it, where they need it, and how they need it.

“ He must inform manufacturers and exporters how best to approach a foreign market and how best to satisfy the requirements of prospective purchasers. He must answer trade inquiries of the best means of

fostering and stimulating international trade. The report of a Consul-General should be a transcript of the daily life around him, for his opinions are widely read by men of affairs, farmers and business men throughout the world."

Mr. Griffiths closed with a reference to the relations of the Consular Service to the progress of civilization. "The Consul is really an ambassador of peace, for largely through the interchange of commerce, barriers of ignorance and prejudice between nations are broken down, so that notwithstanding what has recently occurred (the Balkan War, 1911-12), the world, through commerce, is moving forward, perhaps with many reverses, but inevitably to a more permanent state of peace and goodwill."

#### MR. GRIFFITHS' HOPES FOR THE CONSULAR SERVICE

Mr. Griffiths entered upon his official duties in England at an important moment in the history of the service, for the President and the State Department were putting forth determined and successful efforts to ensure its permanency with promotion within the ranks of the service itself. From 1905 to 1912 its stability stood the test, not only of a change in administration at Washington, but the supreme test of a change of party. Mr. Griffiths was a case in point. He was the first Consul-General in London to hold the appointment by promotion, and the only one who had ever been appointed by a Republican and continued in that office by a Democratic President.

The permanent foundation of a real service having

been laid, my husband had greatly at heart the development of the service in harmony with the spirit of our institutions. The service was no longer transitory. It was still unrelated and undemocratic. Innumerable reforms in detail had been made, but the fundamental change in principle necessary to free the service from artificial and narrowing restrictions was, and still is, in abeyance. The very condition of entrance to a consular career is undemocratic. A private income is indispensable to a young man with normal responsibilities who enters the lower grades of service, for the salaries are too small to meet living expenses, and there is no provision for the future. Mr. Griffiths saw young men enter the service with good abilities, a fine zest for their profession and high ideals in their work. He saw how difficult it was for them to adjust themselves to new economic and social conditions upon their small salaries, utterly inadequate to meet the unexpected demands often made by sickness or other misfortunes, and there were no protecting friendships, except the Consul-General's, to respond to an instant need for help. To lay aside anything for the future was, of course, impossible. And yet, they loved their work and went courageously on, loyal to the service, hoping that in time an informed and interested public opinion at home would improve conditions under which the junior consular officials live abroad.

Mr. Griffiths looked forward to the time when, free from the imputation of a personal motive, he could return home and appeal to our countrymen to maintain the same conditions in the Consular Service as in the

Army and Navy ; salaries to which men can adjust their lives, pensions upon reaching the age of retirement and, as the Consular Service implies a change of residence from one part of the world to another, upon an order from the State Department, an allowance for domicile while on active duty.

There remained the emancipation of the Consular Service from outworn traditions in order to achieve its highest end. With the advance of commerce into cabinets and chancelleries, with trade relations absorbing diplomatic notes, the Service which had been established for the protection and growth of commerce has not grown in official authority or official prestige. The reason is not difficult to discover. When the Consular Service was established, commerce was not represented in the Cabinets of either country. Now it is overwhelmingly represented in both, but the Consular Service has not been placed in direct relation with them.

With Mr. Griffiths' sensitive temperament, close study of government, practical experience and larger vision, he could not be oblivious of the needs of the Service to which he belonged ; nor could he be indifferent as to whether others were satisfied or not, simply because through his personality he was exempt from their restrictions. After a long and careful study of conditions in Liverpool and London, he was convinced that the Consular Service lacked the machinery to do the work which it should do in a large interpretation of its duties and possibilities. The Consul-General's personality had to supplement the lack of authority. Opportunities for securing information



that should be afforded automatically were secured through personal influence, or as a favour or courtesy to him. Recognition and honours came to him as an individual which he felt should be accorded to the Consul-General as a head of a great co-ordinate branch of the Foreign Service. The admirable system of France, so in keeping with the spirit of true democracy, where the inter-relations between the diplomatic and consular service is officially recognized, does not obtain between the services of the United States.

Mr. Griffiths felt that the four great federal services represented abroad should move with a united and common purpose, occupying very much the same relation to each other in Europe as they do at home in the Cabinet of the United States.

In 1910, in response to a request from a member of our government at Washington closely in touch with our foreign relations, Mr. Griffiths wrote the following letter, which gives his views on the necessity of the official recognition of the relation existing between the services in order to serve the best interests of the government :

“ I have the honour of referring to my conversation with you in December and in compliance with your request to write at length in reference to the suggestion I then made that the American Consul-General in the capital of foreign countries should be appointed financial counsellor to the Embassy of the country to which he is accredited. The reasons I think are quite obvious why a closer relation should be established between our Embassies and Legations and our Consulates-General.



Most of the treaties which are negotiated at the present time have for their object the preservation or extension of trade interests and to provide for the free exchange of commodities between different countries.

In the accomplishment of these greatly-to-be-desired purposes both branches of our Foreign Service must co-operate.

The following are some of the advantages which, in my opinion, would accrue if the suggested change should be made.

(1) The Consul-General could approach directly without any intervention the highest officials in the country to which he is accredited, and by so doing much time would be saved in the transmission of information to his government.

How desirable it would be, for example, if the Consul-General could call officially as necessity dictates on the President of the British Board of Trade or the President of the Board of Agriculture, and have the proper facilities extended to him for conducting investigations in which he might be interested.

Is it not rather absurd, incongruous at least, that the American Consul-General in London cannot talk officially with the head of the Department to which he is especially related ?

(2) He could through the medium of personal interview discuss many matters with such officials which he cannot, of course, do now.

It is impossible, in a letter forwarded through another channel, to present a subject in the same comprehensive way in which it could be done orally, as conversation presents many and new view-points, often of very great value.

(3) Questions affecting trade and commerce are frequently discussed in Parliament and, while full reports are published in some of the London papers, it would be most helpful to the Consul-General, in the discharge of his official duties, if he could attend the debates from time to time, as he could by right under the arrangement suggested. And he could judge from the earnestness or lack of it displayed by the speakers, and the interest or the absence shown by the members, whether the discussion was perfunctory or serious. This it is often impossible to ascertain from the reading of the published report.

(4) The fact that the Department of State requires (a comparatively recent requirement) that copies of all reports referring to the important aspects of trade and commerce must be sent by the Consular representative to the Embassy or Legation, is a recognition of the need of the closer unity between the two great branches of our Foreign Service.

(5) If this unity were established all causes for misunderstanding or friction between the two services would be removed. I can write in the most impersonal and impartial manner in reference to this phase of the subject, because of the very friendly relation existing between the Embassy and this Consulate-General.

(6) If the course I suggest be adopted it would dignify our Consular Service throughout the world, and give its principal representative the same status to which I respectfully submit they are entitled as the official representatives of the Army and Navy at our various legations and embassies.

(7) The change could be made without incurring

any expense whatever, since the creation of the new position would not necessitate the appointment of a new official.

(8) Nothing that the American Government could do, I feel sure, would so profoundly impress the great commercial organizations of the world with its determination to advance in every possible way the trade interests of the country as to place the Consular Service in the position, which I am confident would result from the adoption of my suggestion, of still greater influence, dignity and power."

#### PUBLIC DINNERS AND PUBLIC MEETINGS

Mr. Griffiths regarded attendance at public dinners and public meetings as official engagements, because it was on such occasions that he widened his horizon of English life and character, so necessary to a foreign official, and rendered that larger though voluntary service to both countries, which he was privileged to do through his gift for public speaking and his genius for fellowship.

It is true he thoroughly enjoyed this phase of English life, where men and women meet to discuss a definite and noble theme over a cup of tea or after dinner, but such meetings were often arduous pleasures, for the invitations were always accompanied by the innocent request to say a few words which involved the surrender of personal ease and hours of relaxation for the sake of rendering a patriotic and public service.

Of the hundreds of speeches Mr. Griffiths made while in England many of them were given at so-called public dinners. An American could scarcely imagine the many

excuses or reasons for dining, unless he had lived in England long enough to discover that life there is organized on the social basis, and that even in the commercial world friendly relations are promoted at the dinner-table instead of in the counting-room. A bibliography of Mr. Griffiths' invitations would form a very fair estimate of the organized activities of London or even Great Britain.

Glancing at random over the innumerable invitations to dinner received from organizations while in England, there are the London Hospital, the Edinburgh University, the Chartered Accountants, the Ship-Brokers, the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, the Dock and Harbour Boards, the National Welsh Eisteddfod, the Alpine Club, the Athenæum, the Kinsmen, the Savage Club, Odd Volumes, innumerable guilds, including the Turners, Fishmongers, Stationers, Skinners, the many City Companies, the Canadian Club, Chambers of Commerce from Cardiff to Glasgow, Railway Benefit Associations, Hardwick Legal Society, the Cambridge University Club, the Royal Academy Club, Benchers of the Inner Temple, the Boston Artillery, the Royal Society, the Colchester Oyster Feast, the Country Bankers of England, numerous occasions at the Guild Hall and as guests of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, the Foreign Consuls in London, Masters of the Bench of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, the International Law Society, Our Dumb Friend's League, the Royal College of Surgeons, and among them, alas, the launching of the *Lusitania*.

Invitations to be present at the various American patriotic societies and clubs had precedence over all

others, especially on legal holidays when he never failed to be present at one or more American reunions: the American Society in London, the American Luncheon Club, the Society of American Women, the Navy League, the Lyceum Club, the Atlantic Union, or to address the Rhodes students of Oxford, which he counted among his most delightful privileges. How often he changed his mental focus without ever blurring a picture!

While London makes immense demands upon one who is responsive to the human appeal, she, in turn, gives abundantly. London not only stimulates, but she nourishes, not with the dry food of public buildings, vast libraries and unfrequented parks, but with rich human associations. No other city in the world affords so many social opportunities for men living in different worlds of thought to meet—and there are so many worlds in London—and to discover what others are trying to do.

During Mr. Griffiths' years in London I am quite sure he heard all the English speakers of the first rank and noted their catholicity of thought, their wide culture and the range of their interests. Their distinction and individuality make it difficult to generalize concerning an English style in oratory. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Lord Haldane, Lord Curzon, Lord Reading, Lord Morley, Viscount Bryce, Lord Charnwood, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir F. E. Smith, Sir John Simon, the Bishop of London, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Winston



Churchill, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. John Redmond, Sir Edward Russell, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Rathbone, Mrs. Allen Bright, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mrs. Philip Snowdon, Mrs. Pankhurst. The number of good speakers in England seems innumerable. The English surrender completely to an honest conviction and then dismiss it from their minds. If a man wins a place he keeps it, perhaps after he is not entitled to do so, but this comes from a sense of tradition.

They have always, for example, been generous in their estimate of our public speakers, and usually call us a nation of orators, perhaps with some reason, and they have always been equally generous in judging us by our best, whom we have so frequently sent to represent us as ambassadors to England. Mr. Griffiths' English friends have often heard him say that this national compliment could be more appropriately applied to their own country. He greatly admired the English characteristics in public speaking, their rejection of all but the inevitable word, their subtle pleasantries, so different from our own humour, which he equally enjoyed, the moulding of the phrase by the thought, even if it took time to cast it, the modulation of the voice, the freedom from the vice of speaking for effect, and the evidences of reserve power in scholarship and thought.

Although Mr. Griffiths derived the rarest pleasure from listening to men and women of unusual gifts and exceptional culture, he gained a wider knowledge of the English people, and their present general standards and purposes, from hearing on so many and varied

occasions the perfectly frank and serious expressions of private citizens who were always among the speakers at public dinners and spoke perhaps more freely on problems and conditions of English life than men who were in positions of high responsibility.

From the purely personal standpoint, Mr. Griffiths cherished the public dinner for the friendships formed there. "Friends are not made, they are found," and my husband often discovered them at the banquet table. As we left a public dinner one evening an English guest asked, "Do you find public dinners a great bore?" Mr. Griffiths replied, "No, indeed, I find them a most delightful place for private conversation."

In one of his letters he wrote, "I attended a most interesting dinner last night. I sat next to the Attorney-General. We have known each other for several years, for I first met him at his sister's home. In addition to his legal ability he has great social charm which is enhanced by his knowledge of men and his catholic view of life. We talked of the administration of justice in our two countries, of the mistake of electing judges instead of appointing them, and of the labyrinth of interests in London life. At all the public dinners I attend I find I learn something of England and Englishmen, and the good talk means much to me."

How many books in our library bear such an inscription as "From the author, recalling a pleasant hour at the Association of Journalists' Dinner," or, "In remembrance of a delightful talk at the Savage Club," etc.

Mr. Griffiths' friendships in London as elsewhere



included men and women of richly varied interests, and he was indebted to public dinners for the opportunity of meeting many of these friends. Such friendships were continued in our own home, in town and country houses, and led on to endless vistas of delightful companionship.

### HIS ART

The word oratory is so loosely applied to any fluent public utterance that its finer significance, so well defined by La Bruyère as a "gift of the soul which makes us master of the minds and hearts of others," is often lost. To those who discriminate, however, the true orator will always be recognized as an artist, one who interprets his passion for spiritual beauty in rhythmic spoken words.

Mr. Griffiths was always a colleague to his artist friends, and wherever he went he was welcome to their freemasonry. At a dinner given in honour of Prince Pu Lun, Special Envoy of China to the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, Mr. Griffiths spoke on "Our Debt to the East" in the mystical, poetical vein of a true contemplative. As the guests were leaving James Whitcomb Riley laid his hand affectionately on my husband's shoulder and said, "Griffiths, we work at the same trade, but at different benches."

Ten years later the Imperial Art League in London in a letter inviting Mr. Griffiths to be the guest of the Society wrote, "We believe that our aims in many directions have your full sympathy, and not least in the co-operation and unity among artists for the furtherance of which this Society is known."

In a letter from Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours (1917), he spoke of the double bond of receiving and giving that existed between Mr. Griffiths and the artists of London :

“ Mr. Griffiths was a welcome and honoured guest in all circles in London, but nowhere more so than in the studios and gatherings of artists which he liked to visit. His keen interest in their work and fine appreciation of their aims were evidence of that sympathy which is the greatest encouragement an artist can receive, making him feel that he has been successful in conveying to others that joy in the beautiful which he is always endeavouring to express. I had the pleasure of many visits from him, and on several occasions heard him speak at the dinners of the Royal Academy Club and elsewhere, where his eloquence was a real delight to his hosts and fellow-guests, and his persuasiveness a sure help to any cause that he was supporting. His personality attracted all who had the pleasure of knowing him, and he will not be forgotten in the London which he loved so well.”

The true artist is so happy in his work that he never suggests the arduous and conscientious labour involved in bringing his talent to perfection, and this is especially true of the orator. Mr. Griffiths who spoke with great rapidity and ease was often asked, “ How *do* you do so without any preparation ? ” and he had constantly the most amazing tributes paid to his, presumably, spontaneous, informed and eloquent speech. One evening I heard him decline an invitation over the telephone so definitely that I was surprised, for

his natural inclination was to say "Yes." He afterward said, "I was very sorry to decline the request of — Club to lead a discussion on the Ten Great Religions to-night, but on the spur of the moment I could only think of five."

All life and literature which illumines it were the materials of his art. He had a profound knowledge of books and wonderful facility in using them. In reading he turned the pages so rapidly that, watching him, one might have thought he was only glancing through them, and yet, if the book came up for discussion long afterwards, he had made it his own in thought and even in form of expression.

He had, however, a certain technique or method in the preparation of an address. I do not believe he was conscious of it, and yet as I look back it varied little with the years. As soon as a subject was given to him or chosen by him, he seemed to lay it quietly apart in his mind. It became a magnet attracting everything concerning it, and what he knew fell naturally and symmetrically into place. He loved to talk his subject over at home, and so the preparation of an address was a joy to both of us. It became a member of the family for the time being and gave great variety to our companionship, for there was always some interesting phase of life or thought in contemplation, always some new and rich interest for discussion. It was not always serious, but as varied as life itself. I do not recall a week in the course of twenty-five years when Mr. Griffiths was not preparing an address on a political, social, literary or philanthropic subject. He always wished me to collect data for him during the day, and

often called me up by telephone when a fresh thought or pleasing phrase flashed across his mind, for he loved companionship in thought and in work and did not like to do anything alone. At home he read aloud constantly in connection with an address in preparation, and this unconsciously aided the beautiful modulation of his tone, the perfect control of his voice and his clear enunciation, all of which added so much to his charm as a speaker. He scarcely ever made notes until after an address was finished, for he had a very accurate memory. When the moment came to write, which was like the spirit moving him, there was ready what he always wished, a few flowers on his desk, plenty of paper and absolute quiet, and then he scarcely moved from his table until his work was finished. The whole address slipped from his pen as if it had been dropped from a mould. Whether the address was brief or sustained, he developed it in outline and detail from beginning to end, and then prepared a careful abstract of each paragraph which he used on the platform, for he never carried his manuscript with him. Clear and complete as was the form eventually in his mind or transferred to manuscript, it acquired an added warmth and brilliance in the moment of delivery and from the sympathy of the audience, for on these elements he depended to bring his work to perfection, although he did not depend upon his audience for preparation.

It was the blend of careful preparation and the result of the final inspiration of the moment of delivery, so characteristic of Mr. Griffiths' addresses, which made Lord Charnwood's witty and discerning remarks

literally true, "There is a perfection of workmanship about his (Mr. Griffiths) most careless impromptus, or a fresh-springing spontaneity about his most elaborate compositions. I must not inquire which is the most accurate description."

Mr. I. N. Ford, at that time the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and himself an eminent literary journalist, sent to his paper the following generous appreciation of a speech delivered by Mr. Griffiths before the Royal Society of Portrait Painters :

"In this delightful farrago of wit and wisdom an American's speech was pre-eminent for critical acumen and faultless diction. It was not made by Mr. J. J. Shannon, the chairman, although he surprised his friends by his readiness, self-possession and mirthful persiflage. It was reserved for the American Consul-General to carry off the honours of the evening with an admirable speech on the art of portraiture, the quest for old masters and the relation between painting and literature. When Mr. Griffiths first appeared as an orator in Liverpool and London he had the fervour of a spell-binder on a Western circuit. It was platform eloquence admirably adapted for patriotic occasions, and it helped Americans in exile to revive the ardour of youth, and to talk about "God's country" as though they really believed in it. As time went on Mr. Griffiths began to take up literary subjects and to treat them thoughtfully and with apparent spontaneity ; and his reputation as an after-dinner speaker, who had much to say and was never dull, was speedily made. On this occasion he spoke at short notice, and



had to face formidable rivals in Mr. Carr and Mr. Chesterton ; but his triumph was decisive. The hall rang with applause when he took his seat, and the diners went home with a conviction that they had heard one of the masters of the art of after-dinner oratory.

“ Mr. Griffiths does not appeal broadly to the sense of the ludicrous, in which English audiences are markedly deficient. There is a quiet and subtle play of wit and satire, with unexpected turns, sparkling epigrams and a felicitous use of words. The humour is dry and every sentence ends with a fresh surprise. There is no sign of consciousness in the face that he is making a funny speech, and the right hand is raised repeatedly in an odd gesture, as though to solicit serious attention and to deprecate unseemly mirth. Yet the speech is suffused with the true comic spirit and irradiated with wholesome and stimulating humour. Jocose as the satirist is and finished as is the style of the skilled rhetorician, there is a solid substratum of reason and good sense, so the well-fed, good-natured audience has something to take away and to think about. Mr. Griffiths, without sacrificing his American individuality, has caught the English spirit and adapted himself to the conditions of London literary life. Even when he has powerful rivals and speaks against professional funny men like Mr. Chesterton, he holds his ground with superior art, and displays a happy faculty for concealing his arrows until he can fling them in the faces of delighted auditors.”

The secret of the attraction of an orator is the result

of mind, heart, gesture and voice moving in harmony. It is such a subtle blend of qualities transient and enduring that, even if described, it is still unexplained. It is a secret an orator can share, but cannot impart, and so he must ever be the "contemporary of his own fame." I believe he feels this and the thought touches with a minor note his own happiness in the pleasure he gives. Thought and diction can be recorded. As for the rest, the printed address is like a landscape upon which the sun has gone down, and the shimmering sunlit scene, although still beautiful, has become a monotone.

To say what you think before an audience and be perfectly natural is rare even with the most sincere men and women, for self-consciousness plays such tricks with naturalness. Mr. Griffiths had the gift of being himself as he spoke. With this happy unconsciousness of self, all his powers became supple, and he could avail himself of any resource the moment offered to refresh his audience or illumine his theme.

He had an unexpectedness, a kind of spontaneous bravado, that was tempered by a demure manner and serene look, and an amusingly calculated hesitancy as to what he deliberately planned to say. The afternoon he addressed the Presidents of the League of Mercy at St. James's Palace, he sat during the long preliminary exercises facing an imperious full-length portrait of George III. When Mr. Griffiths rose to speak, he said with great deliberation that, if his remarks were not adequate to the occasion, he felt sure the audience would understand when they realized that he had been gazing for an hour into the face of George III,



whose depressing effect upon an American was historic. That the members of the royal family who were present were as amused as the rest of the audience at the allusion to that tactless sovereign of the Revolutionary period was evidence that old prejudices were no longer held as personal grievances.

Those who have heard Mr. Griffiths will never forget his wonderful, blithe spirit. They will always remember the gesture of his expressive hands, which interpreted a gentle, childlike quality in his nature like a running accompaniment to his mature wisdom, strong conviction and lofty thought. He had a way of laying his finger on his lips and of lifting his hand to arrest applause, a gesture so characteristic that it usually failed of its purpose. Mr. Griffiths had that catholic humanity which was a quality of the heart and which drew him into fellowship with his kind and placed him in sympathy with the world around him. It informed his taste and made him instinctively personal in his appeal and impersonal in attack. It seemed impossible for him to give offence, and yet he was spirited with never a suggestion of anything insipid or weak. He was a true modern, living close to the heart of his fellow-men, and he had a living, loving interest in all their aspirations and achievements and even their splendid failures.

In addressing the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, he said, " Never was the world more suggestive to the man of genius, the poet, painter, dramatist, actor or sculptor than it is to-day. The great artist, however he manifests himself, is the one who conceives and presents the grace, strength, beauty, truth, charm and

dignity of his own time. He is the man who feels most deeply the significance of the Present, strives to read its message and reveal it to his fellow-men."

If Mr. Griffiths had left the impression of being only natural, modern and human, he would have failed to address his hearers on his own high level of thought which was steadfastly spiritual. His sense of reverence and deeply religious purpose was conveyed not only by words but by manner and tone. He had what John Burroughs has called the Master tone, which is more than words.

At the close of his inaugural address as President of the Johnson Society the Bishop of Lichfield said in offering a vote of thanks on behalf of those present that "I feel a great deal better man for having listened to Mr. Griffiths this afternoon." It was the noble praise of a member of the clergy to a layman. Mr. Griffiths felt that the high service of his art was to render those who listened to him aware of the spiritual aspirations that were inseparable from their practical activities. This was always the final note which emphasized the constant purpose of his work.

His last public words were addressed to the members of the Chamber of Commerce of Swansea, Wales, and were true to his life-long desire and endeavour to merge the material world into communion with the world of the spirit. "I trust that the prosperity of Swansea may grow from year to year, and that its growth may be accompanied by everything that enriches the mind and enlarges the soul."

In England Mr. Griffiths was often compared to John Bright as an orator, and the comparison always

pleased him, as Mr. Bright, with his clear vision and sympathetic understanding of the ideals for which we were striving in the Civil War, became our fearless advocate and loyal friend at a time when we needed an interpreter in England. It was with unusual pleasure that Mr. Griffiths accepted an invitation to deliver the Centenary address on Lincoln's birthday at Rochdale, the home of John Bright. He felt there the spirit of the place; the simplicity, the nobility of character and sincerity of the great English statesman seemed to pervade the little town. In the afternoon we went to the austere Quaker Meeting House, which John Bright had always attended, and visited the quiet grave in the adjoining churchyard where he lay. It did not seem such a far cry from there to the log cabin in the trackless wilderness where Lincoln was born!

The whole scene placed Mr. Griffiths in a mood that found expression in his manner, tone and words, and to some of us it made his address on Lincoln that night the most impressive that he delivered while in England.

#### HIS RECREATIONS AND SOCIAL LIFE

Mr. Griffiths' recreations were reading, companionship, the theatre and travel. His taste was all for simple living, and he had the happy gift of enjoying what others enjoy. However, we might sum up all his recreations under "travel," so completely was he engrossed in the adventure and enjoyment of a book, a play, a companion or the place where he happened to be. His mind was not only creative but recreative and often furnished diversion which others go far to

seek. He would laugh as gaily over some new conceit of his own as if it had been a fresh impression from without.

He was very fond of society as well as of simple companionship, he enjoyed the presence and the ever-changing scenes of a distinguished company ; but the private dinner, small but of varied, interesting and congenial people, was to him one of the greatest pleasures life affords. In London he especially enjoyed the variety where each guest suggested a new world of interest : " The dinner last night at the House was delightful and so typical, as the host was the only permanent resident of London. He, the host, is the author, as you know, of a scholarly life of —— and the other guests were a Cabinet Minister, the Governor of the Punjab, a Member from Edinburgh, an English officer stationed at Khartoun, the Bishop of —— and myself. We talked of the labour members (a new subject to an American). W—— said they were not casual, but always insistent that all rules and ceremonies be observed. We spoke of the impartiality of English speakers and had a long and to me illuminating talk on the economic policy of the Government."

With all the pleasure he drew from the hospitality of others, his truest delight was in having his friends in his own home. The many calls upon his leisure hours, the sacrifices of personal ease, incident to avocational work, increased his enjoyment of the evening at his own fireside. Like Johnson, he loved to have his talk out, and friends always lingered late knowing how welcome they were.

At the Memorial Service held in Indianapolis, Mr.



W. H. KENDAL



MRS. KENDAL





Meredith Nicholson who spoke as one who had been his friend said, "It is with a clutch of the heart that I recall the first home after his marriage and the successive roof-trees under which it is my privilege to have known him. He was a social being and there were no dull moments at his table or around his fire-side. There was always a new book, a new figure in public life, some political or social movement, war or rumours of war to be discussed, and he brought to the consideration of any topic his trained intellectual powers, fine scholarship and splendid gift for clear and forcible expression. In any company he would lift the talk to a high plane and sustain it there.

"Pleasant it was to see him in England. I met him a few years ago at an inn in Chester, and how rich he was in the lore of that old city. How delightful it was to meet there a fellow-townsmen who could recount with so much enthusiasm the history of that picturesque town with its venerable walls and wonderful cathedral. And, in London, how inspiring was his talk of the men he knew, and many of the great men of England were his admirers and friends, and of English politics which he was observing with deep and serious attention. No American ever won for our country more friends than he, or bore more convincing testimony to the faith and hope we call democracy."

#### HIS LOVE OF THE DRAMA

Of all forms of diversion the theatre gave Mr. Griffiths the most complete recreation. Many pleasures, agreeable and inviting, were too strenuous to be



recreative in his over-crowded life. The play tranquillized, amused, stimulated and inspired him. It alone gave and asked for nothing in return.

The stage, too, in London, appealed to Mr. Griffiths through the personality of the players, for he knew the men and women who have created the new social order of the profession. If Garrick advanced the dignity of acting as a profession in England, its social and civic prestige have been established on the same level as the other arts by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Sir Herbert and Lady Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Miss Ellen Terry, and the gifted Terry family, Sir George and Lady Alexander, Mr. Robert Lorraine, Mr. Irving and other actors and actresses of the passing and present generation. Mr. Griffiths knew many of the distinguished actors and actresses of London both in public and private life. He knew them as citizens, their public spirit and their generosity to all good causes. He met many of them in their homes and in our own and enjoyed immeasurably their conversation, so rich in literary allusion, in incident and anecdote reminiscent of the stage. Their voices finely modulated by the discipline of their art, their nimble wit and repartee added greatly to their social charm, while their companionship was accompanied by a certain romantic interest that ever clings to members of the profession in their social relations.

Mr. Griffiths had a reverence for the drama as an educational, æsthetic and moral force, a force strengthened by the character of the men and women who have made the drama of high social service. He felt that it was destined to play a great part as an

nternational influence, in the interpretation of national character and in the preservation of our spoken language in its beauty and purity. He aided the profession in every way in his power and especially the various clubs which were organized for the assistance and protection of young dramatic students.

### LOVE OF TRAVEL

A more delightful travelling companion one could not know. My husband brought a fresh and independent enjoyment to each place and experience, not asking nor desiring of what was new and strange the charm of long association. Crossing a frontier seemed to transform him from a stranger to a champion of the country he entered. He fell at once into harmony with his surroundings. Wherever he found himself, he was so interested that he wanted to remain indefinitely, and if we outlined a long holiday journey, we almost always doubled our experiences but halved the distance planned.

In England, and especially in Scotland, he became a vicarious sportsman. His good cheer and genius for companionship made him a welcome guest at shooting and hunting parties. He joined the guns at lunch or tea, enjoyed the colour, life and movement of the scene, proposed the health of the sportsmen, and the 12th of August usually found us in a company, as guests of our friends Sir Joseph and Lady White-Todd and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bates, speeding the guns, and welcoming them back, followed by the ponies with their overloaded panniers of grouse.

Mr. Griffiths was not only a delightful conversationalist but he was a sympathetic listener. His mobile face responded to every subtle shade of meaning in the talk, and with him his friends were always at their best. He took his pleasures leisurely and so enjoyed the full flavour of everything that life proffered him.

In writing to me of two friends who came to London in my absence he said: "She loves to linger among old friends, old pictures, old furniture and old books, but he is impatient to move on at speed limit. I am so thankful we can enjoy from day to day instead of waiting for old age, or young age made old. The capacity for enjoyment is a growth, and cannot be acquired at will."

#### THE AMERICAN LUNCHEON CLUB

In November, 1912, the American Luncheon Club was formed, its primary object being to give American business men living in London an opportunity to become better acquainted with each other. Looking at the past by the light of the future, the Club seems to have been called into existence for a pre-ordained purpose. Mr. Griffiths was invited to take the Presidency of the Club, not on account of his official position, but because "We want you for yourself" was the warm expression of personal regard accompanying the invitation. Mr. Griffiths felt that the Club would count as a steady force in promoting right and generous feeling, and he devoted a great deal of thought and attention to the arrangements for the weekly Friday reunions at the Savoy Hotel, and



OUR HOST IN SCOTLAND, AUGUST 12, 1912





was unfailing in his attendance. The warmest personal attachments were formed between him and the individual members. His friends say that he had a very happy art in presiding ; he radiated warmth and hospitality as he did at his own table, and united the whole company in a genial mood of friendliness and good cheer.

Before the organization of the Club, the Pilgrims, an Anglo-American society, had performed, as it still does, a very useful international service in entertaining, at luncheon or dinner, Americans of distinction who are temporarily in London. The American Society in London gave, as it continues to do, two brilliant dinners during the year, on the fourth of July and on Thanksgiving Day, but in the interval there was little opportunity for Americans in London to meet.

It was evident from the first meeting that the Club had taken its destined place. There was an enjoyment in the first reunion that usually accompanies old and natural associations. It had the charm of something that has always existed and at the same time the novelty of what had only just been discovered.

Official representatives of our Foreign Services visiting London were so impressed with the value of such a Club in a foreign community that others were soon formed in Berlin, Paris, Hamburg and as far off as Tokio, on the London plan. The Club had what Thoreau calls the attribute of noble friendship, for it was not exclusive although its foundations were private, but in effect it was a public affair and for the public's advantage and deserves well of the State.

It soon became the custom to invite a distinguished Englishman or American to be the Club's guest and to give an informal talk over cigars and coffee at the weekly luncheon. And there were always many Englishmen present as guests of individual members. It was remarkable how promptly the most interesting and gifted men in London accepted invitations to speak there. Among those who addressed the Club the first year were Hilaire Belloc, Harold Cox, Edmund Gosse, A. E. W. Mason, Wickham Steed, Lord Northcliffe, Israel Zangwill, J. L. Garvin, Anthony Hope Hawkins, John Hays Hammond, Charles Francis Adams and Price Collier.

It was a unique and perfect way for the representatives of the two nations to meet. The usual social relations were, of course, reversed. The English were guests and the Americans hosts, and it can truly be said that never before have so many representatives of the two nations met as frequently and "found" each other as neighbours and friends as they have at the American Luncheon Club. And if it be true that we always feel at home where we belong, the English guests certainly belonged there. The spirit of confidence and congeniality so ripened in the two years before the war that the Club was ready to perform the great service it has since rendered, of affording an appropriate place and atmosphere where international sympathy and support could find full and free and ardent expression.

When the War began the English guests spoke with freedom and poignant feeling of the ideals which moved them and of their desire and appreciation of



our co-operation in the titanic struggle. Week after week their words, intimate and eloquent, were cabled to America. They made clear the purposes of Great Britain, consolidated American sympathies and convictions, and proved that they were fighting for ideals which we held in common, a realization which has swept us inevitably into the ranks of the Allies.

Months before we entered the War Mr. Marcossou quoted authoritatively the words of Sir James Barrie : " Have you stopped to think what it means to have the two great English-speaking communities at last fighting together for a common cause, linked together in a great crusade of humanity against inhumanity ? Why, it is greater than the war itself."

And after we had made the great decision, it was at the American Luncheon Club that the Prime Minister of England on April 12th, 1917, first addressed an American audience in the historic speech in which Mr. Lloyd George welcomed America, not only to comradeship-in-arms, but as a future member of the Council of Peace.

The American Luncheon Club has done another great service. It has dispelled the illusion that the English and Americans are not companionable, and it is a happy illustration not only of getting together but staying together. It was founded by members of the so-called American colony and reveals them as men of earnestness of purpose and intense patriotism, who have been called by duty and destiny as well as by inclination to live abroad. By their very nearness to the scene of conflict and more especially because of their unusual opportunities for international

understanding through long years of residence in Europe, the members of the American colony have been able to render a unique and valued service to both nations. Free from the restraint binding transient officials in the foreign services, they have by their warm sympathies taken the chill from long years of official neutrality which otherwise might have blighted our ancient friendship. They stimulated and fortified, to use Mr. Asquith's words, "by a comradeship in spirit," long before our Government was able to offer companionship-in-arms. That the American colony furnished the American members of the Belgian Relief Commission will be a perpetual reminder of the service Americans residing abroad have rendered to the prestige of the people of the United States.

Mr. Griffiths has told in his address, delivered at the banquet given in his honour by the American Luncheon Club, how much the Club meant to him personally, and his estimate of its future place and influence in international relations, already so wonderfully realized. The following letter, sent to me by one of the English guests the day after a dinner given to mark Mr. Griffiths' continuance as President of the Club, brings back the living mood in which he spoke to his friends that night and the way in which his words were received :

DEAR MRS. GRIFFITHS,

I feel sure that your husband must have given you a very inadequate account of the dinner last night. He has certainly neglected to mention to you that he was received by all the great body of his

friends with frantic applause. He would have given you no idea of the nice, graceful, appreciative and true things said by Lord Charnwood and the Ambassador, and I am quite sure he went straight to bed, the lazy creature, without taking the trouble to tell you the fact that he himself made the most beautiful, the most eloquent, the most touching reply, which I have ever heard made on an occasion of this kind.

It is because I feel indignant at his neglect, I feel sure, of you in this relation, that I think it my painful duty to write to you directly for your better information.

In proposing Mr. Griffiths' name that night, Lord Charnwood showed the generous appreciation of the English community of Mr. Griffiths' character, his patriotism and the consecration of his gifts to international fraternity; and they are repeated here for this reason and also because they are an eloquent and discriminating tribute by the author of the first English Life of Lincoln to the permanent influence of American democracy.

"Now what shall I say about him? The official part of him is no concern of mine. My subject is Mr. Griffiths as he presents himself to his English friends.

"Well, for one thing, he presents himself to us as a type of his race. Whatever be a man's race or people, it is no mean compliment to him that he should present himself to other people as a type of it. Here I find myself committed to a practice which I am inclined to reprobate in others. It is the established evil practice of your European guests to discuss

Americans to their faces. When I was last in the United States, Monsieur Paul Bourget and Mr. John Burns were, each of them, paying their first visit to that country. Each of them commenced a course of lectures on America to Americans, almost before he had finished corrupting the upright officials of your Custom House. There is, however, one remark in that line which I am going to permit myself.

“An original thinker, I believe, once observed that the United States were a democracy. There are some superficial appearances which have led other thinkers to dismiss that observation as a paradox. I have come to think that, in the most important respect of all, it is true. Here in England, where our greatest poet—and yours—was a butcher’s son who took to poaching, and the noblest monument of our prose—and yours—was written by a tinker in a gaol, there seems now to be a widening gulf which severs the men who are most steeped in the knowledge and thought and letters which of old were called ‘the humanities,’ from the pursuits, the interests, the very language of the common human tribe. You too have your exceptional instances—exceptions so marked and curious as to prove the rule—of this inhumane humanity; but, speaking generally, English visitors to the United States come upon men there—and many of them—who strike them first as the possessors of a culture full as rich as any they have met at home, and then immediately strike them as retaining in undiminished force their alertness in the business and the sport of less favoured mortals, their zeal for the simple things which all men share. Your characteristic divines can

be unreservedly jolly ; your characteristic humorists are not afraid to speak with unmitigated seriousness ; your most refined poets have written their best in dialect ; your men of completest culture can talk to and with the men of the crowd just as if they really felt themselves to be citizens of one Republic and sons of one God. One of our English poets, writing of George Washington, uses this phrase :

“ If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch.”

That, as I understand the matter, is democracy ; and that, as I believe, is actually the living and potent ideal of good Americans.

“ I have ventured, perhaps hardily, upon this topic, for a reason which I trust will justify me in your eyes. The best illustration I happen to know of that American distinction, which I have sought to indicate, the best illustration of the exquisite quality described in the noble lines as I think them, which I have just quoted, is—John Lewis Griffiths.

“ This, in conclusion—and it is the one thing which I chiefly rose to say—Mr. Griffiths is one of the two kindest men that I have known in half a century of happy life. I am not going to amplify that statement in any way. I make it deliberately ; I make it with knowledge ; and, gentlemen, what more can any man say of any man ? ”

#### THE JOHNSON SOCIETY

Early in 1913, Mr. Griffiths accepted an invitation to become President of the Johnson Society, and delivered his inaugural address at Lichfield, September



13th of that year. The Johnson Society is a delightful organization, composed of men of scholarly tastes, social inclinations and both local and national pride. It was founded to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose name has brought honour and renown to the ancient and loyal city of Lichfield. The home of the Society is Lichfield, but the membership includes patriotic lovers of literature throughout the world.

Mr. Griffiths, who was the first American honoured with the Presidency of the Society, had many distinguished predecessors in delivering the address at Lichfield at the annual celebration of Dr. Johnson's birthday. Among them were Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A., Mr. Clement Shorter, Sir Robert White Thompson, Lord Charnwood, Sir W. Ryland D. Atkins, Rev. Wallace Williamson, D.D., of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, and at the bi-centenary in 1909 the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., delivered an historic address so original, so characterized by his own especial felicity that it must take its place among his greatest orations which have established his rank as incomparably the finest speaker in the Kingdom.

Aside from the inaugural address the office of President entailed no duties, and it carried with it many prospective pleasures for the approaching year, for the Johnson Society indulges in the English habit of holidays, making pleasant pilgrimages to old haunts of Dr. Johnson, and places associated with his name. It was during the spring visit of the Society to Oxford, May, 1913, at a meeting held in the Hall of Pembroke,



Johnson's old college, that Lord Charnwood announced that the American Consul-General, Mr. John Lew i Griffiths, had accepted the Presidency of the Society for the following year. The same day Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature in the University, delivered an address on Johnson's associations with Oxford. Afterwards the company visited the many places in Oxford linked with the memory of Lichfield citizens, Addison, Ashmole and Johnson, and then motored to the Hangings at Ferry Hinksey, the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, about three miles from Oxford, where they were entertained by Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh. The Oxford meeting was typical of the pleasant pilgrimages of the Johnson Society, reviving old and great memories. Mr. Griffiths, who responded so warmly to historic association, would have greatly delighted in such visits made in company with Johnson's ardent admirers.

The one experience he lived to enjoy was his visit to Lichfield, which was marked by a series of incidents in the most delightful setting. It is only in England where climate and company, landscape and historic association and a sense of leisure conspire to make a perfect September holiday. In a letter to his sisters describing his visit to Lichfield, Mr. Griffiths said, "They"—his host and hostess—"have a dear old place here. Johnson stayed at least one night in the house. From my window I see across the beautiful Minster to the Cathedral with its three spires. The landscape is clothed in a half-mist, and the effect is very wonderful. The Cathedral is one of the noblest expressions of Gothic architecture I have seen. From

the west front you have the full sweep of the nave and the choir, and with it a great uplifting of the soul. In the morning we accompanied the Mayor and Sheriff and members of the Corporation, who placed a wreath upon Dr. Johnson's statue in the Market Square. In the evening I attended the Johnson supper at the Three Crowns Inn where Johnson and Boswell stayed on their visit to Lichfield. An excellent eighteenth century supper was served of ye olde beefsteake puddinges with kidneys, oysters and mushrooms, ye haunch of mutton with ye red currant jelly, ye beere of olde England and ye red winde of France, ye apple pye with creame, mounted in ye olde style, ye tastie cheese yclept ye Cheshire and stewed before ye griddle fire. The toast to the Immortal Memory was drunk in solemn silence. Afterwards came a delicious punch, we smoked long churchwarden pipes. There was good fellowship and I had to speak again."

The Presidency of the Johnson Society and the Presidency of the American Luncheon Club were linked in Mr. Griffiths' thought with a happy and special significance. He felt deeply honoured at being chosen leader of the Johnson Society, named in honour of the most British of literary heroes, one who had given the English profession of letters its greatest distinction. But the approval of his English friends would have meant little to him if it had been won at the sacrifice of American sympathies, understanding and companionship. To him the test of excellence in judging the work of a foreign official was the degree in which he advanced a better understanding between his own and other countries. And so his leadership of the two

societies was a symbol of the services he had rendered both to America and England. It marked the dawn of the fulfilment of his desire that his labours of nearly ten years, to bring the English and Americans into closer sympathy, had not been in vain. This was a richer reward than personal prestige. It was the consciousness, a rare happiness, that he had quickened the love for each other of the two nations, so necessary to human progress and—who were within a few months—much sooner than even he thought when he made the prophecy—“*to face together their common destiny.*”

. . . . .

During the years we lived in London, John and I always passed our Easter holiday in or near Paris. We both looked forward with pleasure to this bright change after the dark and strenuous London winter.

In 1914, I left London for Paris on Saturday, April 4th, and John joined me there on April 9th, the Thursday before Easter Sunday. Our companionship was not interrupted even by separation, for his daily letters transmitted not only his wonderful spirit of comradeship but the qualities that endeared his presence. His tender solicitude, his genial humour, his variety, and his instinctive taste in choosing only agreeable incidents for discussion, all found expression in them. There was always thoughtful comment on the events of the day, the books he was reading, the good talk with friends he was meeting and an undercurrent of his vivid realisation of the deeper contacts of life. His letters to the members of his family were invariably written by his own hand, and this gave them an enduring grace, for it was an unconscious intimation that crowded

as were his days he always saved time to take thought and pains for those whom he loved. Here are a few brief passages from his last letters to me.

*April 5th, 1914.*

. . . I hope you had a very smooth passage yesterday and arrived safely and well. . . . We had a very brilliant night at the Savage Club. They wanted me to tell some stories which I declined to do as I do not wish to be regarded even as an amateur entertainer. . . . I saw something of the vast procession and demonstration in favour of Ulster at Hyde Park yesterday afternoon, as I had to wait again and again for detachments to pass. The notable thing was the serious and determined air of those who participated. There was an absence of hilarity, simply the steady marching of thousands, each carrying the Union Jack, with eyes front and faces expressing resolution. I think the feeling is growing that some better way out of the difficulty than civil war must be and therefore will be found. . . . I would love to be with you in Paris to-night. . . . I pictured you to-day in the Bois . . . and later at dinner telling the pessimistic voluntary exile, Captain —, that America is not going to the de'il but has her face quite set in the opposite direction.

*April 6th, 1914.*

. . . I was so glad to have your letter this morning, and so sorry they did not meet you at the train. My letter requesting them to do so was mailed on April 3rd before noon and should have been received by them even before you left London.

What a glorious ride it must have been from Calais! I hope that the flowers will still be blooming on Thursday when I come.

Yesterday afternoon I went to David Murray's Private View (evidently at the crush hour). What a prolific artist he is! There are at least fifty new pictures and to my delight some of his old Venetian sketches. He has two wonderful rose-gardens,—a glory of colour. Then I enjoyed a quiet little landscape—a tranquil pool, summer sky, a few contemplative cows, and a cool shadowy orchard in the distance. . . . Mr. Hoover is back from California and so we resume our good talks to-morrow morning. I'm sending on our dinner invitations. Please accept them *all*. . . .

*April 7, 1914.*

. . . I am trying to get everything in shape so that I can leave on Thursday morning. Do not come to the train—but

have some one from the hotel meet me (but not in the way they failed to meet you). M—— was at his best at luncheon yesterday—so delightfully reminiscent. He says we must come to The Tyrol in August.

I dined progressively at the Savoy last night, taking coffee with . . . after leaving my original host. Then home—(and—*not* to bed), but read Roderick Hudson again, after many years. And notwithstanding Henry James' comments on it in later life I think it is a most absorbing story of the disintegration of the pleasure-loving, artistic temperament, capable of great things but failing in the end to do them, because of worldly distractions and weakness of will. As soon as we return we must complete our set of James.

*April 8, 1914.*

. . . Just a word to tell you that if all is well I shall be with you to-morrow. . .

My husband joined me in Paris Thursday, April 9th. He was in buoyant spirits and keen for a holiday after a long and strenuous winter.—But the following day he was taken ill and the trouble was pronounced bronchitis. He responded quickly to the physician's treatment and to tender care. After five days he was apparently well again and eager to return home. But on the eve of the day set for our departure he had a sudden and severe attack of the heart and we remained in Paris until his complete recovery was assured.—The night nurse said, as she bade us good-bye, "I wonder if I shall ever have so perfect a patient again!"

We returned to London on April 29th, and he resumed his duties at the Consulate-General the next day but one. The following Monday he again went to his office for a few hours, but his condition gave cause for anxiety, when it was found that he was suffering from suppressed pneumonia. My husband was persuaded by his physi-



cian to take a complete rest, and he remained in his room until May 16th, when at the doctor's advice we went for a short drive in the Park, and again on the next day. On the following Wednesday we were to leave London for a month in the country, to which John was looking forward with hope and delight. He retired about nine o'clock, but an hour later he was again seized with *angina pectoris*, and his perfect life closed Sunday, May 17th, 1914.

. . . . .

One can only wonder and wonder what would have been the outcome if all of my husband's gifts of nature, mind and heart had been poured into one channel. Full realisation of talent comes only to those who, as Matthew Arnold said, "in their own tasks all their powers pouring, attain the mighty life you see." Such realisation cannot come to one who gives himself from early manhood to others, and in giving knows no limit but life itself.

And yet who would, if they could, have restrained the full development of his free spirit, even to free his wonderful talents, or who would change this record?

In his last address but one, my husband spoke in Liverpool. He saluted the memory of his old, most beloved friend, William Watson, in words intended to comfort others, and now they return as a solace to his own. "The man who forgets himself in the service of his fellow-men will always be remembered."

CAROLINE HENDERSON GRIFFITHS



## ADDRESSES







John L. Griffith

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN AT ROCHDALE, THE HOME OF JOHN BRIGHT

I ACCEPTED the invitation to speak this evening not only because of my affection and admiration for the character of Abraham Lincoln, but because Rochdale was the home of John Bright, and in this town during the civil war in America he frequently pleaded for the Northern cause with a fervour and eloquence which, after a lapse of nearly half a century, still fill my heart with gratitude. During the darkest days of that awful struggle, poet and prophet that he was, John Bright said, "I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one people and one language, and one law and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom, and the refuge for the oppressed of every land and of every clime." He could not, indeed, have spoken otherwise, for he was the champion—I do not refer to his political opinions—of all good causes. The oppressed always found in him a friend and advocate. An injustice practised 3,000 miles away appealed to him as swiftly and insistently as if perpetrated on the threshold of his own home. He never lulled his conscience into acquiescence in a wrong, for if it can be said of any man of his time that he was the incarnation of the finest

moral sense of this great Empire it surely can be said of John Bright.

I have come here, too, because, when the very existence of my country as a political entity was assailed, the men who worked in the mills and shops of Rochdale often, as it must have seemed to them against their own material interests, although not so in fact, testified by their words and deeds that they regarded the preservation of a democratic form of Government and the abolition of slavery as more important than their own physical comfort and security. The operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire had a broader humanity, a larger sympathy, and a finer faith than many of those who in places of power condemned what these men approved. I have always believed that the great body of the people can be trusted when a moral question is presented to them. Lincoln once said that if God did not like the common people, He could not have made so many of them. They instinctively strip away conventions and hypocrisies and artificialities, all subterfuges and shams, and, in an elemental sort of way, pierce to the very heart of a moral issue. No place in England, not even London itself, could be more appropriate than Rochdale in which to pay tribute to the memory of a man who sprung from the loins of the people, owing nothing to birth, or wealth, or station, and who throughout his long and eventful life never consciously misled, or deceived, or betrayed them. Abraham Lincoln is the most unaccountable man in our history. He cannot be explained by heredity, or culture, or environment.

Lincoln was born in a little one-room cabin in the Kentucky wilderness, and died one of the greatest rulers in the world. His father was a wanderer, going from State to State in the hope of improving his condition, and, after all his wanderings, left as the only legacy to his family a reputation for fair and honest



dealing and a few acres in the clearing. His mother, a frail and fragile creature to whom scant justice has been done, passed away at an early age, unable to endure the hardships and privations of that rough pioneer life. She was buried in the trackless forest, with the winds to sing a requiem over her lonely grave. Abraham Lincoln never attended a college or a university. He studied grammar by the fitful gleam of the open fire, and mastered Euclid after he had attained his majority. His library consisted of few books, but they were good books on which to found a pure and classical style—the Bible, Shakespeare, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Æsop's Fables*. It is related of him that he would ride fifty miles after the day's work was done to borrow a book which he wanted to read. A book procured under such circumstances would probably be more potent in forming character than one obtained as a matter of course or indifference at a neighbouring library. When we consider the depths from which Lincoln came, and the heights to which he scaled, it is not surprising that even before his death myths and legends gathered about him, and that he was regarded by many with superstitious awe and reverence. There is a tradition among the farmers in the part of the country where he lived that the brown thrushes there did not sing for a year after his death.

This is his history until his larger life work developed and unfolded: a common labourer, clerk in a village store, deputy-surveyor, for which position he "qualified himself after receiving the appointment," captain in the Black Hawk War, postmaster of such an insignificant village that he jocularly said he carried the office in his hat, a member of the State Legislature, and so poor when he first entered that body that the clothes he wore and the horse he rode as he journeyed to the capital were paid for with borrowed money, a country lawyer, with a library of but twenty-two

volumes when he was elected to the Presidency, a member of Congress for two years, an unsuccessful applicant for the position of Commissioner of the General Land Office, and twice a presidential elector on a losing ticket. Not an eventful life, nor one crowded with stirring incidents, but he was preparing himself in these earlier years, unconsciously for the most part I doubt not, for the great work which he was to do not only for his own people, but for mankind. Then, as now, and this, perhaps, is peculiarly true of a formative and primitive state of society, the man who thinks and who is able to clothe his thoughts in appropriate and convincing language wields a compelling influence over his fellow-men.

Lincoln was always interested in affairs. He early became a student of events, and frequently discussed them at public gatherings. He once said that nothing annoyed him as much as to attempt to speak when he had nothing to say. It is difficult to define what constitutes true oratory: aptness of speech, quickness of wit, wealth of imagery, humour, irony, satire, invective—all these qualities, desirable and important though they may be, are not sufficient of themselves to arouse men to action. You must touch the heart and move the conscience before they are willing to abandon home and kindred and everything they have hitherto prized most highly for the sake of an ideal.

When Lincoln spoke, those who listened to him knew that he spoke out of the fullness of conviction and from the vantage ground of a thorough mastery of his subject. We marvel, and justly marvel, too, at the perfection of his style, its exquisite literary quality, its tremendous sweep, its simplicity and strength. It is an elemental style, Scriptural in structure, free from indirection, ambiguity and pretence. The exaltation of spirit in which the Prophets wrote the beauty and melody of the Psalms, the pregnant use of parables

and homely illustrations in the New Testament, and the air of mysticism and mystery inseparable from brooding over any expression of religious faith, appealed to his peculiar temperament, and when he spoke it was in the same lofty and inspired manner. In the addresses of Abraham Lincoln and John Bright these common characteristics appear—purity of motive, sincerity of utterance, an impassioned love of liberty and justice, a disregard of all trivial and incidental trappings, an appeal always to the intellect and the conscience, a refusal to gain popularity and applause through the sacrifice of strongly-held convictions and principles, an instinctive perception of the weakest point in an adversary's armour, a disposition to raise the matter under discussion above mere partisan considerations into an atmosphere of calm and dispassionate thought, and the employment at all times of a noble diction which enforced the argument without the use of a tawdry, ignoble, or superfluous word. An English writer has recently stated that Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—it only took three minutes to deliver—is the one masterpiece of nineteenth-century oratory which will stand the classic test of time. As we read it now after the passage of years we respond to its beauty, pathos and power, and feel that he spoke that grey November day on that blood-stained field with the voice not of man, but of angels.

“Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers,” said Lincoln, “brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting

and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In his second inaugural address he spoke with the same lofty eloquence :

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another with the sword as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be paid. 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds: to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

How futile and clamorous seem the simulated passion

and the meretricious and reckless pronouncements of many politicians who think only of immediate success in comparison with these majestic and massive utterances which search the heart and probe the conscience as they exalt righteousness above convenience and expediency.

Lincoln was one of the rarest combinations of tears and laughter, of joy and sweetness, which the world has ever known; he had what Lowell calls "that saving sense of humour." Without it he could not have borne the awful burdens which were laid upon him during the Civil War. He never told a story, however, simply for the sake of telling it, but always to illustrate the matter in hand, to expose a sophistry or puncture a sham, or vitalize a truth. As the elaborate funeral of a very vain and pompous man passed by, he said that if the man had known he was to have such a gorgeous funeral he would have died long ago. He telegraphed to General Hooker, suggesting that he follow up his brilliant successes, "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorville, the animal must be very slim somewhere—can you not break him?" In expressing to the Secretary of War the wish that a certain man should be appointed colonel of a coloured regiment, he said he would like to have the appointment made, "regardless of the fact whether or not the man could tell the exact shade of Julius Cæsar's hair." He had grown somewhat weary of the drawing-room officers, who knew perfectly the manual of the science of war, but who lacked initiative and aggressiveness in action. When he was told that a very radical portion of the Republican party had nominated General John C. Fremont for the Presidency in 1864, he inquired how many delegates attended the convention of malcontents, and being told four hundred he turned to a little Bible



which he always had on his desk and read this passage from Joshua : " And everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was discontented, gathered unto him and he was made a captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men." It was Lincoln's habit when he told a story to preface it with " Oh, that reminds me." When a young man on one occasion told him a very pointless story, and then eagerly exclaimed, " Mr. President, what does that remind you of ? " with a gentle smile Lincoln replied, " Well, to tell the truth, that simply does not remind me of anything." When some commissioners of the Southern Confederacy desired to confer with him, he said that he did not think it would be proper for him to carry on negotiations with men representing those in arms against the Government. They tried to reassure him by citing the case of Charles the First. " I do not know much about history," Lincoln dryly replied, " I leave all such matters to Seward," who was standing near to him, " but the only distinct recollection I have of Charles the First is that he lost his head."

His sympathies were as universal as his humour, nothing that God has fashioned was to him common and unclean, and unworthy of care and remembrance. As he rode through the forest, if he saw a bird's nest that had been disturbed he would replace it before he was content to proceed on his journey. His great heart embraced all classes and conditions of life, and he was tolerant as few men have been to human frailties and weaknesses. He could not sleep if he knew a soldier had been condemned to death for some dereliction of duty, and again and again devised a way to save the lives of those who through carelessness or recklessness or home-sickness had forfeited the right to live, according to the stern decrees of war. A father and mother once called upon him to plead for the life



of their son, upon whom a court-martial had pronounced the death sentence. After listening to their touching story Lincoln said, "I will telegraph the commanding officer to take no further action in the case until he hears from me." A little later the father returned to say that the mother was not altogether satisfied, the life of her boy was so precious to her, and she hoped that the President would take some affirmative action on his behalf. Lincoln said, "Go back and tell Mother if her son lives until the General hears from me again Methuselah will always be considered a babe in arms in comparison with him when he passes from earth."

It has often been said that Lincoln was not a believer in the Christian religion. He was not, it is true, a member of any established church, and did not subscribe to any definite creed, but he had a faith at once simple, large and serene in an overruling Power which guides the destinies of men and controls the fate of nations. One who was irreverent by nature, or agnostic in thought, could not have written the Gettysburg address or the second inaugural, or the farewell to his Springfield neighbours when he left them to assume the duties of the Presidency. Nowhere in literature do we find a more abiding trust in God than in the words of Abraham Lincoln. In the gloomiest years of the war he flung himself without reserve upon his Maker, and prayed often and passionately for divine illumination and guidance. He was free from the jealousies of smaller natures. He appointed to his Cabinet four of the men who had been his rivals for the Presidential nomination. One of the number, Salmon P. Chase, who while a member of his official household was constantly intriguing against him and striving to supplant him in public favour, he made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and in doing so paid a generous tribute to his patriotism and talents.

When Washington became President at the close of the Revolutionary War, he had a reputation to sustain, but Lincoln had the much more difficult task—a reputation to create. He was distrusted by many of his own party, and his wisdom was volubly and arrogantly challenged by men who could not understand and appreciate his motives. He was described as a trivial story-teller, a mountebank and buffoon. No wonder that his rugged face was lined with a deep melancholy during these years of anxious foreboding, paying no heed to criticism or slander, turning neither to the right nor to the left, he went about his appointed tasks "without haste and without rest." He realized that the final responsibility was his, and while he frequently sought counsel and advice he never hesitated to pursue the course which seemed to him necessary, although it might be in conflict with the judgment of those about him.

When Lincoln became President, seven States had seceded, the National Treasury was bankrupt, the ammunitions of war had been removed from the Northern States and distributed throughout the South, and a rebellious confederacy had been formed; in a little more than a month after his inauguration Sumpter was fired upon, and a fratricidal war had commenced. To realize fully the magnitude of Lincoln's achievement, it must be remembered that there were a number of so-called border States with almost evenly divided political sympathies, ready to espouse either the Northern or the Southern cause upon what they might regard as sufficient provocation, and whose neutrality was important, if not essential, to the preservation of the national life. So skilfully did the President steer a straight course between the contending factions that not a single one of these dynamic States declared its allegiance to the Confederacy, and the Northern troops passed through

them in safety on their way to Appomatox and Richmond. Lincoln was severely criticized for his refusal to issue an Emancipation Proclamation early in the war, but he knew that to do so would alienate all the border States, convert neutrals into active foes, and at the same time that it would estrange thousands in the North who were willing to fight for the conservation of the Union, but not then for the freedom of the slaves. Lincoln had the divine gift of infinite patience. He always waited, as Lowell said, until the right moment, and then brought up all his reserves ; he knew that if he acted in a matter of first importance unsupported by public opinion the success of the Northern cause would be seriously imperilled. He was not a visionary or a fanatic, and did not believe that a dependable public opinion could be formed by decree or proclamation, but only through education. And so for three years and more he educated the people of the North until, when the Charter of Freedom was finally granted to 4,000,000 of slaves, his act was approved and applauded by all loyal men, and its necessity universally recognized.

It is not as the emancipator of a race, glorious as that distinction must ever be, that the largest measure of gratitude is due to Abraham Lincoln, but as the man who, above all others, demonstrated in a period of stress and storm that government " of the people, for the people and by the people " was a living thing with a steadfast patriotic purpose, and with a capacity for sacrifice and heroism that has ennobled the democratic idea through the world. " If I could save the Union," he wrote to Horace Greeley, who was constantly making impracticable and fantastic suggestions to him, " without freeing any slaves, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by saving some and leaving others alone I would also do that." Abhorrent as

slavery was to him, his primary purpose was to save the Union. To accomplish that he would sacrifice treasure and men, the blood of the bravest and the best, all the resources at his command, his own life if need be, but he would not sacrifice the Union.

Where did this country lawyer learn his Statecraft? He was not trained in any school of diplomacy, was unfamiliar with its etiquette and usages and conventions, and yet his State papers are models of dignity, lucidity and force. When the unfortunate Trent affair occurred, Lincoln by a few erasures and a number of interpolations changed the threatening communication of Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, into a diplomatic note which prepared the way for negotiations and explanations and ensured peace. He possessed these qualities, which no really great statesman has ever been without—initiative, knowledge and tact, courage and honesty, patriotism and conviction. His military experience was embraced in a single Indian campaign, but his suggestions to the generals in the field were so pertinent and opportune that eminent military critics have declared that he excelled as much in giving direction to the actual conduct of the war as in carrying forward the affairs of State. He had an intuitive knowledge of men, of their capacity and efficiency. When complaint was made to him that General Grant was drunk at the battle of Shiloh, he simply inquired as to the brand of whisky he drank, because he said he would like to send a barrel to each of the other generals. So comprehensively did he do his work, so infallible were his conclusions, so omniscient—I use the word reverently—was his knowledge of all that transpired during the most dramatic and momentous period in our national existence that we may well believe that he was inspired, as Moses and Joshua and David were inspired in the days of old. In all the tangled web of human history we can discern

an overruling Providence, which through a continuous process of destruction, repair and upbuilding, has steadily purified and cleansed national ideals and exalted the race. The great leaders of men are sent from God to do their redemptive and regenerative work, and when it is finished they return to Him. Lincoln died in the fullness of his fame, after Lee had surrendered, and Richmond had been captured, and the rebellion was ended. When he passed away the people mingled their tears in the kinship of a common sorrow.

Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote.  
For him her old-world moulds aside she threw,  
And choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

The blood of the Puritan and Cavalier mingled in him, the blood of Quaker, planter and pioneer, and in the mingling the best qualities of each continued dominant, so that strength and gentleness, majesty and grace, toleration and firmness, were all blended in his wonderful personality. His fame is as pervasive as the air we breathe, as firmly planted as the everlasting hills. He belongs to the race of strong-limbed, clear-brained, stout-hearted, and deep-purposed men, who do fundamental and imperishable work in the world—to the same race as Diaz, who consolidated the Republic of Mexico, Bismarck, who welded the German principalities and duchies into an empire, and Cavour, who unified Italy. He differed from them in his methods, but he sought, as they did, to create a national sentiment which would prevent disintegration and disruption, and which would bind all the States closely together into a harmonious and indissoluble union.



His insight was so keen and penetrating, his grasp of Statecraft so commanding, his knowledge of military operation so profound, his common sense so uncommon, his humour so boundless, his sympathies so spontaneous and kindly, his patriotism so pure and consecrated, and his achievements so significant, that with one accord we acclaim him "The First American."

With the growth of population and its concentration in large cities, with the vast accumulation of wealth in ever fewer hands, with the frequent irritations between labour and capital, and with the spread of socialistic doctrines, we need another Abraham Lincoln in America—perhaps you in England also need one—to solve the delicate and complex problems, which confront us at the opening of the twentieth century. No countries can contribute more to their effective and wise solution than England and America, if they strive to attain the ideals which John Bright and Abraham Lincoln stood for—freedom and peace, justice and righteousness. May God provide in His wisdom that nothing shall disturb the existing friendship between the two great English-speaking peoples. In sympathetic emulation and generous co-operation may they work together unselfishly and zealously for a world-wide repose from strife and for the highest good of all mankind.



## BENJAMIN HARRISON

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE  
UNVEILING, AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, OF THE  
STATUE ERECTED IN MEMORY OF BENJAMIN  
HARRISON, THE TWENTY-THIRD PRESIDENT OF  
THE UNITED STATES, OCTOBER 27, 1908

NATIONS have always delighted to honour their illustrious dead, and to express in some enduring form an appreciation of their virtues. Monuments of great men inspire a people to emulate their example and to consecrate themselves in a spirit of unselfish loyalty to the service of their fellow-men.

It is only at rare intervals that a life has been so conspicuously beneficent and fruitful as to be worthy of such a memorial. There must be the unique combination of splendid gifts and opportunity and a large field for effort, and what is accomplished must be so significant and useful as to be of permanent value to mankind.

We are met this afternoon to render our homage to such a life, and to contemplate the character of a man who had such a lofty standard of public duty that he reinforced by his words and deeds the obligations of citizenship and strengthened the wills and hearts and purposes of men for high achievement. "If we had failed to build this monument we would have shown to posterity that we were unaware of the treasure in our midst."

The most appropriate place for a monument to

Benjamin Harrison is in this city, where he lived for nearly half a century. The people of Indianapolis are grateful that it has been erected here, where they can gather fresh patriotic inspiration each day as they look upon it, and realize the nobility of the life that it commemorates.

It is unnecessary that I should review in detail a career with which you are familiar—a career so intimately interwoven with the material, intellectual and moral development of the city. Before General Harrison won national fame he was honoured by his friends and neighbours, for they recognized in him a man of ideals and convictions, a man who dared to do what he thought was right, and who brought to the study of all questions a trained mind and a quickened conscience. They knew they could trust him, that his utterances were sincere and that his life was in perfect harmony with his words.

He came to this city in his early youth, full of hope and ambition, to engage in the practice of his profession, and so notably did he succeed that in time he had a nation for a client and easily took his place among the greatest lawyers of his generation. It was from Indianapolis that we went forth to engage in the Civil War, and it was to this city he returned when the war was over, with a record of faithful, efficient and brilliant service which commanded universal respect and admiration.

He was a resident of Indianapolis when he was elected to the Senate of the United States and when he became Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Declining all suggestions to locate elsewhere, he returned to the city of his love at the expiration of his presidential term of office to spend his remaining years with the people who held such a large place in his thought and affection. And it was in Indianapolis that he was laid to rest in the hush of a nation's grief.



THE BENJAMIN HARRISON MEMORIAL, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

1992 年 3 月 21 日

No man was ever more closely identified with the life of a city than General Harrison was with the life of this community. He took a deep and abiding interest in its educational, charitable and religious work, in the development of its art and in everything which contributed to its highest well-being.

General Harrison's early life was a typically American life of the period in which he lived. He was born neither to poverty nor wealth. He was trained in the practical school of experience and had that "tragic reverence for culture" which considers no sacrifice too great for its attainment. His education did not cease with his college days, for he was ever eager to learn something which would enable him to take a wider survey of history and philosophy, and which would give him a broader grasp of the conditions which make for social order and progress.

Few Americans have had greater forbears, for he was a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his grandfather, William Henry Harrison, also President of the United States, had served with distinction in various diplomatic and administrative positions, and was celebrated for his military skill and genius.

It is always interesting to trace the transmission of qualities, to note how they persist and frequently reappear after long intervals. Many of the characteristics which made that earlier Harrison such a dominant figure in the life of Virginia in the eighteenth century, and in the dramatic events of our revolutionary struggle, were exemplified in the life of his illustrious descendant. It was said of the Virginia Harrison that "he did justice, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God, was loyal to his friends and was a great benefactor to his country; that his judgment was sound, grave and solid."

Could a truer picture be drawn of Benjamin Harrison

as we knew him in all the relations of life—chivalrous, dignified, conscientious, courageous, faithful and capable, laying his great gifts on the altar of his country and never cherishing an ambition that he thought was incompatible with that country's highest glory? His father was a man of ability, was twice elected to Congress, and refused the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio because he was not in sympathy with the views entertained by his political party at that time. His mother was a devoted Christian woman, possessing a serenity of temper that nothing could disturb, and finding her greatest joy in the service of those she loved.

We naturally think of General Harrison first as a lawyer, because he began and ended his career as a member of the Bar. His mind was so orderly and logical in its methods that when his premises were established the conclusion was irresistible. He took nothing for granted in the preparation or trial of a case, and was as familiar with his adversary's contention as with his own. He was never surprised, for the unexpected could not happen to him. He regarded a case from every possible point of view. He had the ability, which few men possess, of holding a thought in solution until it assumed form and proportion and was serviceable for his purposes.

Courts and juries listened to him and trusted in him, because they knew he would not resort to any artifice to secure a verdict. He must be convinced of the justice of his cause, and then he was unrivalled in its presentation. His earnestness was so impressive that when he spoke he appeared not so much to be a paid advocate as a man whose conscience was so aflame with righteous indignation at some injustice he thought might be practised that he could not remain silent.

He maintained the highest ethical standards in his



professional work, and had such a profound conviction of the obligation the lawyer owes to society that he felt if he deviated in the slightest degree from what he thought was right he was doing an injury not only to himself, but to the State.

He never degraded his great gifts to assist men to evade the laws which it was their duty to obey. He told clients what they could do ; not what they could not do. He reasoned from principles rather than precedents, satisfied himself what was the just and right thing to do, and then endeavoured with all the matchless resources of his mind and all the fervour of his soul to compel men to agree with him. No lawyer perhaps ever used illustrations in his arguments more sparingly than General Harrison, but when he did so the illustration was so pertinent and the application so perfect that it made an instant appeal to those to whom it was addressed.

Had Benjamin Harrison done nothing more than practise law, he would have rendered a great and lasting service to this commonwealth and to the Nation, because he followed the noblest traditions of his profession and was so finely courteous and so scrupulously honest in his relations with courts and juries, with litigants and lawyers, that his example will always be an inspiration to the members of that profession to strive to emulate his conduct.

The climax of his legal career was his appearance as the representative of Venezuela before the Paris tribunal, which was appointed to adjust the boundary disputes between that country and Great Britain. Arrayed against him was the flower of the English Bar. Two of the opposing counsel are now the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain and the Lord Chief Justice of England—and yet so intimate and comprehensive was General Harrison's knowledge of the facts of the case, so profound his understanding of the

principles of international law and their application, so eloquent his appeal that not the size, but the rights, of the two countries should be considered, that he at once established a European reputation as a jurist. The Lord High Chancellor said to me recently that when he heard General Harrison's argument he knew that he was listening to one of the world's greatest lawyers.

It is frequently said that the orator is less potential now than formerly, that his influence has diminished with the activity of the printing press, and that the people who are accustomed to read do not care to listen. The spread of intelligence has doubtless made men impatient with mere rhetoric, with a speaker who comes only with words and without a message, and who does not stir the depths of our souls because the surface of his own had only been ruffled. There never was a time, however, when the man who thinks as well as speaks, and who clothes his thought in simple, strong and earnest language, was more assured of a generous and sympathetic hearing than he is to-day.

Benjamin Harrison never lacked an audience, because he never spoke unless he had something to say. His style was so clear and direct, his words so aptly chosen, his thoughts so elevated and noble and his earnestness so convincing that men gladly listened to him. He did not declaim ; he demonstrated. He had a passion for exact thought. He put a new meaning into old expressions, and it may be said of him, as it was of Dante, that "he compelled words to do for him what they were not accustomed to do for other men."

There is not an ambiguous sentence, an involved thought, or an uncertain moral note in any of his utterances. His style was almost severe in its simplicity and moderation, in its freedom from sensational

and melodramatic methods and in its avoidance of anything which would impede the progress of his thought. When he used a simile or metaphor it was not for the purpose of ornament, but to enforce his argument, and it sprang naturally and spontaneously out of the subject-matter.

The years he spent in the Civil War had become so definitely and intimately a part of his life that his most memorable illustrations were drawn from that crucial experience. The felicity of his diction and the richness of his style are shown in the short addresses he delivered, in each of which there is some central thought, some dominating idea, so adequately and admirably expressed that it made the address a distinct contribution to the thought of the time.

His style was founded, as was Lincoln's style, upon a thorough knowledge of the Bible, for he spoke with the force, power and directness of the prophets of old, and his words had the same sinewy strength, the same lofty seriousness and the same recognition of a duty to be performed which characterizes their utterances. A kindly humour, a gentle wit and a playful irony occasionally enlivened his speeches, greatly adding to their charm.

How well we remember him when he was pleading for a cause in which he was deeply interested. The face, pale and tense; the eyes, blue and piercing; the voice, incisive and penetrating, and the words charged with thought and feeling and conviction, until at last he made an appeal which moved men to action. His words did not die when they left his lips, but lived on to influence conduct, to strengthen patriotism and to deepen our love for justice and truth and righteousness. When you listened to him you felt that he measured what he said from the high level of conscience, that intellectually and spiritually here was a man in perfect harmony, and that

his mind could not approve what his soul condemned.

He was not among the first to enlist in the Civil War, but when he felt that his country needed his services he offered them freely and gladly, with no thought of returning to civil life as long as the Nation was in peril. The soldiers of his command had implicit confidence in his leadership, because they knew that he would not ask them to go where he was unwilling to go himself. His flaming sword always pointed the way. At Resaca, at Peachtree Creek, at Kenesaw Mountain, his skill and valour were so conspicuous that he won deserved promotion. He displayed the same qualities in war as in peace—fidelity to duty, realization of opportunity, indifference to personal consequences, indomitable will power, and that confidence in his own conclusions which savours of comedy in small natures, but is one of the fine distinctions of men cast in a large and heroic mould.

In 1865 he was breveted brigadier-general of volunteers—the commission, under the autograph of Abraham Lincoln, was “for ability and manifest energy and gallantry in command of brigade.” His cool judgment, his superb courage and his brilliant strategy place him among the distinguished military commanders of his country. Though he was a rigid disciplinarian, he was ever mindful of the needs of his men, and shared their sorrows and divided their burdens with them. When they were sick or wounded he ministered to them with a woman’s gentle touch and gathered them to his great heart in a warm, loving embrace. At the opening of the Civil War, Benjamin Harrison held the office of reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. The office was declared to have been vacated when he entered the army. His party, however, was mindful of his obedience to the call of duty and he was renominated while still in the field,



triumphantly re-elected and resumed the office when peace was restored.

In 1876, General Harrison was asked to accept the nomination for Governor of Indiana, in place of the regular nominee of the Republican convention. Although the political situation at that time made his election impossible, his readiness to serve his party at great personal sacrifice, because he was needed, and the brilliant campaign he conducted under adverse conditions made him the successor to Oliver P. Morton in the leadership of his party in the State.

When he was elected to the United States Senate his fame was local rather than national, but when he left that body after six years' of service, although he spoke infrequently, his clear vision, his power of analysis, his mastery of details and his intellectual vigour had so impressed his colleagues, especially those with whom he was associated in committee work, that they recognized he possessed qualities which pre-eminently fitted him for the most exalted position in the nation. He commanded the attention of the Senate when he spoke, through the simplicity and beauty and strength of his style, the honesty of his purpose and the desire he so often manifested to raise the subject under discussion above considerations of mere partisanship into an atmosphere of calm and dispassionate thought.

No president of the United States was better equipped for that high office than Benjamin Harrison. The nomination came to him in the fullness of his mental vigour. It came to him without any promises or pledges, other than the pledge he made to himself that he would endeavour if elected to administer his great trust for the benefit of all the people. The years of his presidency were peaceful years, only disturbed by some minor international differences, but they were fruitful years in the development of the country.

This is not an occasion when the purely political measures and policies of an administration as recent as that of General Harrison's can be discussed in all their phases and relations, but it must be acknowledged that he infused a fine moral purpose into his official acts, and that he had that large thought of nationality which made him regard his country as a common country, in which there should be unity of purpose and unity of action. Official responsibility, he said, rested heavily upon him. This was due to the conscientious manner in which he met the requirements and discharged the obligations of any trust that was imposed in him. So thoroughly did he master every department of the government that there was no position in his cabinet which he could not have filled with distinction. His appointments did not go by favour. He required to be convinced that a man was worthy before he would select him for even the humblest position.

In his judicial appointments he showed a fine discriminating judgment and an eager desire to maintain the dignity, independence and integrity of the courts, so that reverence for the law and confidence in those who interpreted it might become one of the great motive forces of the country.

"There is no duty devolving upon me," he declared, "which I regard as more important than the appointment of a Supreme Court justice, not only because of the issues of vast moment that he will be called to pass upon, but for the further reason that after the appointment is made it passes entirely beyond my control, and he is answerable only to his own conscience for the performance of his duty."

A more glorious heritage could not have been given to the country than his solicitude that all men connected with the interpretation of its laws should be pure in motive, and have the ability and purpose to



serve their country with intelligent and patriotic devotion. "I have not reached my ideal in anything," he said, "and I have been very patient under criticism, realizing that I have possibly made many mistakes. Of one thing I have always been sure, and that is of a purpose to elevate, dignify and purify the civil service and promote the prosperity of our country." A nobler ambition was never cherished by the ruler of a great nation.

When the historian, far removed from the events he describes so that he can judge them impartially, places his estimate upon General Harrison's administration, he will say: I believe that in no administration were there higher ideals of government and a more sincere desire to embody those ideals in action, and that the impulse came from a man who, as chief executive of the nation, had the moral courage to refuse to make any concession, or compromise, or surrender when a principle was involved, always insisting that it is righteousness alone that exalteth a people.

It was an administration that was clean, efficient, conservative, dignified, patriotic and aggressive; an administration in which the rights of our citizens were zealously guarded at home and abroad, and in which the flag was the holy symbol of beneficent power.

Records of great men are revised from time to time, and readjustments of reputations are made as a result of a more critical study of all the surrounding facts and circumstances. The central figure of a period may dwindle and shrink, and some one emerge from the background who it will be seen guided the policies and shaped the events for which he received scant recognition at the time. So openly was Benjamin Harrison's life lived in the view of all men, so intimate is our knowledge of all he said and did, and so far-reaching was his influence in placing before

men loftier conceptions of citizenship and higher ideals of service, that nothing can disturb his place in history. It is a secure place, resting upon large, varied and useful achievements.

We may differ as to what constitutes real greatness, but it can be affirmed that the intelligent and unselfish use of great gifts is the evidence of a pure mind, a lofty soul and a consecrated purpose. The ambitions of General Harrison were as transparent as his honesty. He had the desire, which all men have who are conscious of their powers, to have an opportunity for their exercise. But the compelling consideration with him was how he could best employ those powers to promote the public good.

The great absorbing passion of his life was love of country. His country signified to him the aspirations and traditions, the sacrifices and heroisms, the ideals and convictions, the institutions and laws, everything that has given direction and character to our national life. He believed that a nation, to be efficient, must command the intelligent affection of its own people and the respect of the world.

"Our civil institutions," he said, "are safe only while in the keeping of a generation which loves them, and the love of our institutions must be educated. We guard and keep our treasures; that which is not valued we suffer others to take without resistance." He was aggressive for peace, but advocated the most thorough preparation to enforce the just rights of our people against foreign aggression.

The marvel is that this man, born in the first half of the nineteenth century in the far West of that time, should not have shown any trace of sectionalism, or been influenced by geographical considerations, but should have comprehended, as few of his countrymen did, the possibilities and needs of the nation. It was natural, therefore, that he should urge the rehabilita-

tion of our merchant marine and the strengthening of the navy. This Western President had nothing provincial or parochial about him. A continent was not too large for his thought and vision.

He had a reverence for law, and insisted that only through the strict enforcement of the laws could a stable and progressive government be maintained.

"The compact to obey the laws," he said, "is the basis of our civil system, the only guarantee of social order, and the test of good citizenship." Never was this insistence more necessary than now, when so much ingenuity and skill are expended in the effort to defeat righteous legislation and to secure an interpretation of the laws in the interests of selfishness, cupidity and greed. It meant much to this nation that a potent voice should be heard pleading for a higher regard for the law, and urging the enactment of laws that would more fully protect the rights of the people.

He felt that with great wealth went great responsibility, and he called upon men of wealth "to come forward and bear their proportionate share of public burdens." He attributed most of the unrest and discontent in the country to their failure to do so. "It is not only wrong, but unsafe," he declared, "to make a show in our homes and in the street that is not made in the tax returns." His desire was to bring all classes to a realization that they had duties to perform as well as privileges to enjoy, and that a government could not be successfully conducted unless its citizens were willing to make sacrifices in its behalf and to serve it with unselfish loyalty.

One of the most notable characteristics of General Harrison was his conservatism. He was not adverse to change, but demanded reasons when a departure was suggested. His faith in the institutions of his country was so great that he felt the utmost caution

should be exercised not to impair their efficiency and usefulness by hasty and ill-advised attempts at reform. He did not believe that the world could be sensibly improved overnight, but that progress must be orderly, decorous and gradual. His conservatism made him one of the great steadying forces of his generation.

Many qualities were blended in General Harrison's nature. He had a tranquil dignity, a fine reticence and a certain measure of reserve, but he was as gentle as he was just, and had the tender heart of a woman, the simple, trusting, loving spirit of a child. His sympathies were warm, generous and pervasive. He was constantly helping those who were in need. Nothing gave him greater joy than to feel he had lessened some one's burden. If he had few intimate friends, they were true friends, for he counted friendship a sacred and priceless possession, a relationship not to be lightly entered into, but when once formed to endure through all the changes and vicissitudes of fortune.

His tenderness was made manifest in his love for little children. He would have been willing to have had his character judged by them. Children knew that he was their friend, and he found relaxation from care in their society. His association with his grandchildren while he was President was a revelation of the perfect understanding he had of child nature and of his power of divining its crystal depths.

One of the most vivid pictures his friends have of him was his walking hand in hand with his little daughter of later life, Elizabeth, in sweet companionship. His home life was so pure, there was such an atmosphere of gentleness and refinement and courtesy there that the moment you crossed the threshold you felt the prevailing peace and contentment.

His sympathies broadened as he came into closer



association with men, and felt a stronger kinship with them. He did not ask whether a man was rich or poor, high or low, but whether he was worthy or unworthy, noble or ignoble. He classified men according to their qualities and not their possessions.

His faith in his fellow-men was large and serene. "The great majority of our people," he declared, "are lovers of justice. They do not believe that poverty is a virtue or property a crime. They believe in an equality of opportunity, not of dollars."

The life of General Harrison was one of constant growth and expansion, "in age superbly rising." He was constantly enlarging the boundaries of his knowledge. When he passed away, his thirst for knowledge was undiminished and unsatisfied.

His religious faith was so intense, such a vital part of the man and such a compelling force in his life that he gave himself without reserve to the service of the Christian Church. The first office he held was that of president of the Indianapolis Young Men's Christian Association. For many years he taught a Bible class in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and was prominently identified with the larger religious movements of his time. No one can truly estimate the value of this example of commanding Christian sincerity and piety in the most distinguished man of the age in this country.

No greater service was rendered, perhaps, by General Harrison to his country than in the closing years of his life. In the lectures he delivered on the Constitution; in the book which he wrote to define the nice adjustment and the delicate inter-relations of the various departments of the federal government; in his addresses before the ecumenical council, so infused with Christian love and charity and so pregnant with suggestion as to what must be done to bring the nations of the world closer to the ideals of the Master;

in his occasional addresses on patriotic themes, and in his courageous resistance to any departure from our historic traditions and policies, he showed the ripeness of his scholarship, the amplitude of his knowledge, the richness of his experience and his consecrated patriotism. Whether he was right or wrong in his views in reference to the acquisition of foreign territory time alone can determine, but his words of caution and wisdom made the American people realize the serious nature of their new undertaking and steadied them for the responsibilities which it imposed.

If any honour came to General Harrison, he must receive it with clean hands. "There must be no dust on my knees," he said to a friend, speaking of his renomination for the Presidency, "for I will not be trammelled by promises or pledges, or be subservient to any man's whim or caprice or dictation. If my administration has been worthy, it should be approved; but for myself, while I would greatly appreciate the honour of a renomination, I cannot, even for so great a prize, do anything that would impair my own self-respect."

So conscious was he of his own motives and purposes that he could not tolerate in others any phase of intellectual or moral dishonesty. When an official threatened that if he were removed he would disclose some things that would embarrass the President, General Harrison ordered his immediate dismissal, stating if there had been any wrongdoing he desired that it should be exposed so that the guilty party might be punished. When General Harrison had a conviction he expressed it without any thought as to how it might affect his personal popularity. He judged all questions by the most exacting standards, and if they failed to meet that test they must secure another advocate. - We will search history in vain



to find a man of greater patriotic spirit, of finer moral courage, or loftier ideals, and whose life was more reverently dedicated to the service of humanity. It may be said of him, as was said of Pitt, that "no one suspected his honesty, no one doubted his capacity and no one impeached his aim."

He was one of the finest intelligences and one of the greatest moral forces of his time. His life was an epitome of the period of our country in which he lived, and in that life its highest aspirations were reflected. He neglected neither his talents nor his opportunities. He was a teacher as well as a leader of men, always pointing the way to higher things. He felt when he spoke that he assumed a great responsibility, and that it was his duty to appeal, not to the baser passions, but to the nobler understanding of men, so that they might clearly see the truth as he perceived it.

"We can get along with consciences," he said. "Indeed, we cannot get along without them, if the reign of the Prince of Peace is ever to be brought in."

He had a largeness of soul which made it impossible for him to do anything which was mean or petty. He was free from craft and dissimulation. No great popular leader ever had less of the charlatan in him.

It is fitting that we should call "a truce to parties" to-day, and that men of all political faiths should unite in dedicating themselves anew to the purposes and ideals which ennobled his life. That life is one of our most priceless possessions, showing that the fame of the statesman which shall endure must be founded upon conscience and courage, upon purity of motive and nobility of purpose and upon the sagacity and wisdom and fidelity with which he endeavoured to inform the thought and guide the destinies of his country, so as to deepen the sense of patriotic obligation and moral responsibility in the people.

Throughout his life General Harrison was true to

the highest ideals. He was a brave soldier, a brilliant lawyer, an upright citizen, a wise and sagacious statesman, a devoted Christian, an independent, fearless and capable executive, a faithful friend and a good neighbour. He has left us, but his memory will always be honoured and revered, and through succeeding generations men will turn to his words and deeds for inspiration, to enable them to serve their country with a broader faith, a larger hope and a finer patriotism.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE FACULTY AND  
STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL,  
SEPTEMBER, 1908

I HAVE chosen Hawthorne for my theme to-night because he has enriched the literature of two countries, and because his work represents the highest level of achievement in American fiction. In his own special sphere of English, the *Saturday Review* says that he has few rivals or equals in the Mother Country. I have made the choice also because Hawthorne lived for four years in Liverpool. I love to think of him, shy and diffident, with the heart of a child, the soul of a poet, and the discriminating mind of the intelligent and cultivated observer, walking these streets and hallowing them, looking out with wide wonder upon the life of the Old World, which was so new to him, and closing the day's work by spending an hour or two with the great authors he loved in that little nook of Young's book-shop which has ever since been known as Hawthorne's Corner.

I like to think of him at the Town Hall, gazing amused and bewildered at the gorgeous lackeys who guarded the staircase and announced the guests, and waiting all through the dinner for that fatal moment, when he should be called upon to pledge the friendship of England and America, or to extol the trade and commerce of Liverpool, and, when he did so, making the evening memorable by some fine allusion, some

brilliant play of fancy or some profound comment on life, and, sinking back into his chair, when the ordeal was so happily over, somewhat depressed in recalling the fine things he had neglected to say and still so pleased with his reception that he was anxious for another go at his audience.

It is true that Hawthorne was not fond of Liverpool, but he lived here fifty years ago, before there was a university, or the foundation had been laid for a noble Gothic cathedral, and before there had been any sincere effort to make the city clean and beautiful. If it is true that he found only two congenial families then in Liverpool, he would find now so many people worth knowing that he would love to abide here. He certainly said nothing more disagreeable about Liverpool and its people than Mrs. Trollope and Dickens and Thackeray said about America, and as the conditions which they described and exaggerated have largely passed away, so that the most ardent patriot can recall their criticisms without the slightest feeling of resentment, in the same catholic spirit can the people of Liverpool read Hawthorne's impressions, knowing that the city he described is but a memory, and has been replaced by one in which art is fostered and science stimulated and education encouraged ; a city which in the last fifty years has so greatly ennobled and spiritualized its social and civic life.

I have written of Hawthorne, too, because I feel a sense of companionship with him and realize his presence each day at the Consulate. The old barometer still points to fair, there, as it did in his day, and the same opportunity still exists for studying the peculiarities and vagaries of human nature. When some one calls with a stirring tale to tell, I think of the respectable looking woman of sour aspect, but decidedly New England-like in face and manners, who brought a mysterious bundle of papers to Hawthorne, which

proved to be the evidence of her supposed indubitable claim to the site on which Castle Street, the Town Hall, the Exchange, and all the principal part of Liverpool was situated, and requested him to take charge of her suit as one of his simple official duties. How different might have been the history of Liverpool, if her claim had been established.

I must not linger long with Hawthorne in Liverpool, but must try to tell you in a simple way the story of his life, and something of the legacy he left to mankind. Hawthorne came of a long and unbroken line of Puritan ancestors. The first of the name to leave England was William Hawthorne, who settled in Salem, Massachusetts, about 1630. In that most charming bit of autobiography, the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*, is this picture of him. "The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me, and induces a sort of home-feeling with the past, which I scarcely claim in reference to the present phase of the town. I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked, and steeple-crowned progenitor—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trode the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure, as a man of war and peace—a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard and my face hardly known. He was a soldier, legislator, and judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil. He was likewise a bitter persecutor, as witness the Quakers, who have remembered him in their histories, and relate an incident of his hard severity toward a woman of their sect, which will last longer, it is to be feared, than any record of his better deeds, although these were many."



The son of William Hawthorne varied the fanaticism of his father. Instead of persecuting Quakers, he adjudged garrulous and eccentric but harmless old men and women guilty of death as witches, having indeed in evidence before him some of the very witch pins which can even now be seen in Salem—the pins, which the Prince of Darkness provided for those who obeyed his will and executed his purposes. When the days of persecution were over and other adventures had to be sought, the descendants of these grim and austere Puritans varied the monotony of life in Salem by going to sea, and from father to son for above a hundred years, Hawthorne tells us, they pursued their fortunes in ships, a grey-headed ship-master in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the forecastle, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt-spray and the gale, which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy also in due time passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood and returned from his world wanderings to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with his natal earth.

Hawthorne's earlier ancestors were the same type of men as Cromwell, Hampton and Pym, the leaders of the revolution and founders of the Commonwealth in England. It is difficult to understand and appreciate their conception of life, so far removed are we from the manners and customs of that long-vanished time, so foreign to the catholicity of the present age, or the habits of thought and forms of speech which then prevailed, so irritating to modern sensibilities are the rigid manners and intolerant piety, the neglect of the graces and amenities of life, and the proneness to regard trivial lapses as weighty sins, which characterized these men, who with all their defects as we regard them were capable of great loyalty, great heroism and great patriotism, and who contributed so much that is



most enduring and most worthy to endure in Anglo-Saxon civilization.

It is interesting to conjecture by what strange and subtle processes, by what mysterious alchemy the qualities of Hawthorne's strong and relentless and adventurous forefathers were ameliorated and transformed until they flowered in the rich and luxuriant and exquisite imagination of the Master of Romance, one of the gentlest figures in literature. Separated from them by time and temperament, they still held imperial sway over him, ruling his life, dominating his thoughts, and combatting and controlling his fancy. He was always sensible of his relationship to them, vague and shadowy though it may have been, but none the less vital and commanding, and when he wrote it was usually of the time in which they had lived, and of the bigotries and hallucinations, of the superstitions and credulities, which cast such dark shadows over their circumscribed lives. To account for Hawthorne, so far as he can be accounted for, we must know something not only of his ancestry, but of the peculiar local conditions during the first half of the last century in that part of New England in which Hawthorne was born and where he lived so many years.

Certain manifestations of genius are only possible at certain periods or epochs. We feel, great as Shakespeare was, that *The Tempest* and *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, could not have been written in a sophisticated, metaphysical or introspective age. They must have been produced at a time when he looked out upon the world with the wonder and fresh outlook of youth and saw that it was fair. When each day was a new revelation of beauty and power and majesty, when current talk was of adventure and discovery and conquest, when the very air was vibrant with the expectancy of marvels

and miracles, and when nothing seemed improbable or impossible. In the same way, we realize that *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Blithedale Romance*, could only have been written by one who lived a life of meditation, reflection and isolation, apart from the interest and activities of a restless world, the echo of whose far-away happenings came to him at rare intervals and in subdued and muffled tones.

At a time when Boston and Cambridge were centres of intellectual activity, Salem was still a provincial town and a survival, in a sense, of the New England of Bradstreet and Carver, of Endicott and Winthrop; the New England of a literal burning hell and of infant damnation, the New England of omens and portents, the New England of the accentuated conscience, and the dwarfed imagination. Life was regarded as a serious business by Hawthorne's neighbours, and their most trivial actions were solemnly judged with reference to their influence on the future happiness or misery of the individual. It was a place where every man, to use Victor Hugo's expression, was the valet of his own conscience.

When Hawthorne wrote, and especially when he began to write, the conditions in America were not favourable to the choice of literature as a profession. In a sense it is true it was the golden age of letters in the new world, for Emerson and Thoreau and Longfellow and Curtis and Lowell were Hawthorne's contemporaries, but the reading public was very limited, and when a nation is in the making the teller of tales cannot be assured of a wide hearing. It is only after the pioneers and explorers and discoverers, the makers of roads, and the builders of cities, and the framers of laws, have done much needed and necessary work, that a friendly and genial and sunny atmosphere is created for the poet and painter and novelist. "The

flower of art blooms only when the soil is deep," says Henry James, and it takes a great deal of history to make a little of literature. Hawthorne felt the lack of appreciation and sympathy, and spoke of himself many years after the publication of his first novel as the obscurest man of letters in America. He enjoyed the companionship of a few choice spirits, but was often silent and reserved and even embarrassed with his friends, while the community in which he lived was entirely matter of fact and practical, and did not concern itself with anything so intangible and elusive as the conceits and fantasies of this sombre dreamer. The peculiar temperament of Hawthorne required rich and suggestive materials for his imagination to work upon and his fancy to play with, and he says in the preface to *Transformation*, that "no author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity and broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land." The man who deliberately chose letters for his vocation in Salem, in Hawthorne's day, did so because he was impelled, coerced, inspired by the feeling that there is something of beauty and truth within him and about him which he must make articulate and give to the world, even if the world received it coldly.

The purely biographical part of Hawthorne's life may be passed over rapidly. It is a life singularly free from curious happenings or strange adventure. It was wholly devoid of memorable incidents, much of it was spent in a witch-haunted town, whose inhabitants he avoided, and who in turn avoided him, and to whom he ever remained a stranger. When a boy of fourteen, he went to live with an uncle in a dreary village in the then desolate State of Maine. It was there that he

remarked that he acquired his cursed habit of solitude. He graduated from Bowdoin College, one of those smaller institutions of higher learning in America, which has always maintained an excellent standard of scholarship, and where he had, as class-mates, Franklin, Pierce and Longfellow.

During his college days he must have given some evidence of his creative power, for in a letter to Horatio Bridge, constituting the preface to *The Snow Image*, and other stories, he says, "I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering bluebells in study hours, under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled across the current of the Androscoggin, or catching trout in that shadowy little stream, which I suppose is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again, two idle lads, in short, as we need not fear to acknowledge now, doing a hundred things the faculty never heard of or else it would have been worse for us. Still it was your prognostication of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

In 1838 Bancroft, the historian, being collector of the port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne a weigher and gauger in the Custom House. As a result of his first official experience, Hawthorne declared, "I do detest all office, all at least that are held on a political tenure, and I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away and die out of their bodies. They turn to india-rubber or some other substance as black as that and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my Custom House service, to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught, because the animal or rather the machine is not in Nature." Later, however, he said, "It is good for me on many accounts that my life has had this



passage in it. I know much more now than I did a year ago. I have a stronger sense of power to act as a man among men. I have gained worldly wisdom and wisdom also that is not altogether of this world, and when I quit this worldly career, where I am now buried, nothing will cling to me that ought to be left behind. Men will not perceive, I trust, by my look, or the turn of my thought and feelings, that I have been a Custom House officer."

Hawthorne was married in 1843 to Miss Sophia Peabody, a woman of intellect and refinement. The first evening that he called upon her, they spent in studying Flaxman's illustrations of Dante—hardly a cheerful way to begin a courtship.

Hawthorne found his greatest joy in the worship of beauty, however manifested, but had little aptitude for saying graceful things about unimportant and trivial matters.

Their married life was one of rare felicity. There is a sadness in his early life, which touches our sympathy, and it is for this reason that one loves to linger over the first few years that followed his marriage, for they form a beautiful idyll, recalling the most exquisite passages of *Aucassin and Nicolette*. "It is as if one were approaching the gates of heaven," he wrote in the last letter before their wedding. Their natures were perfectly attuned, and their surroundings in accordance with their taste, and their few friends responsive to their noblest aspirations. "They met Plato in their walks, for Emerson was a near neighbour, and Thoreau, a great original, was almost a daily visitor. For a few summer weeks it is good to live as if this world were heaven," he wrote, "and so it is and so shall be, although in a little while a flitting shadow of earthly care will mingle with our realities."

*Mosses from an Old Manse* was written at this time. "These tales and essays," Hawthorne writes,

‘blossom out like flowers from the calm summer of my heart and mind. For myself they will always retain one charm, as reminding me of the river, the delightful solitudes of the avenues, the garden, the orchard, and especially the dear old manse, with the little study on its western side and the sunshine glimmering through the willow branches while I wrote.”

In this Arcadian grove they lived for three years, and Hawthorne not only communed with the muses, received philosophers and wrote strange and mysterious tales, but received food like manna from heaven, as the apples, pears and peaches fell to the earth by their own weight. He assisted Nature in her ministration by splitting and sawing wood, and making a garden. He cooked in his wife's absence, boiling corned beef while reading Goethe, and doing much work that soiled the hands but not the soul, which was always Hawthorne's test of the worthiness of toil. At the end of three years they wandered forth into the world, knowing no more than the Arabs where they would pitch their tent. Providence took him by the hand and led him to the Custom House, and Hawthorne adds, “As a story-teller I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for imaginary personages, but none like this.” The outward Arcadian dream ends here, but, in heart and mind, it was still with them.

Hawthorne was always a poor man. He had the misfortune of writing for several magazines which were financially embarrassed and failed to pay their contributors, so we find him again compelled to accept office, this time as surveyor of the port of Salem, his native town. His third and last and most important appointment was as Consul at Liverpool, an appointment which afforded him the opportunity of European travel and of gathering the material for his English, French and Italian note-books, and for one of his



greatest romances, *The Marble Faun*, or *Transformation* as it is known in England.

I know of no spectacle more pathetic and more inspiring in the history of literature than that of Hawthorne doing his work in uncongenial surroundings and forced to accept distasteful and irksome employment, but loyal at all times and with all the changes of fortune to the best that was in him, never appealing for popular favour and applause by meretricious methods, and never, however sorely pressed, lowering the high standard of his performance.

Hawthorne is pre-eminently the novelist of the conscience. He had ample cognizance, says one of his biographers, of the Puritan conscience. It was his natural heritage. It was reproduced in him, looking into his soul he found it there, but his relation to it was intellectual, not moral and theological. He played with it and used it as a pigment. He treated it as the metaphysician's clay, objectively. He was not disturbed or harassed by it in the manner of its usual and regular victims. He had the little postern door of fancy to slip through to the other side of the wall. The old Puritan moral sense, the consciousness of sin and hell, the fearful nature of our responsibilities, and the savage character of our task-master have loomed large in the mind of this master of the Imagination, whose fancies began to centre straightway upon those awful problems. It would be a mistake to suppose that Hawthorne entertains a stringent and relentless conviction of the early Puritans. He appreciated, however, as no other man has ever done, the dramatic possibilities of the life of repression they lived and, instead of fulsomely extolling their virtues and braveries and moral grandeur, he pictures with the interest of the true artist the conflict between their daily life saddened by imperious theological dogmas and the passions, especially their cupidity,

cruelty and lust. "Let us thank God," he says in one of his short stories, "for having given us such ancestors, and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages." And again he exclaims, "Look back through all the social customs of New England in the first centuries of their existence, and read all her traits of character, and if you find one occasion other than a funeral, where jollity was sanctioned by universal practice, I will set fire to my puppet show without another word." In this manner did Hawthorne regard the Puritans, to whom he recognized the world owed so much, and yet many of whose qualities and practices he abhorred, so that he seems to me to take a real delight in bringing them down from their lofty pedestal and showing the other side of the picture.

Three of Hawthorne's novels and many of his short stories turn on the effect of sin on conduct and on life. In *The Scarlet Letter* it is the sin of unhallowed love, in *The House of the Seven Gables* that of avarice, transmitted from generation to generation and blighting all upon whom the taint fell, and in *Transformation* (*The Marble Faun*) the unpremeditated, impulsive, passionate sin of taking the life of one who had almost forfeited the right to live. With the sin itself Hawthorne has little concern, but the consequences flowing from its commission appeal most powerfully to his imagination, and he follows these consequences unerringly through all the winding and tortuous labyrinth of the involved motive and action. There is usually one central thought or idea in the structure of his stories which constitutes the theme of the tale, and everything is considered depicted, analysed and interpreted with reference to it. He interposes few accessories of stage trappings to obscure the phase of moral phenomena that he is portraying.

When *The Scarlet Letter* appeared, it was known that America at last had produced a work of the imagination of the greatest power and brilliancy, and Hawthorne could no longer speak of himself as an obscure man of letters. Hester Prynne is one of the most wonderful of Hawthorne's creations, compelled to wear the blazing badge of her guilt through all the sorrowful years, reviled by her own sex, pursued and taunted by little children when she walked in the streets, ever conscious of the sinister purpose of the misshapen creature whom she had married but never loved, and who after passing out of her life, as she thought for ever, reappeared on the fateful day when she was shamelessly and ruthlessly exposed in the pillory. Never free from the knowledge that Arthur Dimmesdale, whose guilt was greater than her own, but whom she was anxious to shield in every possible way, was suffering greater agony than she experienced, yet undergoing her penance so bravely that the time came when she won the sympathy, respect and admiration of her persecutors by her gentle ministrations, her complete self-abnegation, and the absence of any attempt to explain or palliate her offence.

The child of her shame, little Pearl, lawless and radiant, capricious as the wind, changeful as an April day, passing suddenly from tears to laughter, given to strange quickenings, lover of all beautiful things, fantastic and elfish as she plays among the decaying tombstones, surpassingly winsome as she flings herself into her mother's arms after an outburst of passion, little Pearl on whose tempestuous life the scarlet letter had woven such a strange, mysterious and fascinating spell, who enjoyed nothing more than to imagine the pine trees, aged, black and solemn and flinging groans and other melancholy utterances on the breeze, to be Puritan elders, and the ugliest weeds of the garden their children, whom she smote down and reproached

most unmercifully. Little Pearl, whose innocent life has sprung a lovely and immortal flower out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion, has found an abiding place in our hearts as she did in the troubled heart of Hester Prynne.

Was ever a more subtle revenge conceived than that which sprang from the malignant brain of Roger Chillingworth, the husband of Hester, who dedicates himself to the task of discovering who had wronged her, and, in the pursuit of his purpose, becomes an inmate of Arthur Dimmesdale's home and, always outwardly calm and passionless, winds his way into the recesses of his heart. But, hidden beneath his deformity, his sinister soul leads him to seek vengeance for his own personal gratification so that he may enjoy the exquisite torture of his victim, though he is unable to conceal his exultation when he discovers the minister's secret emblazoned on his breast.

It was not so much for Hester Prynne, or little Pearl, or Robert Chillingworth that *The Scarlet Letter* was written, as it was to reveal the workings of the soul of Arthur Dimmesdale, the man who pointing the way for others missed it himself, whose sensitive temperament made him ever conscious of his guilt and who felt that he could only atone for his sin by publicly proclaiming it, but lacked the courage to expose his infamy to the members of his congregation and the townspeople, who believed that nothing impure had ever found lodgment in his spotless soul. Not until just before he dies does he tear away the mask he had so long worn, and, placing himself beside Hester and little Pearl, he tells the stricken multitude that it was his act which placed the awful emblem on her bosom. Before this, he had tried to make some atonement by standing in the moonlight on the scaffold, where Hester had stood in the full glare of day, and, as he stood there, he imagined if he remained until the dawn

how the people would come stumbling over their thresholds, how they would turn up their amazed and horror-stricken faces towards the scaffold, as they see him with the red eastern light upon his brow and know his shame. He realized how vain was such an expiation if practised in secret, and yet he was not ready to pay the price of peace. *The Scarlet Letter* has been described as the gloomiest work in fiction. Nowhere else in fiction, I think, has the human soul been laid bare in all its nakedness, as the soul of Arthur Dimmesdale is laid bare before us, and nowhere in fiction has the hardness of the way of the transgressor been portrayed with such merciless skill and subtlety and power.

If *The Scarlet Letter* afforded no opportunity for Hawthorne's humour, it found ample play in *The House of the Seven Gables*. What could be more deliciously absurd and at the same time more tenderly pathetic than the characterization of Hepzibah Pyncheon, the descendant of aristocratic and wealthy ancestors, compelled to keep a penny store in the town where she had always lived and where she was known to every one? The turban-crowned, incongruous, but tender-hearted old maid, who is almost thrown into spasms when the bell announces her first customer, the purchaser of a gingerbread Jim Crow, whose money she refuses to take, and who immediately returns, hoping with Yankee shrewdness to negotiate another financial transaction on equally favourable terms, is a perfect picture of reduced gentility forced to earn a livelihood. The other characters, all contrasting and yet blending, are drawn with consummate skill: Phœbe, typical of New England thrift and energy; the Judge, whose smile is more deadly than his anger and whose hypocrisy is hidden underneath a sleek, prosperous and benignant exterior; Clifford, whose life has been ruined by the machinations of this same Judge, and



who returns, after suffering imprisonment for thirty years on a false accusation, incapable of thinking or doing, retaining only his love of the beautiful in the wreck of things ; and Halgrave, of the blood of him whose curse rests upon the Pyncheon household. It is a study of a decaying race, about to become extinct, but preserving in disgrace and poverty certain fine qualities which redeem it from ignominy ; so it passes to its doom with some semblance and shadow of dignity.

New England in the early forties, at least the intellectual portion of it, was in a state of ferment, of agitation and unrest, it was a period of upheaval and attempted readjustments, of dissatisfaction and dissent, of open and active questioning of the existing order of things, and of a striving in many ways after something better. Transcendentalism was the vogue, the *Dial*, its spokesman, and Emerson its High Priest, and it found visible expression in what is known as the Brook Farm Experiment. Those who went to Brook Farm did so as a protest, half whimsical and half serious, against conventions and customs which they believed were retarding and stifling intellectual and spiritual growth. They demanded larger freedom and fuller opportunity to develop naturally, spontaneously and amply, all their faculties and powers. It was Utopian, for it was a dream of human perfection, which, if it is ever to be attained, must be realized in association with and not through isolation from our fellow-men. It was, nevertheless, a serviceable manifestation in a young country of an indifference to those things which are usually regarded as essential to comfort and happiness. It did this much at least, for which we should ever be grateful, it gave us *The Blithedale Romance*.

It is doubtful whether Hawthorne was ever thoroughly in sympathy with the Brook Farm move-



ment, although he was identified with it for more than a year, and in many ways this seeking after perfection must have appealed to his imagination. The idealists at Brook Farm worked in the field during the day, Hawthorne among them, and spent the long winter evenings gathered about the great, open fire, reading Shakespeare and Milton and Dante, discussing life, literature, and art, and the destiny of man. The philosopher who milked a cow awkwardly or cut himself instead of the grass with his scythe, and the poetess who provoked indigestion with heavy bread, bad cake, and tragic cheese and butter, made some compensation for their delinquencies by their original and often illuminating discussions on Nature and the charm, foibles and follies of men, gently intimating how by correcting them they might greatly serve their generation. In *The Blithedale Romance* we have Coverdale, supposed to be Hawthorne himself, whose attitude is always somewhat questioning and critical, and who thinks the experiment of such doubtful utility and feasibility, that he simply surrenders himself to the pleasure of being in the country for a season, and is not profoundly interested in the projects of his associates for the speedy reformation of the world, which his shrewd common sense tells him are in the main chimerical. Then there is Priscilla, affectionate and reverent, born in the city, but child of the woods and stream, one for whom birds sing and flowers grow, but with whom the fates dealt unkindly, until they smiled on her when Hollingsworth told her of his love.

The two dominating characters in the book are Zenobia and Hollingsworth, the woman full of wit and wisdom, swept by mighty passion, scornful of conventions and yet obeying them, capable of great renunciation and of great love, and seeking rest for her weary soul in the cool depths of the placid river

which flowed near by, when she knew that her love was lavished on one who carelessly flung it back to her. Hollingsworth was the incarnation of purpose, the self-concentrated zealot, fanatical reformer, who would bend all wills to his. In describing him, his ambitions and methods, and the class to which he belongs, Hawthorne says, "This is always true of these men who have surrendered themselves to an overruling purpose. It does not so much impel them from without, nor even operate as a motive power from within, but grows incorporate with all that they think and feel, and finally converts them into little else save that one principle. When such begins to be the predicament, it is not cowardice but wisdom to avoid these victims. They have no heart, no sympathy, no reason, no conscience. They will smite and slay you, and trample your dead corpse under foot, all the more readily if you take the first step with them and cannot take the second, and the third, and every other step of the terribly straight path."

*The Marble Faun* or *Transformation* is the only considerable work of Hawthorne's in which he goes away from his own country for background and incident and motive. There are only five characters, Kenyon, Hilda and Miriam, the model and Donatello, but how strangely their lives are interwoven and how much of mystery and passion, purity and sin are shown in the unfolding of the drama. It is enacted on Italian soil, so rich in suggestiveness to the lover of art and the student of history, and abounds in discriminating appreciation of great pictures and historic background, that it shows how vividly the bygone life of Rome with all its eventful and tumultuous happenings impressed itself upon Hawthorne's plastic and receptive mind. The story is the story of the awakening of a soul, the soul of Donatello, whose resemblance to the Marble Faun is so striking that we are always expecting to

see those little pointed ears, should he by any chance forget himself. He is one of the most elusive and one of the most real of all of Hawthorne's creations, joyous as any devotee of the great god Pan, until his sensuous nature feels the first throbbings of love, and in the flush of that ecstasy he only seeks to know what Miriam desires, so that he may obey her wishes, and when she indicates, by a glance so significant that it seems a command, her longing to be free from her persecutor, he throws the mysterious model over the precipice with savage joy, and by this crime links their lives together in a common bond of guilt. This sylvan creature realizes that he has sinned, Nature wears for him ever afterwards a clouded face. She reveals to him no more of her secrets, and he, having now the germ of a soul, pays the same heavy penalty for sin that all the sons of men have paid since the beginning of time.

In *The Marble Faun* as in *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne does not linger on the sin itself, but follows its results in the transformation of Miriam and especially of Donatello, until we realize that their burden will never be lifted in this world, and that the faun has become a man with all a man's power to suffer. In none of his books has Hawthorne shown a more far-reaching sweep of the imagination than in picturing this Italian tale, the consequences of sin upon an elemental nature that had only a dim perception of the distinction between desire and duty, until it was made clear to him with startling vividness by his own transgression.

In all that Hawthorne wrote in his shorter tales and sketches, as well as in his more ambitious works, we find the same employment of symbolism, the same use of allegory, the same recurrence of the supernatural, the same wealth of imagery, the same mystical atmosphere, the same richness of fancy and the same

perfection of style. He tells us that in his earlier years he spent his days in writing tales and his nights in destroying them. While he was born with a faculty for expression, it was only by his constant cultivation of this great gift that he brought it to that perfect state, which enabled him always to use the inevitable instead of the merely available word. Few writers have possessed his power to reproduce with dramatic intensity the impression of some far-off time. Old Salem is made so vivid to us by the touch of Hawthorne's genius that we think of it not as it is to-day but as it was in the day of its commercial supremacy, when it sent ships to China and Calcutta, and sat proudly by the sea waiting for incoming cargoes ; the Salem of witchcraft horrors and Quaker persecutions, and the departed glory of ghostly heroes and weird legends ; the Salem of mystery and tradition. The fertility of Hawthorne's imagination is shown in the suggestions for romances in his American note-book. Two persons by mutual agreement, make their wills in each other's favour, then each waits impatiently for the other's death and both are informed of the event at the same time, and in most joyous sorrow hasten to be present at the other's funeral, meet, and both find themselves hoaxed. Again two lovers on the most private business appoint a meeting in what they suppose to be a place of great solitude and find it thronged with people. Follow out the fantasy of a man living his life by instalments instead of at one payment, say ten years of life alternating with ten years of suspended animation. The idea of a deathless man was one of the most familiar creations of his imagination throughout his life, but only of his imagination.

Hawthorne had a love of seclusion, excelled by no Englishman. He loved long vistas from the house to the street so that passers-by seemed only shadows.

He said : " So far as I am a man of really individual attributes I veil my face, nor am I nor have I ever been one of those supremely hospitable persons who serve up their own hearts, delicately fried with brain sauce, as a titbit for their beloved public. I have no love of secrecy and darkness. I am glad to think that God can see through my heart, and if any angel or man either has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything there. I can neither guide nor enlighten him."

With a nature so aloof, a personality so veiled, it was inevitable that Hawthorne should make few intimate friends, either at home or abroad. From this natural reserve toward men he turned to out-of-door nature for self-expression. He was in her confidence, she was in his. When under the open autumnal sky, he would cry aloud, " O perfect day ! O beautiful world ! O beneficent God ! " When he came to England he grew closer to nature than to men. He was a keen and delicate observer of all about him. All the beauty that environs Liverpool, and which existed in his time and still exists, has been drawn by him so finely and truly that his descriptions are like delicate line engravings, masterly in composition and infinitely delicate in detail. His note-books contain exquisite word pictures of many localities in England, Scotland and Wales and the legendary Isle of Man. He loved the winding footpaths leading to some memorial of ancient times. The shining fields, the exuberant verdure, the endless but never wearisome days in summer, the quiet beauty of the scenery, were a constant joy to him. Although personally aloof from the world of men, he had a large and just admiration of the fine qualities of the Englishman, and his notes are illumined with golden lines of appreciation of the English character. He admired his loyalty to the ruler, irrespective of party, and the



sturdy honesty and clear probity of men in subordinate as well as high positions.

"How thoroughly kind these English people are when they like, and how often they like to be so!" He appreciated the hospitality he found here, although he so seldom availed himself of it while in Liverpool. His notes of genial regret show a gentle humour and lightness of touch that would have been a most welcome social asset. There is a delightful letter in the third person from Hawthorne to Mrs. Heywood, declining an invitation—conveyed to him by Mr. Bright—to her fancy dress ball:

"While quite sensible of his own folly and absurdity in declining an invitation which any other man would go down on his knees to get, he feels it fitter for himself to stay in his dusky hole than to go blinking about among other people's enjoyments."

The hospitality of England, with its continuous and sincere expression and inviting interests, gradually wore away the shell of this natural recluse, and Hawthorne's London letters are written in an atmosphere of rich human association. "You would be stricken down," he wrote from London, during his last visit there, "to see how quietly I accept a whole string of invitations, and, what is more, perform my engagements without a murmur. The stir of this London life somehow or other has done me a wonderful deal of good and I feel better than for months past." His literary work was already well known and appreciated in London, and his friendship with Mr. Bright had brought him into touch with Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), so he found his welcome awaiting him. Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tom Taylor, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Reade, Samuel Lover and Jenny Lind were among his acquaintances, and by their companionship enriched his London days.



In 1857, conscious of the uncertain tenure of his office, by reason of a change of administration, he resigned his Consulate at Liverpool. In January of 1858 he went with his family to Rome. They passed the winter there and the following summer in Florence, returning to Rome for the winter of 1859. Hawthorne seems to have enjoyed Italy more in retrospect than while in residence, as often happens with the voluntary exile, but his sojourn in Italy bore abundant fruit in his Italian note-books and in *Transformation* with its Italian background. In 1860, Hawthorne returned to America, lingering a while in England on the way, warming up, as Dr. Johnson says, old friendships as he passed along. A last glimpse of him in England came to me through Mr. Young, the owner of the bookshop where "Hawthorne's Corner" is still revered as a sacred shrine. The very name of "Hawthorne's Corner" had an attraction for me before I came to Liverpool, and I made a pilgrimage there the day after my arrival to take up my duties as Consul. Later I sought an opportunity to meet the proprietor, who had known the author, for to his sons and the other clerks Hawthorne was not a memory but a tradition. It was difficult to find Mr. Young, for he is one of the old young men of England, who at seventy-five are apt to be making a century run on a bicycle to Wales or Scotland, and who decline to meet old age half-way. I found him one day, however, and, happily in a reminiscent mood.

"My first recollection of Hawthorne," he said, "is as of a dark-haired, remarkably quiet, gentlemanly looking man, who walked into my shop and, without saying a word to any person or any person speaking to him, proceeded to investigate the books. In a little time he took from a shelf an uncut copy of *Don Quixote* in two volumes, illustrated by Tony Johannot, asked me the price, paid the money and requested me to

send the book to Mr. Hawthorne at the American Consulate. After that he used to come in in the same quiet way, look around, sometimes purchase and sometimes not, and depart without being spoken to or saying more than good morning or good afternoon. After a while he became more familiar and would ask about some of the rarer books, but more for information than purchase. The late Mr. Henry Bright and he were great friends, and both occasionally dropped in. They made use of a little nook in the rear of the shop in which to examine and discuss the books, and this soon became known as 'Hawthorne's Corner.' Mr. Bright was Hawthorne's single warm friend and confidant in England, so far as I am aware, and he introduced Hawthorne to Richard Monckton Milnes, with whom Mr. Bright was very intimate. Hawthorne presented Mr. Bright with the manuscript of his novel *The Marble Faun*, known in England as *Transformation*, and Mr. Bright had it handsomely bound in vellum, and stained to represent Italian marble. It is still in the library at Ashfield, Knotty Ash.

"Some time after the novel was published a leading English publisher said to me, 'I understand Hawthorne is a customer of yours. Can you find out for me if any part of *Transformation* was written in England?' I asked why he wanted to know. 'Because,' he replied, 'I believe the novel was written in Italy, but I want to be sure, for if it were I should publish it.' 'What,' said I, 'although the novel is already published by Smith, Elder and Company?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'for the Americans publish some of my own copyrights without asking my consent or giving me remuneration, and I will serve them with their own sauce.' I refused to have anything to do with the matter, and on mentioning it to Hawthorne he was much amused, and said, 'Tell him the larger part of



"HAWTHORNE'S CORNER." YOUNG'S BOOKSHOP, LIVERPOOL.



the book was written in Italy, and that a portion was written in England, but they are mixed, and that he is welcome to find out which is which, if he can, and republish the portions which satisfy him.'"

Mr. Young added that he had once casually met Hawthorne in the hotel at Capel Curig. It was Sunday evening and the day had been very dark and wet. They had driven in the afternoon through the paths of Nant Frangon and were disappointed that the clouds had been so low as to obscure the mountains, and he thought Hawthorne looked tired and quieter than usual. He pointed out to them a place where a good view of Snowdon was to be obtained, and they said if it cleared they would go to it after tea, but the evening continued very gloomy. The day before his final departure for America he brought Mrs. and Miss Hawthorne into the shop, he explained, to shake hands and say good-bye. They were all very lively and pleasant at the time and spoke of a possible return visit, and of a renewal of the pleasure he had experienced in looking over the books, and, Mr. Young added, "I have a very vivid recollection of their appearance, as we shook hands for the last time. Hawthorne's personality and demeanour reminded me largely of Dr. Martineau, and Mrs. Hawthorne's sprightliness was a delightful contrast to his reserve."

Hawthorne returned to America in 1860, and with his family took up his residence in Concord in a house he had bought only a short time before his departure for Liverpool. One feels a certain sadness in the contemplation of the four remaining years of his life. The clouds of Civil War were hanging low upon his return to America, and in the following year they broke with relentless fury. His habit of detachment from current events continued to the end; it was not understood, nor was his judicial attitude toward the conflict appreciated at a time when it was felt one



must be either for or against a cause which involved the very life of the nation.

During the year 1862, Hawthorne prepared for publication the exquisite and true sketches of England, which appeared later under the name of *Our Old Home*. He also began two novels, *The Dolliver Romance* and *Septimius Felton, or The Elixir of Life*. He finished neither of them, but both were published as fragments after his death. The year 1864 brought with it ill-health and periods of depression, alternating with moments of high hope that the old time vigour would return. It was during such moments that he revealed his tender attitude toward England. "If I could but go to England now," he said, "I think the sea voyage and the Old Home might set me all right." But he was not to go to England. He lingered until the 18th of May and then passed away tranquilly in his sleep.

"The sun shone brightly," says James T. Fields, "the day we carried Hawthorne through the blossoming orchards of Concord and laid him down under a group of pines on a hill overlooking historic fields. The birds kept up a perpetual melody, the air was sweet and pleasant as if death had never entered the world. Longfellow and Emerson, Channing, Hoar and Agassiz, and Lowell, Alcott, Holmes and other friends, whom he loved, walked slowly by his side, that beautiful spring morning. The unfinished manuscript, which had cost him so much effort, the last literary work on which he was engaged, was laid on his coffin."

Hawthorne is one of the world's gentlest memories. His genius was a mood. It was such a thing as dreams are made of, as fleeting and as real. It was so fine that it was crushed in the strain of creation. It could not have survived in a world that demands a volume a month from so-called popular authors. It



had no predecessors and no followers. It would be idle to try and imitate it and the boldest have refrained from the attempt. His genius was as much a part of him as his heart, and when it had done its work, his lips closed, for he had delivered his message. He had the innocence and simplicity of a child and was as exquisite in fibre as the fabled Venetian glass, which shivered into a thousand pieces at the touch of any evil substance. It has been suggested that a monument should be erected to Hawthorne in Liverpool. If this were done, what a noble recognition it would be by the city of ships and commerce of the value of the dreamer to the world, if he dreams only beautiful and ennobling things!

## THE TRAINED NURSE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA JUBILEE INSTITUTE  
FOR NURSES, LONDON

THERE is probably no stronger tie between two countries than the one which is formed by a common attitude towards human suffering. Foreign Offices and Cabinets, admirable and indispensable though their work is, do not perhaps do as much to banish discord between the nations as is done by that widely diffused feeling, growing stronger each day, of the sacredness of human life. An American feels very much as does an Englishman concerning the obligations we owe to our fellow-men. Countries which are united by great sympathies cannot easily be separated by flamboyant statesmen, sensational newspapers, and irresponsible gossip-mongers. The indifference that once existed toward the sick poor, the ignorance from which they suffered, and the brutalities which were practised upon them, have almost entirely disappeared, as we realize as we never did before that all who suffer from disease or injury deserve our help as well as our sympathy.

There is no profession more beautiful and more honourable than that of the trained nurse. When I see a trained nurse in her attractive gown and cap I always feel that a richer memory, a finer intention has been read into life. The trained nurse is an economic factor of great significance in our present-day civilization. She is a transforming influence in the homes of

the poor. She does something more than simply smooth our pillows and administer medicines, apply bandages, assist in operations and let in plenty of fresh air. She teaches the indifferent, the ignorant and the incompetent how to make their homes inviting, so that husbands and fathers will be induced to linger in them rather than to seek a convenient public-house.

If the theory which I have long entertained is correct, that a great deal of the prevalent domestic unhappiness is due to bad cookery, then indeed the trained nurse is a ministering angel, when she tells the incompetent wife that burnt steak, heavy bread, stolid pastry, watery potatoes and stale tea, must disappear from the table, or else sooner or later the despondent husband will disappear for ever from the house.

The trained nurse instructs young mothers how to rear their children, so as to diminish the infant mortality, which is one of the saddest phases of modern civilization. She teaches them to bring up self-respecting, independent, stalwart boys and girls instead of the puny, stunted, dwarfed, impoverished and wretched little creatures, tragic offspring of great cities, who are doomed to the jail or reformatory, the workhouse or the prison. You must save the children in order to save a State that is worth having. When we turn to the past in some transient, pessimistic mood, and dwell upon imaginary banished glories, and picture to ourselves a beatific condition of things which never existed except in fancy, we can easily overcome our despondency by contrasting the unintelligent, casual and cruel manner in which the sick poor were treated a hundred years ago, with the sympathetic care bestowed upon them to-day. All that research work in medicine has accomplished, all that skill in surgery has achieved, are placed at their command without money and without price, and they

are lovingly nursed back to health by women who have equipped themselves by years of patient study for this noble service.

I saw in Orleans three years ago the celebration of the 487th Anniversary of the deliverance of that ancient city by Joan of Arc. The flower of the French army passed before me, the glorious sunlight touched sword and lance and bayonet tip until they formed a shimmering fretwork of steel. Then came the City Fathers in democratic dress, and, following them, the dignitaries of the Church, in purple, crimson and old lace, and a host of choir boys singing Glory to God in the Highest, and finally, in his splendid scarlet robe, a cardinal, symbol of power, majesty and dominion.

In whose honour was all this gorgeous pageantry? In honour of a simple peasant girl, who saw or thought she saw visions—it is perfectly immaterial whether she did or not—and who heard or fancied she heard—it matters not—voices calling to her out of the silence of the night to go forth and save France. Soldiers, clergy and populace, Catholics and Protestants and Pagans, united in paying homage to the courage of a woman, and I thought, as I watched that brilliant spectacle in the shadow of the old cathedral, that thousands of women in this twentieth century, in England and America, France and Germany, have served their countries, even if in a different way, as nobly as Joan of Arc served France. Nay, even more so, for they go forth clad not in armour, but in Christian love to help mankind. In the very forefront of this shining host are the trained nurses, following the standard uplifted by Florence Nightingale. Wherever they go, they carry healing with them. To maintain this army of militant goodwill and helpfulness and to increase it, as occasion requires, is an obligation so imperative that it cannot be evaded. If we neglect the slums, the penalty is paid in Mayfair and Belgravia.

The disease that is not checked in the East End will find its victims in the West and claim its toll elsewhere. There are, I believe, fully two thousand Queen's Nurses in the United Kingdom. They are found not only in the great cities, but in the small towns and villages, and where, perhaps, they are needed most of all, in the country districts where the facilities for the care of the sick are necessarily limited.

Never was it as urgent as it is to-day that there should be a generous response to the appeal of the Queen Victoria Jubilee for Nurses. If we are often discouraged in our philanthropic work, is it not because we consider what we are doing in a detached way rather than in its relation to the philanthropic work of the world? If we could only realize that we are part of a mighty army composed of all nationalities and races and creeds, an army of life, not of death, marching against disease and suffering, misery and sin, we should be inspired to wage the conflict with greater vigour until the world was freed from suffering and until the vision seen by the Maid of Orleans was realized. When the realization comes, it will not come with shouting and tumult, but quietly and beautifully as the sun makes its triumphant progress through the heavens, gradually conquering the night until at last the earth is flooded with glorious warmth and light, and all the formless shapes that loved darkness rather than light silently steal away and are forgotten.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY  
THE PILGRIMS IN HONOUR OF THE COLONIAL  
PREMIERS OF THE EMPIRE, AT THE SAVOY HOTEL,  
MAY 23, 1911.

*Chairman:* FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C.

"To the Pilgrims fell the honour of entertaining the Members of the Imperial Conference for the first time at a public function."

IT gives me very great pleasure to respond to the toast of "Anglo-American Arbitration" so eloquently proposed by the distinguished Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the British Empire.

It is a matter of gratification and pride to the American people that President Taft, a few months ago, struck the highest moral note of his generation in advocating the submission to arbitration of all international disputes—even those involving questions of honour and territory. What a sense of exaltation we experienced a little later when Sir Edward Grey, voicing the sentiment of his countrymen at home and overseas, stated that he would gladly welcome any proposal which would make war for ever impossible between England and America.

This is the first time since that historic declaration when representatives of all the English-speaking countries have been gathered together, and have had the opportunity of expressing, as they have expressed to-night, their complete approval of those memorable



words. As a great scientific discovery is sometimes made simultaneously in different lands, so we find the same lofty moral ambition and purpose in two great statesmen, dwelling far apart, and the suggestion of the one, and the response of the other, constitute the appeal of the twentieth century to the conscience of mankind.

It is the spirit which has prompted the desire for broader arbitration that we are considering this evening, and not the terms in which any treaty may be formulated. Within less than twenty years after the American Colonies had declared their independence, England and America decided by solemn compact that boundary disputes between them and certain other differences should be settled by arbitration. That treaty marked the beginning of the modern era of international goodwill. Since then the United States has participated in nearly seventy arbitrations, and has endeavoured, with other great Powers, to promote in every possible way the ideals of peace. It indicates a very high state of civilization when nations are so intellectually and morally strong that they can discuss their differences in a reasonable spirit, as they realize the futility of attempting to settle them by a resort to arms.

There are moments in the lives of nations, as well as in the lives of individuals—moments of transfiguration—when from great heights horizons are seen to widen and vistas are revealed which disclose prospects of rare beauty and promise. The present is such a moment. The imagination is profoundly stirred as we try to anticipate the beneficent results that would follow if England and America should enter into a covenant of peace which would govern the mutual relations of more than five hundred million people. Could a finer illustration be found of the advantages of peace than that offered by England itself?

In the long interval which has elapsed since the clash of arms was heard on this island, England has had the opportunity of expanding her industries, of strengthening her civil institutions, and of developing her conception of law, order, obedience and authority, with the result that she has so progressed in security and influence and power that she has been enabled to impress her lofty ideals of government upon a larger aggregate of people than any other empire in the history of the world. One who knew nothing of the past of England gazing upon the English landscape in all its varied charm and beauty, in all its serenity and repose, would know that peace had long brooded over this land and caused it to rejoice.

All attempts to substitute reason for force—arbitration for war—in the adjustment of international controversies must depend, as Sir Edward Grey has said, upon an enlightened public opinion. Men must be imbued with the love of concord. To accomplish this, the virile virtues of peace must be taught in the pulpit, on the platform, in the schools and universities, through diplomacy and the Press. The heroism of moderation and self-control and continence must be dwelt upon as we have been accustomed to dwell upon the glories of war. The suggestion must be ridiculed that without periodical strife men become weak and ineffectual, and produce an impoverished civilization. The dynamic qualities of peace must be emphasized. It must be shown that, in order to win the victories of peace, men must be as resolute and aggressive and courageous as they have hitherto been in gaining military distinction. Does it require less courage, a smaller degree of initiative, and a feebler imagination to carry on the world's undertakings in commerce and industry, in social betterment and in the highest pursuit of statesmanship than are required to fight destructive battles and to win costly victories?

We hear a great deal of the romance of war, but is there not also a romance of peace? The romance of happy homes, smiling faces and joyous lives, of fruitful fields and populous cities; the romance of a strong people conscious of their strength, but intent on practising all the amenities of life as they strive to excel in science, and literature and the arts. The highest manifestation of power is for a nation which possesses strength to refuse to exercise it in passion and violence, realizing that there is greater virtue in restraint than in excess. Wars have certainly not been fought through the centuries to perpetuate war, but to secure an enduring peace.

Nothing that has been said should be construed as a condemnation of all past wars, some of which have been necessary and just; or in derogation of many of the world's greatest military leaders, who have exhibited such splendid qualities of generosity, magnanimity and sacrifice, of chivalry and courage. And no soldier has exemplified them more brilliantly than our distinguished chairman, Lord Roberts. The very training of the soldier, as he is taught the value of discipline, the need of obedience, the disgrace of cowardice, the sense of responsibility and the significance of country, is the training which is demanded in times of peace, and it can be secured by a faithful discharge of all the obligations of citizenship as fully as in the practice of war. Armies and navies will doubtless always be maintained, but it is a cause for rejoicing that they will gradually grow smaller and become less burdensome as the love of peace becomes the dominating passion in the lives of men.

No one abhors war more than the man who has been impelled to follow it from a sense of patriotic duty. If, after long centuries of strife and bloodshed, we have not hit upon a better way of settling international disputes than through the argument of numbers and

guns and ships, we had better frankly confess that civilization is a failure and that the intellectual and moral progress of which we boast is simply an illusion. We believe, however, that the world is growing better and wiser, more gentle and more just, and that the proposed Anglo-American Arbitration may be regarded as defining the standard of modern civilization. It places the idea of international fellowship upon a loftier plane than it has ever been placed before. We feel now, in the words of Browning, that "we may come to know the meaning of the music of accord."

Those who speak of this suggested treaty between England and America as the dream of visionary statesmen should remember that almost every forward movement in the history of the race has been greeted with derision, but that when the advance has been made it has been secured for all time. Who can doubt, in the language of the Prime Minister, that, "If the United Kingdom and the United States solemnly and formally agree that as between themselves war and the possibility of war are once and for all renounced, a step will have been taken immeasurable in extent, incomparable in significance in the onward progress of humanity."

Could anything show more clearly than the reign of Edward VII that a ruler whose goal is peace can secure a higher degree of affection, loyalty and reverence, than a monarch whose ambitions are centred on war? Happy the augury for this people that the gentle traditions of the last reign quicken the spirit of your gracious King to-day. What nobler heritage could the rulers of this generation transmit to those who are to follow them in the guidance of the world's destinies than the heritage of peace? Are not men as strangely thrilled to-day by this call to peace as they were in the past by the call to arms? Is there not something far more inspiring in the thought of con-

struction than of destruction, of building up than of tearing down. No one is sanguine and foolish enough to believe that with the ratification of the suggested arbitration a new heaven and a new earth would be at once created, but wise men know that the influence of such a treaty would be very far-reaching, and that other great Powers would be inclined to ask why, if England and America can be so sensible, should we hesitate to emulate their noble example?

In 1914, a century will have passed since England and America were at war. When the cycle is completed it will prove to be a century in which, by reason of freedom from strife, we have had the opportunity of knowing each other better and of realizing how idle it is to talk of a common origin, a common language, a common literature and a common jurisprudence, if we have not the common sense to refrain from killing one another. The proposed arbitration treaty is the most significant compact which two enlightened peoples could form, and if it is concluded we see as in vision, looking beyond the immediate future, nation after nation animated by the same high purpose until the whole world shall be consecrated to the holy cause of peace. May the God of nations hasten the coming of the day when England and America can declare: "The mountains may depart, the hills may be removed, but the covenant of our peace shall abide for ever."



## A GREAT TEACHER

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS AT THE DEDICATION  
OF THE CATHERINE MERRILL PUBLIC SCHOOL,  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

THE day Miss Merrill died a number of trained nurses called at her home and asked if they might look upon her face, because they had heard that she was the greatest woman Indiana had ever known. Certainly the peer of any was the gentlewoman for whom you have the honour of naming this building—Catherine Merrill. She achieved fame at an unusual place—her fireside. She did this by the cultivation of the graces and virtues of life. She had tact without diplomacy, courtesy without servility and frankness without abruptness. Her mind and heart broadened from year to year in equal degree. Through intellectual hospitality she kept in touch with the world of letters, and through her great heart with the world of men. Her sympathies were infinite in their variety. Keenly sensitive to physical suffering, the tramp at her door was never turned away, but was warmed and fed. She did not, however, simply respond to physical demands, but by intellectual stimulus and moral helpfulness gave freely of herself to all who came. To the sick she was ever a ministering angel; no medicine so healing as her gentle presence. There was something in that sweet and tender face, in those soft tones, in her loving words which almost made sickness a pleasure. She did not express her solicitude by dwelling upon the malady,



but by a strong undercurrent of intelligent sympathy bore the mind away from the consciousness of suffering to an interest in some absorbing and restful theme. She was disinclined to dwell upon the unhappy incidents of life. She sought to ease burdens, to comfort sorrows and wipe away tears, but in doing so she spoke words of hope and cheer and courage. She was a tonic to the despondent. Her affection for children showed that her heart was young. They loved her, too, and gathering about her learned many a lesson of beauty and truth taught in her simple and perfect way. She had a Christ-like yearning for the little ones and suffered them to come unto her, for she believed that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. She sought to interest children in something out of the ordinary routine of life. In a letter written to a nephew, nearly half a century ago, pleasantly complaining that she cannot hear him talk as he is so far away, she asks if he had ever heard of "the people that spent the winter so far, far in the north that everything was ice around them. The sea was all frozen over ; the ground many feet under the snow ; the little trees just able to stick their icy fingers out and the sky all dead and cold. Old winter likes to show his power so he froze up all sounds ; the crackling of the fire could not be heard, nor even the words of the forlorn sailors ; they talked, it is true, but as soon as words fell from their lips they froze fast in the air and for many days it was still as death. Then the sun came out and poured his rays through the still air, and what a change ! Not only was the ice in the sea broken up, and all the snow melted, but the words that had been spoken in that long time thawed out, and you would laugh if you had heard the talking ; all sorts of strange things were jumbled together : cross, angry, pleasant, home-sick things, groans and signs and complainings and laughs."

Much as Miss Merrill loved books she did not regard them as a substitute for life. Her home on Wednesday afternoons was the *salon* idealized. The spirit of the hostess pervaded the room. Men and women, young girls and boys, and sometimes little children sitting on the floor (yet never in the way) were there. With what wonderful flexibility of mind she would turn from a talk on affairs with her friend George W. Julian to find a picture or book for one of her younger guests just learning to love the things so dear to her. Miss Merrill's judgments were always kindly. During a friendship of many years in which she spoke at all times with the greatest unreserve, I do not recall a caustic expression, a rankling word, or a bitter criticism. She took you so intimately into her life that you revealed yourself to her as you seldom did to others. She would have been a great teacher even had she never heard her pupils recite but had simply walked in and out among them. Her lack of vanity and sense of humour combined made it impossible for her to be sensitive in the self-conscious meaning of the word. Upon one occasion she was invited, among others to read a sketch at a gathering held in her honour. Upon her return when asked how the sketch was received she exclaimed, "I forgot all about it and the President forgot to call upon me," and she laughed in an amused way which showed not the slightest touch of wounded vanity. Yet she suffered for others if there was even an unintentional lack of consideration. She seemed by her gentle presence to afford a natural protection to the timid.

Miss Merrill's conscience was so delicately poised that she regarded carelessness as a kind of dishonesty. She said once that she could not sleep because a guest had lost a handkerchief in her house and some one had carried it away and had forgotten to return it. It might be inferred from the knowledge we have of Miss

Merrill's intellectual range that she was oblivious of that kind of knowledge which is distinctly feminine. This inference would be an injustice to her. She wrought exquisitely with her needle and understood well the preparation of delicate food. Her love of flowers was shown not only in arranging blossoms from the florist, but by the culture she gave to her own garden. There, too, her catholic taste was manifested. She loved all flowers. The wild violets, sweet-williams, and columbine, tamed by her gentle touch, bloomed as abundantly in the little corner under her window as in the woods near Irvington. "She was master of the littles that large life compound."

Miss Merrill's modesty was one of her most engaging traits. There was an entire absence of pretence which I believe is always a quality of the truly great. She was, however, sure of herself and was the rarest combination of modesty, firmness and fearlessness that I have ever known. Her sympathetic nature was so strong that she was at times inclined to agree at first with your point of view, but a day or two later, perhaps, you would receive a note stating that upon reflection she believed that you were mistaken, and she would point out your error to you pleasantly but conclusively.

She was a lover of definite and exact information. If there was a doubt concerning a date or any uncertainty as to the source of a quotation or a classical allusion, she would step quietly and instantly to a book of reference and discover the truth without breaking the thread of the conversation. She did not, through a lazy self-indulgence, postpone her quest as one is sometimes inclined to do and so dull the sense of precision. Her love of perfection would not permit anything scrappy or slipshod to come from her hand or mind. An approximation never satisfied her. She had that "divine curiosity" which was only content

with the whole truth. She did not wait upon great events and feel that the only life is in the unusual and marvellous. A beautiful sunset, a stroll through the autumn woods, the delicate colouring of some woad side flower was an event to her, bringing its way message of divine beauty and spiritual significance.

When we think of Miss Merrill, it is always in some personal relationship. She was intensely human. She enjoyed her kind, and delighted to impart to her friends what she had acquired. She poured out the riches of her mind lavishly. One even lost consciousness of her great learning because of its clearness, and only realized later how much of it she had imparted. I treasure nothing more than the memory of the Sunday evenings spent in the library which was to so many of us a sanctuary of rest—an altar upon which were always lighted the fires of purity and gentleness, of love, wisdom and power, and gaiety as well. She knew the authors she loved so well that she caught the very atmosphere of the environment in which they lived. Cambridge with its historic associations and literary traditions was almost as familiar to her as to Lowell, and the charm of Lake Windermere was not more present to Wordsworth than to our friend. She led you by still waters to the pleasant paths of literary refreshment and spiritual nourishment. What a kindly tolerance of differing opinions! While she would never surrender a judgment or a conviction simply for the sake of agreeing she always made you feel that your view was worthy of consideration. It was at her own hearthstone that Miss Merrill revealed herself as nowhere else. The innocence and purity of her nature were mirrored in her words as she talked of the men and women—sometimes noted authors, sometimes humble folk unknown to fame—who had been of help to her. She was never credulous in a weak sense, but she had an infinite capacity for belief.



She was not a pessimist or an optimist but an ameliorist, believing that the world was ever growing better.

So fine an appreciation did Miss Merrill have of what makes abiding literature, that her literary judgments seemed final to those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing her discriminating and inspiring criticisms. She was never beguiled by tawdry wares, but rejected them instantly as a practised dealer in gems instinctively tosses aside the false stone, however superficially brilliant and dazzling. Miss Merrill required of an author that he should have a message to deliver and that he should deliver it in the best form. She would not discard the message if the form were uncouth, but she felt that the best things were worthy of the best setting. With all of her gaiety and kindly sense of humour, Miss Merrill had that quality of high seriousness which is an essential of real greatness. She had a deeply religious nature. For her there was a definite creed and she was a loyal member of the Presbyterian Church. She believed less, however, in the efficacy of creeds than in the saving power of the Sermon on the Mount. She was never impatient with or intolerant of another's belief. As clearly as she saw the way, she was one of His disciples. In this age of restless disbelief it is a good thing to know that the most cultured woman in our city was also one of the sincerest believers in Christianity and one of the most earnest church workers.

We may say of Miss Merrill as Lowell said of Emerson that she had "a quiet scorn of everything ignoble, a never sated hunger of self-culture," and that she kept burning the beacon of an ideal life above our lower region of turmoil. She will live in many lives, as the story of her life is told, from generation to generation, and young men and young women feeling its inspiration will resolve to follow her example and walk in her holy footsteps.

The children of this school have Miss Merrill's memory peculiarly in their keeping. When undecided as to what you should do, think of how she would regard your conduct and follow her desire. By doing this you will cherish the purest ideals and fill your lives and the lives of those about you with joy and hope and peace.



## INDIANA

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AS GUEST OF HONOUR AT A  
DINNER OF THE INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO,  
DECEMBER, 1908

IT is surely not necessary that I should attempt to express my appreciation of the high honour of being a guest this evening of the Indiana Society of Chicago. When one has been absent from his own country for a season, and returns, he feels most keenly the inspiration of home. I do not mean by this simply that he rejoices to renew former intimacies, and to confirm and strengthen old friendships, but that he experiences the uplift which comes from a realization of the contribution his country is making to the world's well-being. If he is an American he sees that this land, born of self-sacrifice and struggle and lofty desire and the noble endeavour to achieve a government of liberty and obedience and opportunity, has not gone aimlessly on its way, but that it has had continuity of purpose from the beginning, so that the spirit which animated the founders of the republic has always been the guiding spirit in our national development. It is the spirit which has constantly admonished us as we have grown in wealth and material importance that intelligent and faithful service is the highest obligation of citizenship. I have been thinking of Indiana, not so much of its past as of its present and of how that present is to project itself into and influence the future, and it is for this reason

that I have come four thousand miles to be with you this evening.

Before approaching my theme, I should like to do something, if I can, to remove the misapprehension which exists concerning the European and especially the English estimate of the American people. In a charming sketch portraying the humanity of Mark Twain, by George Ade, he intimates, in his delightfully whimsical way, that the Englishman's attitude toward the American is one of uncompromising hostility. I believe that it is the duty of our foreign representatives to create, as far as possible, if it does not exist, and to strengthen if it is already present, the sentiment of goodwill and fellowship between their own and other countries.

As the result of nearly six years' observation in England, I am confident that in no land outside of his own is the American who stands for what is best in America, for its energy and dignity and probity, more highly respected than in the British Empire. Along with the disappearance of our tendency to boastfulness and with the substitution of logic for rhetoric in our public utterances, the type of American traveller is gradually becoming rare who measures everything by magnitude and bulk and area and who talks of nothing in Europe but the extent and size of things at home. He was indeed offensive with his extravagances and audacities, with his trivialities and vulgarities.

Each country, I have discovered, has its own particular form of offensiveness. "No nation possesses a monopoly of good manners." As we have progressed in power we have grown in reasonableness and moderation. We have become self-controlled and self-contained until all the nations recognize in the real American a man of refinement, culture and sanity, who embarks with confidence upon great undertakings, and who seeks with an unprejudiced and open mind

to learn wherever he goes so that he may carry back with him something of value to his own people. The isolation of nations is a thing of the past, and the misconceptions arising from imperfect knowledge or absolute ignorance are rapidly vanishing. Not only has the world been made one great parish by swift-flying steamers, ocean cables and wireless telegraphy, but through the exchange of teachers and preachers, the establishment of Rhodes scholarships and exchange in university lectureships, the progress of arbitration, and the innumerable international conferences covering a great variety of subjects, from the regulation of traffic to the administration of justice, the nations are being revealed to themselves and interpreted to each other as never before in the history of the race.

It is customary, I believe, at this recurring annual dinner, to dwell upon the material prosperity of our State, to signify its importance in trade and commerce and industry, to recall the area planted in wheat and corn and rye and oats and barley, to allude to our growing flocks and herds, to refer to our busy workshops and factories, to mention the amounts upon deposit in our banks, trust companies and building and loan associations, and to exploit minutely this phase of our prosperity. No one realizes, I trust, more profoundly than I do, the advantage conferred upon our commonwealth by these things, and no one can be more unstinted in his appreciation of the intelligence, foresight and energy, the industry, frugality and thrift, the imagination and faith and courage which have so beneficently expressed themselves. It is of other matters, however, that I would speak to you.

We are nearing the centenary of our statehood. We should ask ourselves in all sincerity, should we not, whether we are indeed worthy sons of our great for-

bears, of the men and women who a hundred years ago and more crossed the mountains and threaded the valleys and forded the streams in search of a new home, and finally, coming to a land which they believed God had specially smiled upon, laid the foundations of our great commonwealth. What of the superstructure? What provision have we made not only for the body but for the mind and the spirit? What of the work remaining to be done? We realize its significance and importance. Nothing is ever at rest in this busy world; it is either disintegrating and decaying or it is developing and progressing. Nations do not beat time. They are always in motion, advancing or retreating.

What is Indiana's pace, and in what direction is she travelling? It is gratifying to know that Indiana has been largely revealed to the world through the work of her poets, novelists and humorists, through the labours of her journalists and jurists and statesmen, as well as by the quality of her crops and the excellence of her manufactures. As we have occasionally poor crops, so now and again we have some very poor literature in Indiana, but it is not a chance happening that three books by one living Indiana author appear in the most widely circulated library of fiction in England and that you can find your way from Lands' End to John o' Groats by the flash of the lights from *The House of a Thousand Candles*.

It was not an accident that Benjamin Harrison, with his provincial training, acquired an international fame, and that his wealth of legal learning was so wide and various and profound that the Lord Chancellor of England, speaking to me of General Harrison's argument before the Venezuelan Commission, remarked: "When I listened to him I knew I was listening to one of the world's greatest lawyers."

There is something in the air of the middle west, as

it blows over great stretches of prairie land, which causes men to lose their narrowness and their pettiness and enables them to see things in a large and untrammelled way, and to arrive at catholic conclusions. The Puritan and Cavalier met in Indiana long ago, and in the course of time their best qualities were inter-fused and blended, so that the Hoosier who is most representative of his state is a man of ideas and ideals. He is a man who unites imagination with purpose, who has retained his rapture for adventure, who, being filled with a divine discontent, is never satisfied with things as they are, who has a passionate love for beauty, however expressed, who has an instinct for orderly and decorous administration, and whose patriotism is so unselfish and controlling that, when his country calls, his only response is to obey. In Indiana provision was made for free schools, a constitution has now been adopted, and the church was the first assembly room, so that I doubt if in any other state there is a higher level of intelligence and morality. "The Man from Home," however, is so good natured and tolerant that, together with his brothers from Maine and California, he neglects certain very primary and essential duties of citizenship. We have accomplished so much that is fine and worthy in Indiana that we can well afford to pause and inquire what is the most immediate and imperative task to our hands as the first decade of this century closes. I say "our hands," because we are all Indianans, proud of the history of our state, and confident of its destiny, and more or less concerned in moulding its larger life, although we may not live within its borders. What is most needed in Indiana, and this is true throughout the whole land, is a mighty crusade for civic efficiency and righteousness. When we become unduly reminiscent we cease to be creative. Let us not linger to-night in the twilight land of memories, even though they be



great and glorious and splendid memories, but try to render a service to our commonwealth by considering how we can genuinely help it.

The problem of the cities has become the controlling problem of this country. Man is a social being. He loves contact and companionship ; likes to be jostled and to elbow his way through crowds. There is a deeper significance, however, than this instinct for gregariousness which explains the concentration of great numbers upon limited areas, while the wide, open spaces of the earth still beckon. It is the knowledge that great undertakings can only be successfully prosecuted through associated effort. Unless our municipalities are wisely governed it is futile to expect great national reforms. Take care of the cities and the country will take care of itself. The pressing necessity is the elimination of State and Federal politics in municipal elections. A man's views on the tariff or the fortification of the Panama Canal or the desirability of a central bank of issue should not be important when the questions he will be called upon to decide embrace the making of good streets, the sanitary housing of the people, the furnishing of unadulterated foods, the prevention of disease, the provision of restful parks, the inculcation of the love of stability and beauty through good architecture, of integrity through honest public administration, and of the enlargement of the vision of the people through the widest opportunity for the cultivation of all their intellectual and spiritual aspirations. Where there is no vision, the people perish. So it was said of old and it remains true until this day. In Dante's *Inferno*, you remember that the men who had spent all their lives gathering riches finally lost the power of looking upward. Spiritual ecstasy was denied to them for ever, for they had never done anything in a disinterested and selfish spirit for their fellow-men.



A great deal is said and written now about reform of municipal government, whether or not it should be by charter with the responsibility lodged in one person or by commission with the power distributed among three or five or more. But are we not losing sight, in this discussion of the mechanism of government, of the fundamental fact that, however nicely adjusted and perfectly balanced the machinery may be, the result will be disastrous unless it is controlled and operated by men who have a passion for order and justice, obedience and authority, for all the virtues which should cluster about the civic fireside? The class of officials we need can only be secured when the spirit of civic duty widely prevails among the people. Sporadic civic house-cleaning is unavailing. The foes of good city government understand perfectly these periodic outbreaks of civic patriotism and they understand equally well the moral lassitude that follows. It is in the long intervals of abstinence from earnest, concentrated and consecrated endeavour that municipal inefficiency and corruption thrive. Critics, however able and conscientious, can do nothing more than indicate abuses and suggest methods of correction. The redemptive work must be performed by the men who now apparently take little interest in the government of the cities in which they live, by the business men and the professional men, by the merchant and manufacturer and banker, by the lawyer and doctor and preacher, as well as by the mechanic and artisan; by all, whatever their vocation and station in life, who are the units forming that mysterious aggregate we call the city.

The good citizen who neglects his civic duties is indeed a very bad citizen, a real menace to free institutions and more dangerous to the State than the charlatan or demagogue or knave, because with intelligence and right desires and abundant opportunities

he carelessly or wilfully renounces his citizenship, and thereby becomes the silent partner in all the nefarious schemes which pollute his city and greatly impair, if they do not actually destroy, its moral usefulness. Corruption can be far more readily overcome than indifference. A man should be just as jealous of the good name of the city in which he lives as he is of the honour of the wife whom he loves. The responsibility for good government is individual and not collective, and cannot, therefore, be evaded or shifted. There is a vast amount of voluntary social service in this country, but so far it has not greatly concerned itself in any sustained and productive way with the question of how we can best secure an efficient and incorruptible administration of our American cities. We need in all of our large municipalities, and in the smaller ones, too, an increasing number of devoted men whose time is not entirely surrendered to the accumulation of wealth, but who will give from day to day a portion of their time and thought and energy to civic affairs. When this takes place, the American city, wherever it is and whatever its size, will be composed of those "who share its burdens, cherish its interests, and contribute to the richness of its life." We sometimes feel that a city is so small that it would be futile to give a new impetus to its activities. But the greatest cities have not always been the largest centres of influence. Florence, Athens and Jerusalem which have entered so completely into the intellectual and spiritual life of our race, have not done so because of their size, but by reason of their reverence for beauty and their love of wisdom and truth. Each city has its own quality, beneficent or sinister, its own characteristics, its individual distinction. Let us loyal sons of Indiana attempt to impress upon the cities in which we dwell, and by so doing we shall indirectly at least make the impression, upon the cities

of Indiana, of the need of constant, unremitting, courageous and united social service.

"A city should educate its children unconsciously. It ought to teach them integrity, intelligence and efficiency by the quality and character of its government. It ought to teach them neatness and cleanliness by the condition of its streets. It ought to educate the eyes by the beauty of its parks, and by its public buildings. It ought so to accustom them to good architecture that they shall know integrity and beauty of structure by the eye as well taught children know good music by the ear."

Upon the monument of Benjamin Hill in Atlanta is this inscription: "Who saves his country saves himself, saves all things, and all things saved do bless him. Who lets his country die lets all things die, dies himself ignobly and all things, dying, curse him." May we not say, with equal emphasis and fervour, that he who lets his city die—and there are worse forms of death than actual dissolution—perishes himself miserably, and all the civic needs he has neglected shall for ever damn him for his faithlessness.

In the battle for the lifting of our cities out of a political and partisan and poisonous atmosphere into a pure and serene air where individual right shall be lost sight of in the performance of communal duties, there will be many set-backs, but there should be no permanent discouragement, no relaxing of effort, no retracing of steps, only the re-forming of the lines again and again for a further assault and advance. At the battle of Gettysburg six men in turn bore the colours of one of the Indiana regiments. As each standard-bearer fell a comrade grasped the sacred emblem. It was never permitted to trail upon the ground or to pass to the enemy, and when the awful carnage was over it was carried in triumph from the field. This is the spirit in which, in time of peace, we must wage our

warfare for a healthy, civic life. Let the nation be aroused, and in all of our cities there will be found an army of standard-bearers who will carry aloft with high resolution and splendid hope and lofty courage banners upon which shall be written these words : " The city redeemed is the nation purified."

We need above everything else faith that the right will ultimately prevail. All great pictures have been painted, all immortal books have been written, all commanding religions have been founded, all mighty states have been established, all lasting reforms have been accomplished by men who believed in something, and not by revilers and sceptics and doubters. When the cities not only of Indiana but of Illinois, New York and Ohio, and all the other States, are cleansed and rendered pure and wholesome, governments, whether great or small, will be wisely and justly administered, for we shall have acquired the habit of civic devotion and the views of all the great ones who have embodied the American spirit and believed in its fulfilment will be realized. This country will then become the land of equal opportunities for all of its sons and daughters of whatever tongue or race or creed. The land indeed of every man who believes that liberty should be restrained and disciplined so that personal considerations shall be subordinate to the laws of God. The nation then will be helpful not only to its people but to all mankind.

## THE DRAMA AND THE STAGE

### RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND, WHITEHALL ROOMS, LONDON, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1911

The Royal General Theatrical Fund is the oldest provident institution in connection with the theatrical profession in Great Britain. The fund is supported by the annual subscriptions of members of the theatrical profession. An annual subscription dinner is given by the Society, and those who love the play have an opportunity at this time to contribute to the fund. The dinner is one of the most interesting, recurring events in the London year. Around the table gather from year to year distinguished men of varied intellectual and social sympathies, drawn together by their common interest in the drama. The list of chairmen who have presided at the Annual Royal Theatrical Fund dinner, since it was established in 1846, contains the names of—

Charles Dickens  
William Macready  
Lord Lytton  
Charles Kean  
Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton)  
William Makepeace Thackeray  
His late Majesty, King Edward VII (when Prince of Wales)  
Sir Arthur Pinero  
Sir Herbert Tree  
Sir George Alexander

and many others.

I HAVE come here this evening in the hope that I may be able to make a partial payment upon a very large debt which has accumulated during many years to the members of the theatrical profession, for the many delightful hours I have spent in their company. Long ago, I cherished the ambition



to join your profession, but that ambition was thwarted by friends wiser than myself.

I have, nevertheless, taken part in amateur theatricals, and justified the statement that the poorest professional is infinitely better than the most accomplished amateur. During the two short seasons in which I played to indulgent friends and tolerant relatives I feel I was never given a part for which I was peculiarly fitted by nature. It was my deliberate judgment that I was equipped to excel as an earnest, impulsive, impetuous, passionate lover, but, in spite of my fervent protestations, I was given the humble rôle of the old family butler—in a play in which the comedy was excellent, especially in the tragic part. Later I was cast as a pseudo-lover, and acted simply as a foil to a very handsome young man, who carried off the capricious and radiant maiden who had trifled with my affections. There is still another point of connection between the dramatic profession and myself, for I once wrote a play. Since then I have seen a great many plays which cause me to marvel that my youthful effort was rejected.

People go to the theatre for a great variety of reasons. For a number of years people in the provinces have been going to see "A Royal Divorce" if only to cheer Wellington's injunction, "Up, my British bulldogs, get at them." And no one who has ever heard the response of the audience to those words would ever dare to say that the English are incapable of emotion.

Many people go to the theatre, of course, to relieve the monotony of life—often so sordid and sombre, so hopeless, so devoid of diverting incident. They go to be taken out of themselves, or, possibly, to find their better selves, in that strange, mystic, beautiful land of Heart's Desire.

It is customary to speak of the age in which one happens to live as a degenerate age and to compare it



with some time afar off, the golden age, in which there was no censor of art and literature. The truth, of course, is that people in great numbers have always enjoyed plays which do not require the slightest mental effort in order to be enjoyed, so that it is not to be wondered at that in our own day vast multitudes prefer merry, musical comedies to what is called intellectual drama. I feel sure there is nothing to feel depressed about in the present or the future of the drama; great plays, greatly interpreted, will, I venture to predict, continue during the twentieth and all succeeding centuries to make the same impression and receive the same measure of approval as has the work of the dramatist of the past. Audiences are made up of people of all tastes and temperaments and varying degrees of culture, and there never was a time when the drama faithfully interpreted was more sure of a sympathetic and intelligent appreciation than in this so-called decadent art age.

I do not believe that any serious play fails simply because it is serious. I believe it fails because it has no story to tell or tells it awkwardly, or because it is morbid or cast too much in the form of argument, or because it is improperly visualized, and consequently people who go to the theatre to be stimulated are either fatigued or antagonized. They want the comedy of manners which treats in a lively way with genial humour, penetrating insight and a comprehensive grasp, of the foibles of contemporary men and women. One hears a great deal nowadays of people taking their pleasure by candle-light, and that the cinematograph is rapidly displacing the legitimate drama. That apprehension is without foundation. Never can they reproduce by any mechanical device the passing expression of the human voice, the play of emotions, the range of passion, the restraint, the charm, the ego of the actor, which dominates a part,

the effect of high aspiration, renunciation, suffering, joy, the overthrow or triumph of a great soul. It would be difficult to find a single instance in which loftiness of theme made a drama a failure, provided it possessed the great qualities of drama—probability of incident, logical coherence and culminating intensity of interest.

I believe the experiment of a national theatre would be a failure if the theatre was so far removed from the people, and so wholly dependent on State aid that their patronage in a large measure would not be considered necessary for its maintenance. A home for the drama such as that would make but a limited appeal because the plays given there would probably be good literature, but would be that and nothing more.

A layman has certain views and makes certain demands concerning the drama, and requires that a play shall be intelligible. A stage manager once said to me, "After twenty years' experience, I find, if you want the public to understand what you are doing, you must first tell them what you are going to do, then tell them that you are doing it, and when you have done it, tell them so, then perhaps they may understand you."

There are certain things I should like to see in the drama and well presented on the stage, a really spiritual clergyman, an honest barrister, a straightforward diplomatist, and an American gentleman. Nothing perhaps would do more to strengthen the friendship between England and America than for the English stage to present to the English public an American of taste, culture, refinement and high purpose, instead of the wretched caricature which has masqueraded so long under his name. I congratulate the members of the theatrical profession upon the fact that they belong to one in whose warm, palpitating, glowing atmosphere all things seem possible.

## THE LEAGUE OF MERCY

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE,  
DECEMBER 14, 1911

"In the Picture Gallery of St. James's Palace yesterday, the Presidents of the League of Mercy held their annual meeting, Lord Farquhar presiding. The Order of Mercy was presented by the Duchess of Albany to one hundred ladies and gentlemen. The Chairman read this message from the King, which was received at Buckingham Palace on Thursday by Mr. E. W. Wallington, Hon. Registrar of the Order, in a telegram sent by Lord Stamfordham from India: 'Please convey to the League of Mercy to-morrow the King's sincere congratulations on successful year. His Majesty feels sure that the workers will continue their generous and untiring efforts. His interest in and sympathy with the League is as great as ever.'"

*Times*, December 16, 1911.

AT this season of the year when the Yule log glows and the world is hung with holly, when the loved ones gather from far and near and young voices and merry laughter are heard about the hearth, when the old recapture their youth in an infectious atmosphere of gaiety and good cheer—and the only thing that mars a husband's contentment is the anticipation of the personal gift that he will receive from his wife on Christmas morning and she will use herself for ever afterward—at this joyous time, when all the bells peal out Peace on Earth and Goodwill to men, we certainly should not be so selfish in our happiness as not to wish to share it with those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

An American philosopher has remarked that everybody says it is more blessed to give than to receive,

but that nobody ever says it is easier. This philosopher, however, was mistaken, as philosophers often have been, for nothing is more encouraging in the social work of to-day than the fact that so many men and women—an increasing number every year—realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is the realization of this fact in England which makes it possible to maintain the multitudinous charities and philanthropies which are the crown and glory of your Empire.

The inscription upon the memorial to John Howard, the great philanthropist, at St. Paul's Cathedral, reads, "He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality." That path we rejoice to know is rapidly becoming a highway and many are they who walk therein. The pessimist never renders any real service to mankind, for pessimism, you must remember, is a very different thing from criticism. We can never help our fellow-men unless we know them and believe in them and in their desire and capacity for improvement. One of the reasons we do not do more for those who need our help is that we do not come sufficiently in touch with their interests. To many the exigencies of the poor in London seem as remote as an earthquake in Messina, a famine in India, the foundering of a ship in the Black Sea or the collapse of a mine in the Ural Mountains. We read about these grim happenings and our minds are stirred for a moment, our sympathies are excited, but our conduct is not influenced, and we pass quickly on to the perusal of the latest art criticism or book review or to something utterly trivial.

Only those who really go among the poor can know the vital character of the work that the League of Mercy is doing. Read *Over the Bridges* if you want to realize how far removed the West End is from the East. It seems to be true even here in London that East and

West are twain and never the two shall meet. At least it would be true, if it were not for the workers in the cause of enlightenment, mercy and love who are constantly narrowing the chasm as they go about their errands of good will.

What is needed is not curiosity, but intelligence, energy, sympathy and effort, when we are dealing with the great problems of poverty and suffering. The final test of civilization is the regard shown for the weak and poor and unfortunate. Whatever the resources of a nation may be, however glorious its literature, its art and architecture, however wise its laws, if it be wanting in the practical humanities it is a failure.

The development of the heart, if I may so describe it, is the most remarkable thing that has happened in the last fifty years, more marvellous than even the transforming discoveries of Science. It has been manifested in myriad beautiful ways: in the gathering up of neglected children into the warm arms of love, in the establishment of homes where the poor and weary may rest, in the protection of birds and of animals from both careless and intentional cruelty, and in the building of hospitals, where even the poorest receive without cost the same care and attention for which the well-to-do pay so large a price—and may I remind you that there were no hospitals before the birth of Christ? They sprang from the Sermon on the Mount, from the democracy of the teachings of the founder of our faith. Edward VII is often spoken of as The Great Peacemaker, as the ruler who did so much to remove international misunderstandings and jealousies, and to advance international friendships, but even greater than our debt to him for this is the one we owe him for the profound interest he took in the organization and administration of the charities of his realm. The League of Mercy, I believe,



was his thought. If not his thought, it was greatly in his thoughts and will always be associated with his name.

One reason I was greatly pleased to accept your gracious invitation and to speak this afternoon, is that your organization is known as the League of Mercy, instead of the Society to Exterminate all Infectious and Contagious Diseases, or the Band of Microbe Destroyers. There is nothing more pathetic than the nomenclature of charitable organizations and undertakings. The names selected constitute the misnomers of goodness. Could anything be more depressing than to call an institution a Home for the Friendless. Would it not be far better to speak of it as a Retreat for the Weary. Instead of organizations for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and birds and animals, why should we not include flowers. Would it not be more suggestive and stimulating to describe them as societies for the inculcation of thoughtfulness and kindness to whatever God in His wisdom has created.

The work of the League of Mercy appeals to me, too, because hospitals are strong bonds of union between the various countries. The physicians of America, for example, come to the London hospitals to learn, and the English physicians in turn visit the American hospitals to see how they are conducted, and through this interchange they gain not only much in professional knowledge but also in human sympathy. The hospitals pay no attention to class or race or sect or creed. They do not ask if a patient is an Anglican or a Catholic, a Presbyterian or a Baptist, a Jew or a Gentile, a Mohammedan or a Hindu, whether he be black or brown, yellow or white. They simply ask if he is ill and straightway try if possible to heal him.

The hospitals of the world are a fine expression of the oneness of mankind. London hospitals do not



limit their activities to this great social organism, this dreadful, beautiful, fascinating city, which for convenience is called London, for a very considerable portion of their patients come from out of town.

A thought that is uppermost in my mind to-day is that the members of the League of Mercy are serving without any desire of compensation; the annual dividend the league pays to the hospitals is practically its entire capital stock, which is gathered afresh each year. I am interested, too, in the manner in which the funds are accumulated, not only by thousands of pounds from wealthy subscribers, but ordinarily by shillings and pence, contributed even by those who have to make a sacrifice in order to give their mite. The gift is greatly increased in value because of this element of sacrifice, because of the self-denial which has to be practised. I am glad that you emphasize the need and value of personal service in philanthropic work. We support out of the rates in America many institutions, public hospitals among them, which are maintained in England by private contribution and subscription. The American plan equalizes the financial burden, which each man bears according to his capacity, but the English plan introduces the personal element, which is so often lacking in publically administered charities. Many babies, we are told, die in orphanages because they are not sufficiently cuddled, they are ticketed and numbered, bathed and dressed, fed and put to bed in an automatic cradle, but that is all. Even in infancy the difference is felt between the touch of one who is really interested in your welfare and the touch of a stranger who says mechanically, "How pretty you are," but who thinks, and you know he thinks, that you are really one of the ugliest and most unnecessary and superfluous creations that he has ever seen.

Never before was so much interest taken in charit-

able work as at the present time, because never before did we realize so keenly as we do to-day our obligation to others and the significance of the tremendous fact that if you neglect the slums, they will ultimately, in some similar and grim way, exact their toll. You may know where an epidemic begins, but it is exceedingly difficult to tell where it will end. Disease is almost as much of a leveller as death, paying no heed to class distinction or bank balances. There may be fair ground for compromise between the practice of the Spartans, in exposing defective children to death, and the modern sentimentalism which does everything to prolong the lives of the incapable and degenerate, but to multiply their lives, but there can be no question as to the importance of the work that the League of Mercy is doing. The homes of the very poor contain little space for those who are ill. There is, indeed, seldom room enough in them for the healthy to stretch and turn about. When we condemn the brutalities of the poor, we should remember that a man and woman must be very spiritual—almost ready for translation—if they can be angels to each other and hospitable to the world when they are required to cook, eat and sleep, rear children and entertain friends in one or two wretched, stuffy rooms. One must now and again be able to get off by oneself, remote from every one else, in some cool and tranquil atmosphere in order to acquire and sustain that poise which is essential for perfect companionship.

I do not see how anyone can refrain from joining the League of Mercy, and so be able to assist in raising an adequate fund to provide for those who in sickness are unable to provide for themselves, and who can only be restored to health and usefulness and good citizenship through the care and attention they receive under the sheltering roof of the great London hospitals.

The persons who have been so graciously decorated

with the Order of Mercy by your Royal Highness this afternoon have won a great distinction. The medals which have been bestowed show that suffering men and women have been relieved, and more than ever we now recognize that a heart overflowing with sympathy and love is the most precious treasure in the world. This annual meeting of the workers of the League of Mercy, held in this ancient, historic and beautiful palace, is full of inspiration to each one present here to-day.

During the Atlantic campaign in the American Civil War, General Harrison said, "The marching and fighting had been largely in the brush, sometimes in advance, the commander of a regiment could see no more than half of his own line, for the supports to his right and left were wholly hidden from view. To me it seemed as if his battalion were making an unexpected attack, the extended line, the reserve, were matters of faith, but one day the advance army broke suddenly from the brush into a savannah, a long, narrow, natural meadow, and the army was revealed. From the centre, far to the right and left, the division brigade and regimental colours appeared, and associated with each of these was the flag that made the army one, and so to-day a view of the whole army is a good thing. The vision stirs the heart and strengthens the will." At these annual gatherings the separate branches of the League of Mercy realize that, while they are working seemingly at times in an isolated and detached way, they are, nevertheless, parts of a great working organization, working for a common object, as they endeavour to make the men and women for whom they willingly strive, strong-limbed, clear-minded, pure-hearted, and capable of fulfilling their high destiny. Although the immediate results of your labours may seem small, the promise is one of supreme encouragement.

If anyone desires to know more about the work of the League of Mercy, I would say, go search the simple annals of the poor, for there you will find the record written in terms of tenderness and gratitude and love, in terms of life itself.

## LONDON GUILDS

### RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT A DINNER TO THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF TURNERS

"Surely there could not be a greater triumph of ancient circumstance than a modern Guild such as they were the guests of that night."

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

"The City Livery Companies have had a splendid past, and in the judgment of most of us they still have a great future. I think that they are destined not only to discharge their well-known functions in regard to technical education and the administration of charity, and thanks undoubtedly to the efforts led by you, Master, to continue to qualify electors for the City of London, but they are also destined to become centres of vital social forces allied to the trade or department of commerce with which they are severally associated."

**W**HEN I came here this evening—or was it yesterday?—I thought I really had something to say, but during the hours that have passed I have entirely forgotten my speech.

It is always delightful in reading Trollope's novels to be reminded by the author that, however gloomy the immediate outlook may appear for the hero and heroine, there will be no final and tragic estrangement, and that, in the end, they are to be married and to live happily ever afterward. Following Trollope's soothing suggestion, I propose to reassure you at the outset by saying that I do not intend at this late hour to speak more than five or seven minutes—"and so home and to bed."

I always accept with very great pleasure an invita-

tion to a dinner of a London Guild, because of the knowledge that the dinner itself will be excellent and that only vintage wines will be served—and also because of the long and honourable history that these Guilds have enjoyed. However much we may admire the effervescence and exuberance of youth, its buoyancy and optimism, its defiance of fate and its splendid audacity, I think there is a certain distinction which only comes with age—I feel this myself more and more as the years pass. It is the oak which has weathered a thousand storms and in the branches of which the birds still sing, rather than a sapling of yesterday, before which we uncover.

In Portsmouth Harbour it is not the superdreadnought which most thrills an Englishman, but the old *Victory*, which long ago fired its last broadside. I saw it recently in the gathering twilight, almost a phantom ship, and I could imagine that Nelson was still on deck giving the word of command and that I could almost hear the rattle of the chains as they were about to hoist anchor for the ship to start on another heroic quest. Here the analogy ends, for the Guilds have, I think, adapted themselves in a perfectly marvellous way to the changed industrial conditions through the establishment of technical schools. And, by the way, Mr. Chairman, I wish you had told me something about lathes before I came here to-night, because I have been proceeding in an entirely different direction, as I know nothing of lathes, but whenever I speak of technical training or industrial schools you will readily understand that I mean a lathe. By the establishment of technical schools, by perpetuating their usefulness in this way, the city Guilds have justified their continued existence. What finer work could they do than that of multiplying opportunities for technical training, and thereby instructing the youth of England in useful trades, arts and crafts, and cause



them to realize that the work which they expect to do stands related to all sincere and beautiful work in the world.

The casual labourer is a menace to any country. He is just driftwood, who is whirled about hither and thither in the eddies of the swift industrial stream to be cast finally and often at an early age on shore, baffled, bruised and beaten, hopeless and tragic. The work has been cut out for these guilds, the work of teaching the boys and girls of England the dignity of labour. The time will come, indeed has arrived, when the State in addition to giving a smattering of literature and art, a little science and some knowledge of languages, will teach the boys and girls some useful occupation so that when they leave the schools they will have an honourable ambition, reinforced by knowledge, not to seek odd jobs which they invariably lose, but to follow some continuous employment. The Guilds, in popularizing technical instruction, present the pleasing spectacle of ancient foundations on which have been built useful modern superstructures. The Guilds have grown old so gracefully and graciously, that we do not think of their age, but of their vitality. They are a connecting link between the old and the new order of things, between the time when men sang at their work and the time when they brood over their toil. If the Guilds can assist in bringing the singers back again, they will have done a wonderful thing, because they will have hastened the coming of the time when the world shall again be filled with joy.

## THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ETHNOLOGICAL  
SOCIETY, LONDON, MARCH 12, 1913

**I**F it is difficult to know oneself, it is perhaps more difficult to know anyone else. How seldom do we get deep down into the heart of a friend! In some rare moment of self-revelation he may disclose qualities whose existence we had never suspected, and instead of being absorbed in trade or finance, as we had always imagined, we find that he is, in fact, a poet—a seeker after the beautiful and the spiritual. Biographies are written simply to explain or supplement other biographies. A vast body of literature, or at least of polemical writings, grows up about great personages. For a hundred years or more Napoleon has been applauded or condemned by a multitude of writers who have judged him by widely varying standards. Certain periods of history will probably always be controversial because of the varying sympathies, prejudices and convictions of men. How many wars might have been avoided if the statesmen of the belligerent powers had only understood the motives, purposes and ambitions—the real intentions of their adversaries. We said that at last we understood Japan, and that when the Japanese discarded their Oriental dress they cast aside at the same time their Oriental habit of thought. And then, a distinguished admiral and his wife thought that they could render the highest service to their country by

following their Emperor into the shades, and in the presence of this great mystery we know how futile all our speculations had been about that ancient people.

It is nevertheless strange that the English and the American peoples, although they have so much in common, fail to comprehend some of the great fundamental qualities which go to form the national character on either side of the Atlantic. How curious is the widespread belief that the Englishman is shy and that he is deficient in a sense of humour, notwithstanding the splendid company of English humorists and wits, into whose society only the elect may enter. Then there is the popular impression in Europe, and especially in England, that each American carries concealed somewhere about his person a mysterious fountain, from which, upon the slightest provocation, humour, irony, satire, invective, brilliant metaphors, sparkling epigrams, appropriate historical incidents and apposite mythological allusions, will gush forth as freely as the water did when Moses struck the rock. The truth, of course, is that the American requires to think just as everybody else does, and that the superfluous word comes to him quite readily, while the inevitable word is always the offspring of time.

A country should be judged by what we find rather than by what we miss.

The very fact of our kinship seems to form at times a barrier instead of an approach to a better understanding. "God gives us our relatives," some one has remarked, "but, thank God, we can choose our friends." The interpretation of this sentence is, of course, that we are more apt to be disagreeable within the family than anywhere else. Fortunately we are usually only disagreeable in speech, confining our little quarrels to bloodless battles of words.

Some appreciable good, I believe, would be gained if even these irritating conflicts could be avoided, pro-

vided that no restrictions be imposed upon frank and honest criticism.

The causes for the failure of the English people fully to understand the American spirit are not difficult to discover. The principal offenders are the travellers, who, after visiting half a dozen cities and seeing a few phases of our multitudinous activities, seeking always what is piquant and sensational, what is eccentric and abnormal, and refusing to see the deep, strong, healthy and refreshing currents of national life, which are as wholesome and invigorating in America as in any other country, hasten to write books in which they describe without moderation, reservation or information, "The Real American," or "Impressions of America, by an unprejudiced observer," or "Controlling Tendencies in American Life." Some of the newspapers are not without blame, because of their disposition to represent America from day to day in much the same way as she is depicted by the class of writers I have mentioned—that is to say, they seize upon whatever is picturesque, vivid and startling, and offer a highly seasoned dish to their readers as a sample of the daily food and normal American life.

Another cause of misunderstanding is the inclination to judge a country by the occasional traveller, forgetting that no single individual, or even any number of individuals, can carry with them to another country the national spirit, in its entirety, of their own land. They must typify certain moods and exemplify certain characteristics, but they cannot embody in an illuminating manner all the qualities which give distinction and character to a people.

At this time, when we are looking forward to the commemoration of a hundred years of uninterrupted peace between England and America, and when it is proposed to erect a statue to George Washington in Westminster Abbey, and statues to Queen Victoria and Pitt in the

capital of my country, it<sup>seems</sup> seems fitting that I should attempt to explain, as I apprehend it, the part that America is taking in the world's work, to say something of her aspirations and ideals, and to attempt to convey to you, however imperfectly, my thought of the spirit in which she goes about her undertakings.

In seeking to do this, you must remember that we are dealing with a country which is so youthful that I myself knew a man who had seen all the Presidents of the United States, with the exception of the first three, from Washington to McKinley. Two lives might easily span the history of the republic.

America, too, is a country vast in size, and exceedingly rich in natural resources. It has grown in population in less than 150 years from a little over two millions to more than ninety millions of people. To the making of its population almost all nationalities and races have lavishly contributed.

"The elements of character," said Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in a lecture which he delivered before the Sorbonne two or three years ago, "which form in combination the American spirit, are the necessity of self-reliance, the love of fair play, the energetic will, the desire of order, and the ambition of self-development," to which he added the following temperamental traits: "A strong religious feeling, a sincere love of nature, a sense of humour and a deep sentiment of humanity."

Many influences co-operated to make the early settlers in America self-reliant. They had to establish their own social order, to create in a sense their own civilization. It devolved upon them to adapt time-honoured precedents to new conditions, or to abandon them altogether, and while they were doing this they were constantly menaced by savage foes, and had to subdue a virgin country to the uses of man, by clearing forests, building roads, constructing bridges, planting



crops, founding cities and establishing industries. Although they brought with them to their new home the traditions of the English people, and later the traditions of other peoples, whatever they brought they were compelled to apply and modify, so as to render it serviceable in an entirely new environment. The men who came to America in the seventeenth century—and they and their descendants are the men who, notwithstanding the great inflow of population from all parts of the world, have given direction and impetus to American institutions—were compelled to make the great change in order that they might enjoy a religious freedom which was denied to them in their old home. They had a passionate love of liberty in all its forms, and for its sake willingly endured hardships and perils and made sacrifices, of which we can form only a slight conception in these comfortable, slippered days of ease. It is natural that such men should demand a large share in the management of their own affairs, and that they should resent any irritating interference.

The history of the colonists is the history of unceasing protest against any action which they regarded as an attempt by Royal Governors and others placed in authority over them to curtail their privileges or restrict their rights. They were loyal to the Crown, but they would not submit to irritating domination by Council or Legislature, by Government or Parliament or King. I refer to these well-known facts because they explain so much that follows, and because the manifestation of the spirit of self-reliance is to be found at each successive stage in the development of the American spirit.

Our dual system of government, the reservation of numerous rights to the States, the limitation of federal powers, the very large measure of self-control retained by the people, their abounding optimism, their belief



in their capacity for achievement, their contempt of obstacles, their tremendous energy, their intense individualism, and the stimulus to their imagination by work to be done, can all be traced to this quality of self-reliance.

The absence of a capital in America corresponding to London, or Paris, or Berlin, of a great centre which establishes standards and assesses values, which attracts to itself the best life-blood of the nation, and which tends, through a general acquiescence in its authority, to become autocratic in its pronouncements, has accentuated the local patriotism which is so characteristic of America. The old Greek did not have a greater love for Athens than the twentieth-century American has for his city. The size of the city, its physical appearance, or its relative importance do not seem to increase or diminish his affection. If it should happen to be comparatively insignificant, he resolves to do whatsoever he can to increase its influence and prestige. If the intensity of his local patriotism makes the American at times blind to the short-comings and defects of his municipality, and more anxious from a false sense of pride to conceal its deficiencies than to expose them, it makes him also, when he is thoroughly convinced that a critical situation has arisen, an avenging power, which swiftly drives the incompetent and the corrupt from the place.

The spirit of the New England town meeting still survives, although greatly modified, since sooner or later the citizens express themselves with no uncertain voice upon the conduct of local affairs. The difficulty has been that they have not expressed themselves quickly or often enough. Their action in many cases has been too irregular and spasmodic, but this is being rapidly remedied in the great American cities, where an increasing number of earnest, devoted, intelligent

men and women are dedicating themselves to civic interests.

Notwithstanding the prevalent impression abroad that America is the chosen land for weird experiments in politics and social reforms, it is essentially conservative. Can any higher proof be given of its conservatism than the fact that the American Constitution which was adopted in 1787—the amendments embodying the Bill of Rights may be regarded as a part of the original instrument—has remained unchanged, with the exception of the amendments necessitated by the abolition of slavery, during a period in which the world has changed far more through the great discoveries of science and the expansion of human sympathy than in the interval which separates the reign of Henry VII from that of George III? Through a series of judicial interpretations the Constitution has been shown to be sufficiently flexible and elastic to be capable of adaptation to the requirements of the country, including the unexpected acquisition of foreign territory in the course of its development from infancy to manhood, and covering the time when all economic, financial, commercial, political and social conditions in America and the world over have undergone a marvelous transformation.

The significant thing in a Presidential Convention in America is not the playing of the bands, or the impassioned speeches, or the cheering of the names of favourite candidates for half an hour or more, or the tense atmosphere in which the proceedings are conducted, nor is it the apparent confusion, so difficult for a foreigner to understand. The significant, may I not say the unique thing is that through all the clamour and tumult the men who are to make the Presidential nomination never lose their heads. Inflammatory appeals do not influence or sway their judgment. Lurid pictures of the disaster that will

follow if this or that candidate should not be nominated amuse and entertain, but do not convince them, and, when the final decision is made, a man of the highest character and ability has invariably been chosen, who, if elected, has served his country with a high sense of the responsibility which the exercise of vast power imposes. Instead of being emotional or excitable, impatient for change and novelty, the American, with all his nervous energy and restlessness, must be convinced by fair and usually protracted argument of the desirability of departing from the old order of things before he is willing to try new paths. No greater mistake could be made than to suppose he is desirous of pulling something to pieces to see if he can put it together again, or, if not, to see if he can replace it with something different. His feet are firmly planted on the earth, and he likes the feel of it. Speculative, imaginary, and fantastic projects do not appeal to him, at least not for a very long time. The cults have a small following in America.

The Anglo-Saxon instinct for order must not be overlooked in an analysis of the American spirit. It has made England the most successful colonizing power in the world, because security of life and liberty are always assured under the British Flag. In the early days of the discovery of gold in California, when thousands of adventurers went there to seek their fortunes, and, in the absence of the ordinary social restraints, often manifested a reckless disregard for the rights of others, the miners enacted their own laws, established their own courts, and administered justice in a primitive and rough but very effective manner. In our brief occupancy of Havana we stamped out the yellow fever and inaugurated many reforms. When the Philippine Islands passed under our control we began at once to improve the harbour and city of Manila, to build highways and railways,

to establish a comprehensive school system, to bring native men and women to America and educate them as teachers, so that they might carry back to their far-away Pacific home a practical knowledge of American educational methods. Above all, we have made the Philipinos who have come within the sphere of our influence feel that it is our purpose to maintain a stable, social order throughout the archipelago. The building of the Panama Canal was undertaken with the adventurous spirit of the pioneer guided by the most exact scientific knowledge. The true imagination of the seer and the patience of men who work for their daily bread have combined to produce one of the most significant achievements of the ages.

We have the same disinclination as you have to leave anything to chance, to some hoped-for lucky turn of fortune's wheel. We believe, as you do, that it is only through personal initiative constantly applied that the blessings of liberty can be preserved.

The spirit of a people cannot perhaps be better ascertained than by learning something of *the regard in which they hold women, their attitude toward wealth, the value they place upon education, the quality of their patriotism*, whether it is mercenary and sinister or *pure and disinterested*; the *range of their sympathies*, their *religious temper*, the mood of their *journalism*, their *capacity* and willingness for *sacrifice*, their ability to *absorb and assimilate other peoples, their appreciation of art*, and the *ideals of their diplomacy*.

Within the limits of an hour I can only touch, and that in a very general way, upon some of the qualities or characteristics of our national life, which in the aggregate explain the spirit of America and define the character of its people.

An English writer who has lived for a long time in the United States has recently incorporated his impressions in two rather formidable volumes. He has, it

seems to me, entirely misconceived the position of woman in my country. "America," he says, "is the one country, civilized or barbarous, in which woman has never exercised the slightest influence on its affairs, or in the least degree affected its policies or its politics. She has never been the great social force that she has been in Europe in modern times, or was in the East when the world was young, and woman wrecked dynasties and made work for the map-makers." It seems strange to American men who know and appreciate the sacrifice and service that American women have rendered to our country that they should still remain an enigma to critics of other lands. The Pilgrim mothers were as self-sacrificing and heroic as the Pilgrim Fathers. The constancy and courage which made their sacrifices possible did not disappear with colonial days. In each stage of our country's development they have expressed themselves in myriad beneficial ways. The early history of the American woman was one of voluntary self-effacement. Wherever the American pioneer went as our frontiers were pushed westward, she went with him and shared his burdens, and she did so not because she was driven by ambition, but because she was impelled by a spirit of unselfish devotion and loyalty. The simplification of domestic duties through the multiplication of labour-saving devices has liberated her hours. Within a comparatively short time new interests have been quickened, great forces have been set free and she has begun to realize her boundless opportunities. The American woman is no longer regarded as a sub-conscious force, but is accepted as the colleague of man, working with him in the open, asking only for fair chance and fair play. She is rapidly becoming a compelling force in modern life.

It is true that women in America do not take an active part in politics—that is to say, they seldom



speak from the platform, or attempt in a quiet talk to convince the vacillating voter, who passes with comparative ease and elastic conscience from one party to another, of the error of his ways. The American women, nevertheless, exert a profound political influence. They have given, for example, direction and pace to the legislation in many States in the interests of temperance. They serve upon the boards of philanthropic, charitable, educational and reformatory institutions, not only those under private management, but public institutions that care for the many wards of the State. They have the suffrage in a number of American Commonwealths and exercise it with intelligent discrimination and zeal. The American women influence the political views of their husbands, brothers and sweethearts not only through the "silent pressure of the ideal" which they ever exert in the home, but their opinions are respected and their judgment finds more often than is generally supposed indirect expression at the polls. Their influence in moulding the thought and character of the people has been directly exerted in the sphere of education. They have had the youth of the country under their direction since the earliest days of the republic. Before the public schools were so generally available, children were educated in private seminaries where the staff of teachers were largely composed of women, and this is true in our public schools to-day from New York to San Francisco.

The organizations known as Women's Clubs in America originally grew out of a desire for self-culture and social intercourse, but they have become a tremendous force in social service. A good cause always finds a hearing at their assemblies, and no national or civic abuse escapes the vigilance of the recording angel of this great feminine federation.

Woman has been received in no other country into



the great professions of law and medicine in the same spirit of *camaraderie* as in America. The public schools and a majority of the colleges and universities are co-educational, and no avenue of congenial employment is closed to her.

In all the States, whether for life or in perpetuity, she is entitled to at least one-third interest in the real or personal property of which her husband may die possessed, and this interest cannot be diverted from her by will or any other manner, save by her own consent. In the case of the separation of husband and wife, if the wife desires it and has not been at fault, the custody of the minor children is awarded to her. Whatever she earns becomes her individual property, and is not subject to any control by the husband. The American woman is not regarded by the American man simply as a plaything, a doll to be dressed and adorned with jewels and ostentatiously exhibited at the opera and theatre, at restaurants and hotels and other public places, as a being with taste and beauty and a certain indescribable charm, but without mind or morals. On the contrary, she is his companion and comrade. They live together on a level of equality. There is no assumption of superiority on either side. They complement each other, and each is finer and stronger and nobler as a result of this mutual respect and confidence.

America has always believed and acted consistently upon the belief that in all forms of government, and especially in a pure democracy where the people are the source of power, an educated citizenship is indispensable to a progressive and wise administration of the functions of the State. She does not regard education, however, as a panacea for all ills, and realizes that a mass of undigested and unassimilated information may unfit, rather than qualify, a man for the serious duties of life. The educational system of

America rests upon the broad basis of the public schools, and ascends through the high schools and the technical and manual training schools to the colleges and universities. In the very beginning of American history, far back in colonial days, there was "a tragic reverence for culture," and it has continued to the present hour. "The spirit of America," remarks Henry Van Dyke, one of the wisest interpreters and critics of American influence and tendencies, "shows its ingrained individualism nowhere more closely than in education—first, by the breadth of the provision which it makes up to a certain point for everybody who wishes to be educated; second, by the entire absence of anything like a centralized control of education; and, lastly, by the remarkable evolution of different types of educational institutions and the liberty of choice which they offer to each student."

It is not my purpose to trace this educational evolution, but simply to indicate in broad outlines what is being done in a country, that many seem to regard as the apotheosis of materialism, for the intellectual culture of the people. Apart from certain grants to agricultural and mechanical schools, the generous allotment of public lands for specified educational purposes, the maintenance of the naval and military academies, the facilities afforded at Washington for scientific and literary research work and the Federal Bureau of Education, practically everything that is done in America for the education of its people is under State control, although there is more or less private and religious initiative. For the support of the common schools the States expended, six years ago, as much as for all other purposes combined. The outlay represented more than one-third of the amount spent that year by the Federal Government for the upkeep of the Army and Navy and for all national objects. More than 70 per cent of the population

—in some communities more than 90 per cent—between the ages of five and eighteen is enrolled in public schools. The technical and manual training schools are so comprehensively equipped, and the course of instruction is so excellent and adequate, that in many instances the graduates from these schools pass immediately from the schoolroom into the employment of railway and engineering companies and municipalities which require expert knowledge.

Are not the eighteen millions who go to the public schools, and the hundreds of thousands who attend the more advanced institutions of learning, the best guarantees that a nation can offer of its earnest purpose to produce, if possible, men and women with a broad and catholic outlook on life, and with the consciousness that a country that has done so much for them is worthy of their highest devotion and sacrifice?

In what manner, you naturally ask, is the spirit of America manifesting itself in the performance of voluntary social service? My answer is that each year more men and women are consecrating their time, as well as their wealth, to the service of city, State and nation. In doing this they are only following the splendid example of so many English men and women who freely dedicate their talents and their riches to the amelioration of the social conditions of their empire.

America is keeping pace with other nations in trying to disentangle a few of the sadly twisted threads of life, which seem to be in such a sorry tangle everywhere, by the application of rational and scientific, but, at the same time, sympathetic methods, to the treatment of social questions. She is trying to do this through reform in prison administration, through more intelligent and humane treatment of juvenile offenders (witness the beneficent influence in America

of the Juvenile Courts in the reformation of youthful law-breakers), through the regulation of child labour and a tender solicitude for all phases of child-life ; through the prevention of the marriage of the habitually criminal and the incurably feeble-minded and insane ; through the improvement of sanitation ; through the teaching of ignorant, indifferent and helpless mothers how to bring up their children, and through a general improvement of the conditions of life. The merciless landlord who secures dividends from sorrow, who only grudgingly makes improvements in his tenement houses, is almost extinct in America. The responsibility of wealth is felt more keenly in our country each day and a sincere desire to help the poor and not exploit them is everywhere found. Men and women are earnestly striving to bridge the chasm between poverty and wealth by understanding and sympathy. Students of social conditions are giving their lives to solve the problems constantly arising between capital and labour and to bring about co-operation in place of antagonism. The social settlements in America exceed in number those in all other countries combined, and these settlements are so transforming portions of our great cities that they in turn become centres of regeneration for outlying districts.

There is a great body of earnest, thoughtful, sincere men and women, throughout the country, both in private and public life, who study public questions intelligently and conscientiously, with the sole object of reaching a righteous, but not a self-righteous, conclusion, and whose influence is cast unreservedly and enthusiastically on the side of law and order, of justice, decency and right.

The unconscious, frank criticisms of a casual observer are sometimes worth hearing. They are a good tonic. They bring us up suddenly and sharply, and compel us to stop and take our own measure. " If we listen

to our enemy," Emerson said, "and take heed, he becomes our best friend." It happens, however, that the obvious often so completely overshadows the latent or hidden qualities in a people that the superficial observer assumes the latter to be non-existent. And so, we often hear of the hustling American, the go-ahead, the commercial, the energetic, the expansive, the shrewd and even the intelligent American, but not often of the artistic American, or artistic America, but, believe me, both exist.

Sometimes I think there is a mistaken impression abroad that the only art movement in the United States consists in an effort to smuggle in Old Masters—for purely commercial purposes—pictures that are to be kept under lock and key in the hidden recesses of some multi-millionaire's grotesque castle, only to be removed when they can be resold, if that time ever comes, at a greatly enhanced price.

It should be taken for granted that in every civilized community there is a love of the beautiful. It finds expression in an organized effort to acquire possession of works of art wheresoever found, and of fostering native talent. Both of these movements exist in America, have long existed, and have been rich in results. There were in the United States two years ago 944 art museums, societies and schools. The Art schools gave instruction to 31,700 pupils. There were also thirty-one professional schools of architecture which were generally connected with the universities. The annual expenditure for art education in 1908 in America was estimated at nearly \$2,500,000, which was divided between the Federal Government, the States, municipalities, private individuals and societies.

The Federal Government established in 1910 a Commission of Fine Arts, whose duty it is to advise the President and committees of either House of Congress, and who have the selection of the sites suitable



for statues, fountains, monuments and other public works of art to be erected under the authority of the United States. The most important Art organization in the United States next to the Federal Commission is the American Federation of Arts. It is the General Bureau of Information charged with the furtherance of Art interests in the country. It represents an aggregate of 63,000 persons identified with artistic interests. The Federation publishes a monthly illustrated magazine, organizes exhibitions of painting, sculpture and other works of art, sends out written lectures illustrated by stereoptican views to the smaller towns and cities which are remote from art centres. The National Institute of Arts and Letters is another organization which seeks to supplement the numerous local art institutions with a more general point of view.

There are permanent art collections in almost every part of the United States, and temporary collections are sent each year from city to city, thus affording the people of isolated districts an opportunity of seeing some of the finest examples of contemporary art. Annual exhibitions of paintings and sculpture have been held for years in most of the large cities. The permanent influence of these temporary exhibitions is often very great. Buffalo dates the origin of her Art Academy from 1861, the year of her first exhibition. The Pennsylvania Academy of Art goes back more than a century.

There are always a few persons in a community who take the initiative in directing and stimulating the art spirit. This is true in America. The general recognition of the necessity of a fine-art culture in forming the daily life of a people is shown in the tendency in America to impose an art tax in addition to the taxes already levied. In two cities, at least, such a tax has been imposed by a large popular vote. The effect upon the individual, and so upon the life of the com-



munity, of permanent art collections is clearly apparent in the United States. The greatest private collections have come from cities where public permanent collections have been longest maintained.

The protest is sometimes made that America reaps where she has not sown, and that she takes away without giving the world anything of beauty in return. America, I can assure you, is something more than a mere financial patron of the arts. She furnished one hundred years ago the second President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, in succession to Sir Joshua Reynolds. A hundred years later, Mr. J. J. Shannon, an American, was made President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Has not America done something for Art in giving to the world Whistler, who discovered "The Thames at Night," and Abbey, and Sargent, and F. D. Millet, who have interpreted in colour and form London's fleeting moods and have preserved on canvas the lovely lineaments of English women and the character and bearing of English gentlemen? Have not these *new* masters been a fair exchange for the old? There are many American artists who have always found their inspiration at home, whose canvases have commanded the admiration of the most emancipated critics. The sand-dunes of Homer Martin, the forests and marshes of George Innes and his equally talented son, Winslow, Homer Wyant, Weir, William Chase, Blakelock, Cecilia Beaux and how many others.

Another American type is the artist who receives his first instruction at home and then studies abroad with an open mind. His work, however is essentially American, informed by his native temperament and yet tinged by a reverence for the past. But he is less fettered by academic tradition than the European artist who is his contemporary.

I should like to linger over the works of our American

sculptors : Story, the friend, long ago, of Browning in Italy, the mystery and tragedy and beauty moulded into form by St. Gaudens, the spirit of the West in Remington's horses and rider, the life force in the noble work of Barnard, and the strength and sweetness and fine intelligence in the work of Janet Scudder, Taft, Bartlett and French. The list is long and distinguished.

America has had her share of ill-fitting bronze frock-coats, a modern fashion difficult to immortalize in sculpture, but the local committee in my country is more and more inclined to submit the statue or the memorial to be erected to the judgment of experts, so that the well-meant but futile tribute is giving way to the finely thought-out and executed work of art adapted to the purpose and place for which it is intended.

You will not expect me to adopt the tone or the views of the unsympathetic, pessimistic critic of my country. I prefer to lead you along more genial paths and give you glimpses of finer prospects that are just as real, just as true, and, perhaps, just as numerous as those presented by the cheap critics of American literature, whose wares are loudly cried in public places. Kindly forget the commercial interests which are often prominent in the minds of the critics of America and place yourselves in the mood to consider the men and women in the United States who have chosen literature for their life-work. How the goodly company crowds around us—Emerson, Longfellow, Fenimore Cooper, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Poe, Aldrich, Sidney Lanier, Parton, Prescott, Fiske, Walt Whitman, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mark Twain. Poets, novelists, critics, essayists, humorists, historians, all are to be found in that splendid group. Two living writers, who knew the old order of things intimately, who were part of the nineteenth century,

and prophets of the present—Mr. Henry James and Mr. William D. Howells—are in the very first rank of the writers of to-day. We have in Mr. Price Collier a clairvoyant critic who regards criticism as something more than adverse comment. He possesses the rare power of being both genial and frank, and is the only man, I think, who has been invited by a nation to tell it what he thinks of it. In Edith Wharton we have a novelist, finely feminine in her intention, masculine in her grasp of situations.

Mr. William James preserved the earlier traditions in style, while he kept far abreast of modern spiritual thought. George Cable, Mary Wilkins, Joel Chandler Harris bring back in all their original freshness, quaintness and charm the rapidly vanishing lipping creole, the repressed and depressing New England Puritan, and the folk-lore of Brer Rabbit. James Whitcomb Riley has found in the shrewd and kindly early settler of the Middle West the immortal blend of humour, pathos and all the elemental qualities, real and ideal, that make what we call human nature and given them back to us in enduring verse. A younger generation, too, is pressing on, interpreting American life and human character with scholarly discipline and sympathetic insight, and presenting the results of their labour to a world of appreciative and cosmopolitan readers.

But, it may be asked, who has taken the place of the old Concord group? Frankly, there is no one who is doing just the work that they did. Fruitful periods in the history of every people are followed by intervals of rest. The rest does not, however, signify neglect, nor absence of development and growth. To the close observer of the winter landscape each tree experiences a daily change. The tree bare of leaf, flower and fruit, may hold the principle of life and respond to it.

While there are fewer writers of the first rank in America to-day than forty or fifty years ago, the general level of excellence is higher than at any previous period. The short stories which are being written of American life are vivid, sincere in thought, and conscientious and intelligent in workmanship.

The American writers of fiction to-day are chiefly distinguished by the tendency they show to throw off European traditions and to find their material in the many and varied types around them, placing them against their own national background.

There was a time when an American novelist hurried his heroine off to Europe with the greatest possible haste. He depicts her now in her natural home environment, and as he does so he portrays the drama of the clash of European ideas with those of a democracy. He presents the comedy and tragedy which are interwoven in the life of a people working out their civilization under new conditions. And, because the conditions of life in America are presented by a democracy, the keynote of its literature is social sympathy. The sectional note is dying away, the European experience is becoming incidental and unconscious, and the American author, for the first time, is in the grip of American problems, and is making a real study of the American character.

There could not be a more serious misconception of the American spirit than the view which, I am afraid, is quite widely entertained, that wealth, simply as wealth, is worshipped in America, and that its possessor is deified. Nothing could be further from the truth. The attitude of the average American towards wealth is an attitude neither of hostility nor of servility. He does not denounce a man because he is rich, neither does he extol him simply because he has great possessions. If he uses these possessions wisely for the public benefit he is applauded. If he is satisfied to



accumulate great wealth and selfishly husband it he has no place in the public regard.

We do not build monuments to men in America because they have amassed fortunes. No man of colossal wealth has ever been elected President of the United States, no lawyer representing great corporate interests has ever held that high office, and neither has any captain of industry been so honoured. What the American does admire—and how could it be otherwise in a country where so much has been accomplished in so short a time in the way of material development as well as in other directions—are the ambition, sagacity and courage which men have displayed in the creation and development of great enterprises. I am quite sure that these qualities, displayed on the same vast scale in any other country, would command there the same recognition as in America. He greatly misinterprets the American spirit who believes that its inspiration comes from dwelling upon the opportunities of making money.

All acute observers of American life have been impressed with the religious temper of the people. The greatest, perhaps, of all the foreign critics of America, Mr. Bryce, asserts, "It was their religious zeal and the religious conscience which led to the founding of the New England colonies over three centuries ago—these colonies whose spirit has, in such a large measure, passed into the whole nation. Religion and conscience have been constantly active forces in the American Commonwealth, not, indeed, strong enough to avert many moral and political faults, yet at the worst times inspiring a minority with a courage and ardour by which moral and political evils have been held at bay, and in the long run generally overcome."

By the religious temper of the American I mean that he judges things by certain high ethical standards.

The great body of the nation refuses to condone immorality in any form. The Puritan conscience has survived. Outside of the small coterie to be found in all countries who are dissolute and profligate, and simply eat and drink and try to be merry, you will quickly realize, if you live in America, that conduct still counts, and that he who offends the moral sense of a community, and it makes little difference where that community may be, receives quick condemnation. The religious factor, therefore, cannot be ignored in any serious endeavour to understand the American character, since it is such a vital part of that character.

No discussion of the American spirit would be complete without a passing reference to what some call the inquisitiveness of the American, but which I prefer to think of as a divine curiosity, leading him, as it does, over oceans and across continents in search of something he wishes to see and wishes to know. I do not think that "Baedeker" is a bad national emblem to carry. We know at least that it will not appeal to anyone who is afraid to venture very far beyond the shadow cast by the parish pump. It is the desire to visit places of historic interest where great deeds have been performed, and to frequent the galleries where great pictures hang, that brings the American to Europe, quite as much as the desire to see the shops, or to stroll along the boulevards. It is an illustration of the national desire to learn, of the national unwillingness to stay at home and vegetate and settle down to a torpid old age of garrulous talk about trivial things.

The American spirit has always recognized the virtue and value of peace and has advocated war only when war was inevitable. Arbitration has ever been America's first recourse in settling international differences. Within twenty years after the Declaration of Independence, England and America entered



into a solemn compact that boundary disputes and certain other differences should be settled by arbitration, and this treaty ushered in the modern era of goodwill. While we have always observed Washington's admonition to remain free from entangling alliances, our government realizes that international relations are always delicate and sensitive, and so our foreign representatives have been men chosen because of their earnestness of purpose, which has become more and more the dominant note of American life as the responsibilities of the nation have multiplied and broadened.

So far the success of American diplomacy has depended upon the quality of the individual chosen as ambassador or minister, as we have had no established foreign service. While the world has been awaiting our adoption of the European system, it has, in one conspicuous instance, conformed to the American custom and with the happiest results. One hour of Mr. Bryce's catholic sympathy contributes more to the consummation of a better understanding between England and America than all the State papers which passed between our two countries during the years of his stay in Washington.

It is often said that negotiations between nations are now conducted through the Foreign Offices, and that ministers and ambassadors merely carry out instructions and communicate decrees. No greater mistake could possibly be made. The personal equation in diplomacy can never be eliminated. Cables may flash words, but they cannot transmit influence. An official can always be secured, but fortunate indeed is the President or ruler who finds a personality.

I should like to speak at length of the effect that immigration is producing upon the American character—what it means to have from 800,000 to 1,000,000

strangers come to our shores annually to abide with us—how the stock is improved, as, I believe, by the intermingling of nationalities and races, but I can only say that nothing is more remarkable in America than the swiftness with which strangers become thoroughly imbued with the American spirit. They may not speak the English language, but they soon acquire it, while the children of the second generation, and even of the first, often graduate from our colleges and universities. In our last two wars the native-born were not more loyal than their comrades of foreign birth. They mingled their blood on every battlefield, because they loved their adopted country with the same patriotic fervour.

The spirit of a people is sometimes expressed through an individual in such an illuminating way that a study of his character is a revelation of national traits. Lincoln probably embodied within himself more than any other man the American spirit. The temper of the nation was reflected in his indomitable will, his superb faith, his splendid courage, his dependence upon a higher power, his moods of despondency—they were transient and the sun soon broke through the clouds—in his delight in puncturing a sophistry or a sham, in his dislike of pretence, his aversion to subterfuge and intrigue, his love of fair play, his infinite compassion for the weak and helpless, and in his desire to make a friend of a foe rather than to exult over his downfall.

I have purposely avoided speaking this evening about wheat farms and cornfields, about cotton, tobacco plantations and cattle ranches, about coal and steel and iron, about railways and great industries constantly expanding, about swelling imports, exports and gratifying trade balances, about the high level of material prosperity which has been attained in America, because this is only a phase, important as

it is, of our civilization, but it is the phase with which you are doubtless most familiar.

To find the American spirit you must go to the shops and factories and farms, to the schools and colleges, the libraries, laboratories and museums, to the countless homes where thoughtful men and women are reading and reflecting and forming conclusions, which they are willing to follow. If you make this quest you will find that they who best exemplify the American spirit have faith and hope and courage ; that they seek wealth, not so much for its own sake as for the good they can do with it ; that, possessing the buoyancy of youth, they are willing to make precedents as well as to follow them ; that they have a profound sense of individual responsibility ; that they are eager to help the generations who are to succeed them, and believe that nation is most richly dowered which has the greatest number of homes in which happy lives are lived, homes where there is neither great poverty nor great wealth, but where the joy is present which comes from noble striving.

Amid all the varied evidences of our national development, shown in the deepening of the channels of rivers, in vast schemes of reclamation and irrigation, in the building of towns and cities, in the blasting of tunnels, in the flinging of railroads into new areas, in the linking of oceans—above all the din and clatter and crash of machinery is to be heard a voice declaring that all these things are simply the preparation, the setting of the stage, for the great drama of American national life, in which the play of spiritual forces will, I believe, be ever more and more noticeable.

In these strange and spacious days, when a century is crowded into an epoch, when the sea has become vocal, when the hour of meditation is disturbed by the whirring of an aeroplane, when the dreamers, those mystic foretellers of the dawn, realize that their

dreams at last are coming true, and the future seems only to be troubled because the present refused to be guided by worn-out formulas and rusty platitudes, we rejoice that we in America have not lagged behind, either in sympathy or in effort, in aiding in the great work of social reconstruction, which is the world's work to-day, and that always dissatisfied with present accomplishments we believe with Browning that "the best is yet to be."

The problems which confront America to-day are very different from those which engaged the attention of its founders. They have to do with the production and distribution of wealth; the control of corporate power, lest blinded by its strength it may work injustice; with the relations between labour and capital, to the end that neither may obtain an undue advantage over the other, but that each may secure a fair return for its effort; with the improvement of the squalid and sombre environment into which so many are born and compelled to live; and with the strengthening of international friendships.

Never was America so well prepared as she is to-day to deal with these problems, because never was the American mind so informed and disciplined, and never was the American conscience so sensitive and aggressive.

The dangers, supposed by many to be inherent in a democracy, the arbitrary rule of the majority, the exaltation of a uninformed public opinion, the disregard of the experience of other nations, the tendency to level downward, the envy and hatred of the rich, the contempt for orderly methods of administration, and the eagerness to take short cuts instead of travelling with deliberation and caution along carefully constructed highways, have been singularly absent as a permanent influence in the development of the American national character. America has made mistakes,

as all governments have made them, and she will continue to make them. America recognizes, however, that there is such a thing as "unclean remorse" in the case of nations as well as of individuals. It is well to grieve for a season over our mistakes, but it is destructive of all fine initiative to sorrow unduly and to linger too long in the shadow of our blunders. The only healthy remorse is the remorse which expresses itself in acts of expiation, in self-sacrifice and high endeavour. The nation that whimpers and whines and points with pride to the past, with fear to the present and with trembling to the future has sung its epic and done its work. In the full flood tide of life there is no time for idle regrets and vain repinings. Hence the optimism of America. She does not minimize the difficulties and dangers inherent in her problems, but neither is she disturbed by them. She is trying to solve them, not by lip service, or casual expedients, or makeshifts, but by original research work, by comparative study, and by the experience of other countries which are confronted with similar problems.

It is upon the education of public opinion to see things clearly, and upon the education of the public will to do things wisely, that America rests her belief in the future triumphs of democracy.



## THE FOREIGN CONSULAR CORPS

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE LORD MAYOR  
AND LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON, AS PRESIDENT  
OF THE FOREIGN CONSULAR CORPS, AT THE  
ANNUAL DINNER GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR,  
1912

THE representatives of many countries are gathered in the banqueting hall to-night, and we all rejoice at the brightening prospect of peace. Not the least service we endeavour to render—is it not, indeed, the greatest?—is to create an atmosphere of international goodwill. Wars usually spring from misunderstandings, slight or grave, as the case may be, from suspicions and jealousies, which are born of ignorance, so that surely only good can result when fifty nations touch elbows in one city and discover that they look at most things in quite the same way, and that what they hold in common is of infinitely greater value than the things about which they honestly differ.

The members of the Association of Foreign Consuls in London, and the associate members throughout the United Kingdom, greatly appreciate the distinction of having the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress of this ancient city as the guests of honour at their annual dinner. It is true that Rome recently celebrated its 2,637th birthday and London seems in comparison, of course, a very giddy and frivolous young thing. One thousand years of history, however, makes a very respectable background, and when that stretch



of time has witnessed the birth and development of a mighty empire to whose prosperity this city has made many significant contributions, London may perhaps be pardoned if she occasionally puts on airs and regards her younger rivals with a certain measure of condescension.

There are many shrines in London where we all love to linger and pay our homage. There is hardly a street that does not recall a great personage in letters or science or art, in philanthropy or philosophy, in politics or war. It is withal a tolerant and friendly city where all sects may worship, where people of all nationalities and races are welcome, where you can say and do whatever you please if you do not disturb the peace, and where stupidity is apparently the only thing that is not forgiven. If the city continues to expand as expand it must, Greater London will have a population fifty years hence of more than sixteen million people. It will then present the most interesting problem in municipal administration which any city has ever offered. The quality of that population will very largely determine the character of this empire.

My Lord Mayor, you are indeed the ruler of "a strong city." The Mansion House is a place where great orators have been heard, where great dignitaries have been entertained, where great causes have been pleaded, where noble charities have been sustained and where the holy Cause of International Peace has been strengthened.

The relation between the Mansion House and the foreign consuls in London is very intimate and friendly. We see oftener, possibly, than anybody else the Municipal Carriage, that wonderful creation of glass and gilt and doubtless precious stones, whirl by, and, although dazzled by the gorgeous liveries of the attendants and subdued by their air of superiority,

we occasionally catch a glimpse of a quiet figure within, with a long gold chain, who wears a puzzled expression, as if he were trying to remember whether he had promised that day to visit a hospital or to dedicate a cricket field. So intimate, indeed, is the relationship between the Mansion House and Consular officers, that during the present week two communications which were addressed to the Lord Mayor were forwarded to me, one imploring his lordship to attend a séance to-morrow night and hold ghostly converse with the spirit of a departed journalist, still supposed to have views on English politics and English social conditions; and the other beseeching him to express to certain women, who are doing things which some people think are quite unfeminine, the opinion of an American lady as to the quality and consequences of their conduct.

So much is required of a Lord Mayor that I should not be surprised at any time to read that the chief magistrates of all the principal English cities had gone on a strike, demanding shorter hours, simpler meals, fewer duties and Sundays with their families. Think of a Lord Mayor's Sunday! He is a sort of religious chameleon, worshipping in turn in chapel and church, in tabernacle, synagogue and mosque, a Primitive Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a Greek or a Jew, according to the requirements of his official-spiritual calendar. He is expected to be prepared to speak, often with little opportunity for preparation, upon the greatest variety of subjects; aviation, for example, at three, garden cities and rural housing at four; the Anglo-American Century of Peace at five-thirty—with a cup of tea; while in the evening he must appear fresh and smiling, either as host to the High Court Judges or as guest at a dinner of one of the London Companies, and talk intelligently on the administration of justice, value

of manual training, the best manner of dealing with the insistent problem of casual labour, or the possibility of reviving in some modified form the old system of apprenticeship. He must never seem to be fatigued, or bored, and must satisfy each visitor that the subject in which he is interested is the one which makes the most direct and lasting appeal to his lordship. He dreams, I doubt not, of dinners, delegations and bazaars, and makes eloquent speeches in his troubled sleep. We cannot think of London without him, for he is the great Civic Host, dispensing gracious hospitality and bringing together, as no one else can, all classes of society under one benignant roof. The hospitals and asylums are his especial charge. He is the finest example—and England affords many such—of a man who willingly spends himself in the service of the city he loves. He knows that when local patriotism is dead or indifferent or cynical, there will be little of that wider patriotism, which breeds statesmen and soldiers who can wisely direct the policies and bravely fight the battles of their country.

Important a figure as the Lord Mayor is, he always owes much to the Lady Mayoress, who brings that delicate, exquisite and subtle something, too intangible for definition, which only a woman can bring to civic life, and which fills it with a fragrance and sweetness and charm, which is beautiful and inspiring. She often does the thinking, I am told, while the Lord Mayor simply dons the robes of office.

My Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the members of the Consular Association trust that you will be granted a great deal of happiness, and that your year of office may be crowded with compensations to offset the burden of its exactions, and that you may look back upon this year as one filled with joy and fruitful endeavour.

## THE FLY FISHERMAN

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AS GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE  
FLY FISHERMEN'S CLUB, LONDON

I DESIRE at the outset to congratulate the club on the establishment of a quarterly journal. It should be welcomed as a valuable addition to current fiction.

On behalf of the guests I wish to express our very great appreciation of the charming hospitality we have enjoyed this evening, the toast which has been so graciously proposed should, I think, be responded to by some consecrated fly fisherman. For one who has never cast a line to be called upon to respond, seems as incongruous as it would be to have a bull-fight in a Spanish-American town to increase the funds of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

And yet the desultory and casual comments of a non-fisherman may not perhaps be wholly devoid of interest. The expert is generally discredited because of his excessive enthusiasm and the agility and skill with which he attempts to bend all facts so that they may conform to his preconceived theory. The layman, at least, comes with a fresh, original and unprejudiced point of view. Fishing appeals to me because it is an individual and democratic sport and because it is practised in the open. Almost all of the present-day sports are simply performances by a few trained men for the diversion of sluggish thousands who willingly pay a shilling or two, or more, to see somebody do

something. It is not in that way that a strong, capable, healthy race is developed. It is suggestive of the arena, where people were entertained in an earlier time, so that they might forget their duties and the responsibility of power. Now, of course, no one would ever think of going to see a man fish. If he did, he would receive a cold welcome. His enthusiasm would be chilled, and in the presence of spectators the size of the fish would sensibly diminish.

I had a friend who was a very enthusiastic fisherman and he had a friend who was equally absorbed in the sport. My friend one day went to his friend's office with a plank on which was drawn the outline of a gigantic fish which, he said, represented the size of the fish he had caught many thousands of miles away while on his summer's vacation. He could not bring the fish with him but he had brought the drawing and proudly displayed it as evidence of his skill. His friend, after examining it, said, "I do not see why you should have gone to all that trouble. You could have prepared it just as easily at home."

If fly-fishing or any other kind of fishing is a selfish pastime, it is also democratic. The boy without ambition and the tramp without a home can practise it in primitive fashion—and usually with greater success than the man of wealth and leisure who provides himself with a very elaborate equipment and supplements his ill-luck with a vivid and resourceful imagination.

Best of all, fishing cannot be practised within doors. Anything that can be done with the blue sky bending over you can be sagely done. The impassioned pleas for Mormonism, Socialism and Buddhism, for impractical, visionary and fantastic codes of morals and schemes of government which are shrieked forth at the Marble Arch, are perfectly harmless. There is no dynamic power in them, because the hot vapourings disappear



in the tree-tops, and when the small crowds gathered around the frenzied orators disperse, and they see the flowers bloom and hear the birds sing, they realize that life is not only an endurable, but an enjoyable thing. To speak of agitators and pessimists and cynics very frankly, I can say they never come from the ranks of the fly fishermen.

The fly fisherman is the finest illustration of the survival of hope and faith in an age of destructive criticism. The iconoclast has never made the slightest impression on the silent, immovable, statuesque figure which, the world over, hour after hour, looks with intense expectancy into the depths of lake or pool or river, never doubting, however often he may have been disappointed, that what he expects will eventually arrive.

In a discourse on angling, Sir Henry Wotton, friend and companion of Izaak Walton, said that it furnished employment for an idle time, for one's time was not then idle, because he found it a rest for his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of urgent thoughts, a moderator of passions, while it begat, in those who practised it, habits of peace, patience and tranquillity. How like men fish really are! Chaste or amorous, quiescent or violent, timid or bold, wise or foolish, according to their kind.

It seems to me, by studying their characteristics and qualities, very much of advantage could be learned in reference to warfare and statecraft and all forms of social organism—when to give and when to take—so that victory may be ultimately achieved.

My concern, however, is with the fisherman rather than with his victim. Far removed from the stress and strain of life, waiting for the nibble that seldom comes, what an opportunity he has for meditation and reflection! Free from distractions, he sees things



with a clarified vision and is able to reach just conclusions. Many grave questions of state I have no doubt have often been settled by the quiet riverside. A law should, I think, be enacted, requiring all who sit on the Front Benches to spend a day or two each week just in fishing. In motoring and golfing, in cycling and aviation, you get pace, but it is not always pace you want in legislation. Patient thought is required, and you always get that in fishing. Shut off from the world, the fisherman sees things in their true relationship and rediscovers fundamental truths.

And then what shall I say of the joy, the rapture, the ecstasy, when you have something on the end of your line, something you think is really worth while? Instantly you forget—you do not even know—whether you are married or single. If you have children you are unable to recall their names, their temperaments, their ages or their sex. A twenty-two pound salmon makes you absolutely indifferent to Home Rule, Fiscal Reform, or the state of trade. All the trappings of civilization at once drop away from you and you become again savage, a glorious savage, an elemental creature with but one desire in the world, the desire to land that fish. Every good fisherman is, I think, a lover of nature, enamoured of her<sup>43</sup> tranquillity and charm, and so it is natural that judges, barristers, solicitors, journalists, stockbrokers, and all who love a quiet, studious life, should enjoy fishing.

You very naturally and properly ask under these circumstances, why I myself do not fish. My only explanation and justification is this, that I was brought up in a rather puritanical household, with very rigid notions of morality, with a distinct repugnance to all forms of exaggeration, and, recognizing these limitations, I never could be a successful fisherman. It was

not any physical disqualification, as some of you may suppose, but simply a tremendous handicap, a handicap which, I am sure, rests very lightly upon every expert fly fisherman.

## THANKSGIVING DAY

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING  
DINNER OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON,  
NOVEMBER, 1912

WE are so accustomed to grumble and complain and to compare unfavourably the age in which we live with some other age, which we have idealized, attributing to it many excellences and virtues which it never revealed, that it would seem we had almost lost the capacity for being thankful. We simply revel in our grievances. No one, I imagine, is really happier than a certain type of person who has what might be called a successful malady, a malady some of the symptoms of which are quite complicated and may be prolonged but are not at all painful, and provide a never-failing topic of conversation with sympathizing friends.

The penitent, at a religious experience meeting in olden times, who could recount the greatest number of shortcomings was the hero of the occasion, and, responding to the sympathetic atmosphere in which he spoke, boasted occasionally of even imaginary sins.

Are we not inclined in quite the same manner to reflect upon our own epoch and to paint it much blacker than it really is, failing to see that the grim and sombre and tragic scenes are often shot through and through with sunlight, until the dark places almost entirely disappear, and everything seems aflame with beauty and love and goodness?

Can it be possible, as a writer in an English newspaper recently suggested, that the despondency and pessimism of the present age are due to the food we eat? You cannot expect, he remarked, a creature to fight like a hero who has been fed upon nothing more palatable than a mysterious tabloid and some kind of sterilized extract. Just as I was about to agree with him, there seemed to pass before me the great company of heroes in peace and war for the last fifty years, and I knew that even if they had been brought up on Quaker oats, grapenuts and shredded wheat, instead of beef and mutton, they would still have done a great work in the world. In some future age, the twentieth century, doubtless, will be selected as a period worthy of emulation, because of its lofty public spirit, the high quality of its social service, the larger freedom enjoyed by women, the improved condition of those who toil, and its earnest efforts to foster international goodwill.

Thanksgiving Day is not a day specially set apart for introspection and morbid self-analysis, but for praise and gratitude, for benefits received and blessings enjoyed. It is an American home day, and our English friends who are to-night a part of the family party will enter into the spirit of the occasion if we fall into a reminiscent mood and recall the blessings we have received from the past, not only for what has been given us, but for what has been taken away.

Nearly three hundred years have passed since the first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the remnant of that little band of heroic men and women who endured both in the old world and in the new manifold dangers and perils for conscience' sake. If they had cause for thanksgiving on that rock-bound coast, in that inclement weather and surrounded by a multitude of savage foes, how much greater reason have we, with all the blessings that have been showered on us in the

succeeding centuries, to render praise to Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the destiny of nations.

We should be especially grateful that we have the Puritans for an example, instead of for neighbours, although we can never pay them sufficient tribute for the supreme sacrifices they made, so that not only they themselves, but those who followed them should enjoy civil and religious liberty. Though speech is inadequate to portray their indomitable resolution, their splendid indifference to danger, their superb contempt of the material advantages of compromise, and their sublime faith, nevertheless, we should not like them for everyday companions, with their disposition to persecute all who differed from them, their hatred and fear of beauty, their condemnation of innocent pastimes, their refusal to allow husbands and wives to kiss each other except when the blinds were down, and their congregations that ne'er broke up. Proud as we may well be of the precious cargo that the *Mayflower* landed on Plymouth Rock, and thankful as we are that the great principles which the Pilgrim Fathers upheld have been woven into our national institutions and charters, still, I think you will agree with me that we would not enjoy the Puritans as intimate friends.

Think of child life in the Puritan days. We have, for example, the story of little John Evelyn, who had learned all his catechism at two and a half years old, and could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, knowing the first three languages perfectly before his fifth year! For in that year he did the government and use of the relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures in trope, and had a strong passion for Greek. When he saw a *Paulas* in some one's hand, he asked what book it was, and when told it was comedy and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Throughout his life, we



are told, he was all prettiness, and far from being morose, sullen or childish—which we may readily believe—in anything he said or did. Then there was dear little Elizabeth Butcher, who, when two and a half years old—apparently the favourite age for religious meditation in the seventeenth century—asked herself the question as she lay in her cradle, “What is my corrupt nature,” and then answered herself, “It is empty of grace, bent unto sin and only to sin and that continually.” American children of to-day, with all their aggressiveness, seem to me quite healthy and normal and refreshing in comparison with these tragic prodigies of piety and learning.

Should we not be deeply thankful that the great traditions associated with the office of the President of the United States are to be maintained, that the long succession of men of ability and lofty ideals in statesmanship is to continue unbroken? Is it not reassuring to know that while we lose, in the retirement of Mr. Taft, a public servant, disinterested, brave and wise, we shall have in his successor a man of broad patriotism and high scholarship, a thoughtful student of conditions, who approaches his great office with a fine realization of the responsibility which the exercise of vast power imposes.

For the abundant fruits of the harvest, the earth having again yielded of its increase with prolific fullness, for industries actively employed, for multiplying schools, colleges and universities, for the maintaining of all forms of social service, for the purification of civic ideals, for great scientific discoveries adapted to the needs of man, and for the marvellous extension of human sympathy, we humbly and reverently give thanks to God, from Whom all good doth proceed. We are thankful, notwithstanding the pessimism of many chimney-corner critics who really know very little of the direction and sweep of the great currents

of life which carry nations to the fulfilment of their purposes, that this is an age of the most intense and vivid faith, and that underlying all the widespread discontent is the belief, a large and confident belief, too, that out of the clash of conflicting desires, interests and ambitions, clearer social state will emerge. It is inevitable that cure-all, quack remedies will be offered for social diseases, as they always have been offered, that they will be tried for a season and finally rejected. With each rejection, and this should make us very thankful and very hopeful, a saner prospect will be offered to the true social reformer.

We should never cease to be thankful for our geographical isolation, which has kept us free from many embarrassments and entanglements. We should realize, however, that our detached position should not afford us simply an excuse to withdraw selfishly from our obligations to our fellow-men. Our detachment is helpful because it gives us an historical perspective, a wider view of the origin, movement and trend of human relations, and enables us to learn, if we will, by observation instead of by bitter experience. Our isolation permits us to become, in a sense, the world's laboratory for far-reaching social experiment ; the efficiency of democracy will be ultimately judged, and properly so in view of our extraordinary opportunity, according as we do well or ill. We should not fail to be thankful, too, in this age of association and co-operation, that there has been a revival of individualism, and that men are thinking for themselves as never before, not thinking wisely at all times, for the first mood of individualism is one of hostility and antagonism to things as they are, but in the end the good that is old will be preserved, and the good that is new will be added to it ; a simple sum, after all, in moral arithmetic.

Upon each recurring Thanksgiving Day may the

American people have abundant cause for gratitude. As we grow in strength may we grow also in wisdom, conscious of the mighty moral forces which have steadied and sustained us and borne us to victory through all the great crises in our history. May we never cease to utter praises to Him Who lifts one nation up and casteth another down, and whose judgments are righteous altogether and must prevail.

## NATHAN MORRIS

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING  
OF THE INDIANAPOLIS BAR ASSOCIATION, 1903

THE life of Nathan Morris was so simple, natural and unaffected that we all have the same point of view regarding him. I knew him for more than a quarter of a century. He was among my earliest acquaintances in Indianapolis. We first met when he was a student in the office of General Chapman and I a student in the office of Duncan and Duncan. We met when we had enthusiasm and high hopes and high ideals, and I rejoice that we always kept them. We met when we had our moments of depression and discouragement, but also when we had our hours of exultation and exaltation and all things seemed possible. Nothing ever marred that friendship. It deepened and strengthened with the years. It is a friendship overflowing with gentle memories. I look back upon it to-day as one recalls a wondrously beautiful landscape which filled the vision, a landscape in which valley and plain and stream blended in perfect harmony, a landscape at once restful and stimulating.

Nothing sweeter or nobler can be said of any man than that he was a great lover of his kind. This surely can be said of Nathan Morris. He was solicitous for the happiness of others and was constantly bringing hope, joy, peace and sunshine into their lives. He did not remember his friends occasionally and spas-

modically as many of us do, but from day to day he dowered them with the riches of his love. It is only given to a few to die while serving efficiently those they love. It was the knowledge of this fact which transfigured the face of Sidney Carton and made him a veritable angel of life and light as he rode in the rough cart, with the poor seamstress by his side, on the way to the guillotine. A girl in one of the department stores of this city said to her employer only yesterday : " It is hard for me to work to-day, because, while I did not know Nathan Morris, I have heard of so many kind, thoughtful and considerate things he did that I, a stranger to him, am standing in the shadow of the sombre tragedy of his death." When we think of Nathan Morris in the years to come, and we must needs think of him very often, it will be of a friend who was catholic in thought, tolerant in speech and generous in impulse and deed, of one whose heart went out in warmest sympathy to the weak, the defenceless and the suffering, of one who gave us freely of himself—and this is always much the larger gift—as he did of his means to relieve the unfortunate. His memory will be cherished as tenderly and lovingly in many humble homes as in the homes of his multitudinous friends.

I sometimes think we do not appreciate the debt we owe to the Jewish race. The Jewish household is the best example we have, perhaps, of pure and holy family life. The persecution, injustice and cruelty to which the Jewish people have been subjected through the centuries have bound the members of their families together in the most perfect, loving union. Nathan Morris was loyal to his race, but wholly free from the prejudices and bigotry of race tradition. He led a life which levelled all creeds and which destroyed all distinction between Jew and Gentile. He had the virtues of his race, and they are many. He was affectionate, persistent, progressive, sagacious and fertile in re-

source. He might be temporarily baffled, but he was seldom ultimately beaten. He was an exceptionally good lawyer, clear in his conception of the law and vivid and convincing in his interpretation and statement of it. He knew intuitively what many acquired laboriously. He had that uncommon common sense which enabled him to see the weakness and the strength of a business or a legal proposition. He was always, therefore, valuable and admirable in counsel.

It is not as a lawyer, however, that we shall love to think of Nathan Morris, but as a man, public-spirited, broad-minded and generous-hearted. By the charm of his personality and the sincerity of his character he drew strong men unto him, and numbered among his intimate friends some of our most representative citizens, leaders in thought and endeavour. He was actively identified with our local charities. No worthy philanthropy ever appealed to him in vain for aid. If he heard of a child in distress or of a woman suffering pain or of a man downtrodden and discouraged, he ministered to them and tried to make their pathway easier.

Those who saw the drama, *Everyman*, in which the whole tragedy of human life is revealed in the span of two brief hours, will remember how Friendship and Kindred Riches and Beauty and the Five Wits, how Strength, Discretion and even Knowledge, withdrew at the brink of the grave, until Good Deeds alone remained, with face triumphant, to walk by the side of Everyman through the Valley of the Shadow. We know to-day that Nathan Morris did not have to take that last awful journey without companionship, for he must have been attended by a radiant company of good deeds. This is the lesson of his life to you and to me—that all selfish action is petty and ignoble, and service for others is the only lasting good.



## FAREWELL TO INDIANAPOLIS

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE COMMERCIAL CLUB,  
MAY, 1905

“**F**RIENDSHIP,” Lowell once said, “is the wine of life,” and Hawthorne speaks of it as the solidest thing in the world. The reception which you have so generously tendered to me this evening makes the thought of leaving Indianapolis, even for a season, more difficult. It is a proper and just ambition for a man to seek the confidence and esteem of his neighbours—to know that they wish him well, and wherever he may go, and however long he may be absent, there is always a little place for him, a cosy corner “at the fireside of their hearts.”

In the twenty-nine years that I have lived in Indianapolis—it seems but yesterday that I came here, so swift do the years fly—I have had many evidences of your friendship. I look into the faces of men to-night who have come to me again and again in a spirit at times, it seemed to me, of spendthrift generosity, offering their services on my behalf. The obligation I owe to them can never be discharged. The principal must always remain unpaid. The most I have been able to do is occasionally to take up a delinquent instalment of interest. After being on the ocean for ten days, one beautiful October afternoon we saw the old flag waving again from Nantucket Lightship, and the holy memories that gathered about it and the joyous hopes that it whispered to us

made it "the visible and sacred emblem of all that America represents to mankind"; and as we reverently saluted we could only cheer through our broken sobs. In some such way I know that I shall feel, my friends, when I return to you, for it must needs be a great joy to realize that you are again among your own. May heaven's richest blessings be showered upon each member of the Commercial Club, and may this great organization be an increasingly efficient instrument for good in the life of this community. No member of the Commercial Club, I am sure, feels to-night as John Holmes, a brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, felt a few years ago. He was an old bachelor, living in a very modest way, in rather sparsely furnished rooms in a quiet, gentle street in Cambridge, known as the Appian Way. He had many friends, was a great wit and as charming in social intercourse as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. A friend calling upon him one day said, "Holmes, you are making a great mistake. It is not right for a man, especially a gifted man, to live alone, and I implore you to get married." After looking around and hesitating an instant, John replied, "Well, perhaps you are right. I am rather inclined to think you are, but I don't see how I can afford to take a better half until I am able to get better quarters."

I want to congratulate the Commercial Club to-night upon what may be called, in a sense, our new home—upon these beautiful surroundings. In such an environment we should be able to do good work and do it in a large and far-reaching way. A club has been defined as an association of good fellows. Such, indeed, must have been the Mermaid Club in which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Chapman and Herrick, Beaumont and Fletcher indulged in their brilliant flashes of wit, which have illuminated all of the intervening years and added so much to the gaiety of nations. Such indeed

must have been the Literary Club where the stately Burke, the versatile Garrick, the courtly Reynolds, the lovable Goldsmith and the learned Dr. Johnson met at the Old Turks' Tavern and gossiped about men and women and the fashions of the day, about affairs of state and the wonderful impersonations of Garrick and the probable success of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

All clubs must have the social element, the touch and go as well as the cut and thrust, but a commercial club must have something more—a definite purpose to achieve high distinction for the city in which it is located.

If not trespassing too much upon your hospitality, I should like to talk a little while on what a city must do, in my judgment, to win ; and, by winning, I do not mean any vulgar conquest, but the victory that abides because the battle has been fought for civic righteousness. A city is such a complex mechanism, composed of such a multitude of differing peoples, entertaining so many conflicting opinions and cherishing so many unaccountable prejudices, acted upon by such a variety of forces, by press and pulpit, by bench and bar, by merchant and manufacturer, by banker and artisan, by poet and artist, by politician and demagogue, swept at times blindly on by mighty gusts of passion, and yet advancing ordinarily in slow and decorous fashion, that it is only possible to consider a few of the many interesting and vital problems which confront every great municipality.

These problems have to do with the daily affairs of life : with the comforts, conveniences and pleasures of home, the education of children, the conduct of business, the cost of living, the security of person and property, the health of the community, the intelligent and economic expenditure of money, the selection of efficient public servants, the control of natural monopolies, with everything indeed that enters into

and forms a part of and colours the complex life of a modern municipality. Many of these problems have been wisely solved in England and on the Continent, where the political situation has been such as to permit a thorough and radical treatment of municipal questions. Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, Berlin and many other cities have been transformed through the foresight, sagacity, energy and wisdom of public-spirited men who recognized that citizenship implies something more than the depositing of a ballot and the payment of taxes. Mr. Lecky says that it is very doubtful whether the spirit of municipal and local patriotism was more strongly developed either in ancient Greece or during the Middle Ages in the great towns of Italy and Flanders than at the present time in the larger English cities. In Glasgow, for example, they have municipal lodging-houses operated at a profit, public baths and public laundries, and in addition have municipalized their street railways, waterworks and gas plant. In Birmingham they so improved the water supply as to save 3,000 lives in a single year. The prosperity of a city is not always shown by the number of its millionaires, the height of its buildings, the diversity of its industries, the output of its factories and the magnitude of its bank clearances, but rather by the high level of civic life which has been attained, as manifested in the widespread diffusion of comfort and happiness among all of its inhabitants. A city can only win when it accepts the challenge which municipal problems present intelligently and courageously and brings to their consideration the ripest thought and the richest and widest experience. Life is so much fuller now, demands so much more than it ever did before, that a city which is narrow and circumscribed and provincial in its ambitions will soon be outstripped in the race for supremacy, while the city which offers to those who

dwell in it the largest opportunity not only for physical comfort but for intellectual development and moral growth will ultimately gather to itself all that is attractive and inspiring in civic life.

I can recall the time when many of the streets of Indianapolis were almost as impassable, though for a different reason, as the Japanese Army, when the city was inadequately lighted and the street cars ran apparently at random, when the sewerage was defective and "mud, microbes and molecules" were our daily portion, when the Union Station offended the eye and cramped the body, when expenditures for municipal purposes were either injudicious or extravagant or wasteful and when little heed was paid to the health or comfort or security of the people. While many of these unfortunate conditions no longer exist, much remains to be done to secure the best results. There must be unity of effort. A city can never win if its business men pull apart instead of pulling together, if the common welfare is subordinated to personal gain or advantage. It is only through organization that anything of moment can be accomplished in religion or business or politics. The individual is a constantly diminishing factor in affairs. Numbers alone tell. Enthusiasm is not born in the closet but springs from the touching of elbows, from the friction of contact. What cannot a thousand men animated by a common hope and working to a common end, as the members of the Commercial Club do, accomplish? They can direct, ay, more, create public sentiment. They can make it impossible for corruption to thrive in high places or in low places.

When we are animated by this spirit of lofty civic patriotism, then we will see the dawn of greater Indianapolis. Greater not only in material development, but greater in all the beneficent activities which make for the larger life of the community. As a nation



to be worthy of leadership must keep a lofty spiritual eminence to which all mankind will turn to see the radiant forms of justice and truth, or mercy and hope and faith and love, and to hear their songs of triumph as they sing on the glorified height of the joy that comes to a people from the consecration of all of its energies to noble purposes, so a great city to fulfil its high destiny must show at all times the most unselfish devotion to the lofty civic ideals of justice and righteousness.

I expect to live to see the day when our public officials will be chosen for their fitness alone ; when it shall be deemed disgraceful to have the typhoid fever or smallpox epidemic within our boundaries ; when smoke consumers shall be universally used and we can walk to and from our homes in a clear, ambient air instead of groping blindly about in a heavy fog ; when no passengers will be compelled to stand in the street car and the street cars shall run so frequently that voluntary testimonials will be occasionally given to the street car company expressing the appreciation of the citizens of the desire of the company to accommodate adequately the public. I expect to live to see the time when the need of criticism of civic conditions shall be so lacking that an occasional cheerful editorial will appear in the *Indianapolis News*, and the broad catholic spirit of its managing editor will diffuse sunshine and optimism through all the issues of the paper, beginning with the noon edition. I expect to live to see the day when freed from machination and domination of ring and boss it shall be demonstrated by its best citizens with the same fidelity that characterizes the management of their own stores and shops and factories. Is this a dream, do you say ? Well, what of it ? It is the dreamers, is it not, who through all the ages have sailed in the seas, explored new continents, extended the frontiers of civilization, broken



down the barriers of prejudice, destroyed the power of superstition, flooded the world with the glorious sunshine of larger opportunity and greater liberty and made this old earth of ours a purer and sweeter and better and juster place for dwelling in? All the great pictures have been painted, all the immortal prose has been written, all the undying verse has been wrought, all the splendid philosophies have been established, all the enduring religions have been founded, all the mighty states have been set in motion by dreamers, by men who believed in something and not by revilers and sceptics and doubters. So I leave, with sweet faith and serenity, greater Indianapolis to the dreamers of this Club, knowing that succeeding generations, even if your contemporaries do not, will enjoy the fulfilment of your dreams as they in turn dream new dreams and see new visions for a still nobler Indianapolis.

## INDEPENDENCE DAY

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF  
THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON, JULY 4,  
1910

WE have invited our English friends this evening to a family gathering. The serenity of an English home is never disturbed by the advent of a guest. Nothing is changed in consequence of his coming, and he is quickly made to feel that for the time being he is a part of the household. This is the perfection of social intercourse. As guests, Englishmen welcome the same quality in their hosts. They wish them to be perfectly natural and normal, to do as they please and to say what they feel with conviction, but, of course, without heat or passion. The Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day are the two days of all the year most dear to Americans living abroad. Upon these solemn festival days, they delight to give expression to the feeling that love of country is not a passing sentiment, a fleeting emotion, but an inherent and abiding part of one's nature which grows stronger and stronger as the years pass. A man may be a citizen of the world intellectually, through the pleasure he derives from the best literature and the best art, whatsoever their sources, and, sympathetically, by reason of the kinship of joy, sorrow and suffering, but where the affections are concerned, he can be a citizen of but one country, and that his own. *The mind may be cosmopolitan, but the heart dwells at its own fireside,*

and is only capable of undying attachment and devotion to the land in which one's ideals are most fully realized, and in whose history one takes a personal, just and honourable pride. In the stately Coronation Ceremonies so happily ended, and in whose celebration the whole world joyously participated, the English people greatly manifested their love of country, and so they can easily understand the intensity of our patriotic devotion.

Upon each recurring anniversary of our National Birthday, we should ask whether or not we have been faithful stewards of Democracy. We should inquire in what manner we are endeavouring to advance its ideals. "The tumult and the shouting" have died away in America. The period of vain boasting and fatal optimism is closed never to be reopened. We have become self-searching and critical. When a child realizes for the first time that it can stand alone it is apt to be exultant, but after it has stumbled and fallen a number of times, although it may always pick itself manfully up, the experience has a sobering effect. So it is with nations. First they shout and then they reflect.

Patriotism does not reveal itself in America to-day in fervid panegyric and much flag-waving, in vivid and picturesque and fantastic prophecy, but in a profound appreciation of duties to be performed, and in the determination to perform them as best we can. We are not talking a great deal about our inalienable rights, but we are thinking a great deal about our inestimable privileges. We are not saying much about "manifest destiny," but we are considering as never before the serious purposes of our national life and the high uses to which individual effort and collective energy may be dedicated.

Among the noblest of Democratic ideals is that of peace. In America we have blood ties with all peoples,

and we have also world friendships. We value not as the least—rather as the greatest of our manifold blessings—that we entertain a feeling of absolute friendliness and goodwill toward all nations as they do toward us.

It is often said that the American is flexible and adaptable, but this is only a manifestation of heredity. Many races and nationalities have contributed to his making, so that he is nowhere a stranger. He knows that there can be no such thing as an isolated national prosperity, but that in some mysterious and subtle, some powerful and divine way nations rejoice and sorrow together, and that only through intelligent association and sympathetic co-operation can the highest well-being of the race be secured.

When I attended the Great International Naval Review at Portsmouth I did not marvel so much at the size of the ships, the range of their guns, or any of their destructive possibilities, as I did at the fact that they were there at all. In what harbour a hundred years ago could the war vessels of all nations have been assembled on a peaceful mission—suggesting tranquil village streets on the pathless ocean. What code of international ethics would have restrained their gunners then? And as I reflected the ships lost their sinister aspect—they ceased to be menacing masses of steel—and each ship in turn became a guarantee for all the others that the dream of a permanent international peace would some day be realized. Is it not reassuring, after the predictions of the grim uses to which air craft might be put in dropping bombs upon exposed ships and defenceless cities, that the most sanguinary service which the aviator has thus far rendered has been to drop gently a pair of spectacles for the use of a Quaker gentleman from Philadelphia upon the deck of an ocean liner?

The two most significant things in individual and

national evolution in the past fifty years have been the growth of sympathy and an augmented sense of responsibility. *Sacrifice* and *service* are among the finest of the ideals of Democracy growing out of the recognition of the great truth that life was not intended to be either a penance or a carnival, but a sacrament. We do not ask in America what a man possesses, but what use he is making of his possessions. We do not build monuments—although this might be regarded as one form of punishment—to men simply because they have great accumulations. We only commemorate them when they have devoted a considerable portion of their wealth to promoting the welfare of their fellow-men.

The most remarkable thing in America is not the success with which men have transmuted their energies into gold, but the manner in which they have transformed much of that gold into lasting social benefit through educational endowments, and through splendid charities and philanthropies. An increasing number of men and women in America are dividing their time more and more between private interests and public duties. They are giving something more than their money—they are giving themselves to constructive patriotic work in City, State and Nation. They are consecrating their thought and effort to the forming and reforming of our multitudinous activities. As they are developing the material possibilities of the country, they are striving to perfect conditions under which the people who toil may live most happily.

Almost daily, men and women, not government officials, not scientific experts, just private citizens, come to London and to the other European capitals to study questions in which they have a common interest with all who believe that, in the final analysis, the success of any form of government must be judged by the happiness of its people. Only last week one



hundred such men were in London coming from all parts of the United States, and representing its varied industries and interests, eager to learn something of the trade and social developments of this older civilization, so that they may carry back with them something of real benefit to their own country. They constitute a small portion of a great host of patient investigators who are resolved that America shall fulfil the highest mission which a government can discharge, that of providing the opportunity for its citizens not only to secure a suitable physical environment, but to live in an atmosphere of intellectual and moral stimulus. I have a friend, shy, modest and retiring—and, therefore, an American—who has built laboratories in Philadelphia and London to ascertain, if possible, the causes of and the remedies for certain diseases which have extorted an awful toll from suffering humanity through the ages. He is doing a beautiful and sincere work, not merely for his own country, but for all mankind.

The members of the foreign service to which I have the honour to belong, and this is true of our colleagues of other countries, are doing more than to inform their governments of the trend of trade, industry and invention, when they write of town planning and garden cities, of municipal housing, industrial insurance, workmen's compensations, national control of public utilities, and the results of close observation of social experiments and social legislation.

The mood of America is one of hopefulness and expectancy. Being neither unduly conservative nor violently revolutionary, she has chosen the sane middle course, always a wise pathway for nations. The American people do not feel as Danton did when he said, near the close of his turbulent life, "We have served enough, let us sleep." We still have a passion for service, and are not weary in doing. We do not



regard the future with doubt, dismay or indifference or in a carelessly happy Utopian spirit, but with the conviction that Government by the people will endure. This conviction is founded upon what has already been accomplished and upon the consecration of the nation to further high achievement.

Gentlemen, I give you the toast of "The Day we celebrate."

## FAREWELL BANQUET TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL, LIVERPOOL

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE  
CONSULAR CORPS AND THE CITIZENS

IT seems impossible to say anything after the generous words that have been used of Mrs. Griffiths and myself. I have realized, but never as deeply as I do now, how futile it is to express the deepest emotions of the heart. If I have been able to approximate some of my ideals, it has been largely owing to the inspiration of your other guest to-night, truly described by a friend in a letter to me the other day as being not my better half, but my vital self. The pleasures of anticipation are often said to surpass the delights of reality, but this has not been so with Mrs. Griffiths and myself. We came to Liverpool thinking of it as a city whose ships sailed all seas, whose merchandise supplied all markets, and whose chief concern was to secure a larger degree of material prosperity. We have found it a city proud, and justly proud, of its commercial prestige and its pre-eminence as a port, but a city, too, in which intellectual forces, artistic tendencies, and moral and religious influences have been operative through the years, flowering in cathedral and university, in art collections, libraries and museums, in an interesting and cosmopolitan society life, in divine philanthropies, in emancipated slums, and in myriad other beautiful forms. The institutional life of the city as shown in the develop-

ment of education, the progress of art and the widening of the basis of social service, has made a definite and lasting appeal to us. It is not of Liverpool, however, as a civic organization or an educational centre, as an intellectual inspiration or a moral stimulus, that I would speak to-night, but of something far more intimate and personal—of the happiness we have found in living here. To the casual visitor Liverpool may seem somewhat grim and grey and forbidding, but to the open-minded stranger who lingers for a time within her gates she will reveal herself at first in a shy and hesitant manner, but later with lavish warmth and hospitality.

The private view, Henry James has said, is the view worth while in England. You can only know a man when you have broken bread with him, when you have seen his attitude towards wife and children, when you have observed his taste in pictures and books, in birds and flowers, when you have noticed his relations to dogs and cats, and all animal life, and when in some moment of rare confidence he has shown you how he holds the balance when spiritual values are weighed. Friendships in some countries mature slowly. There is the approach and retreat many times repeated before the final surrender is accomplished. It is not thus in England. As the new and old growths of ivy intermingle on some tower so as to be almost indistinguishable, so the tendrils of friendship weave themselves here about the heart, and by some strange spiritual alchemy the friendship that was formed yesterday seems to have always existed. There are various kinds of friendships : the friendship imperious, where everything is demanded and nothing given in return ; the friendship speculative, where you feel you are being used for a purpose, either on the Stock Exchange or in the drawing-room ; the friendship humble, where there is simply self-effacement and

abnegation on one side, and on the other side patronage and protection; the friendship condescending, where you are made to realize that it is a case of fine pottery graciously associating on terms of tremulous equality with common clay; the friendship impulsive, which is quickly formed and often as quickly severed; the friendship tentative, which is dubious, capricious, and brittle; and, best of all, the friendship enduring, from which there is the absence of all pose, where the game of finesse is never played, and where kindred souls enjoy real communion.

It is these enduring friendships, as we love to think of them, which make Liverpool mean so much to Mrs. Griffiths and myself, and which fill us with profound regret at the thought of our departure. For more than four years you have showered upon us nothing but kindness and courtesy and hospitality. When we think of the hospitality of Liverpool it is not of a fine line following the Mersey, but rather of a rich and boundless flood that cannot be confined within the limits of Lancashire, but overflowing into Cheshire, reaching high tide at Oxton and Bebington, at Spital and Bromborough, until it touches even the walls of old Chester itself. I never appreciated the welcome that Liverpool had extended to us as much as I did a little while ago when I went to London. It was during Ascot Week. Not a room was to be found at any of the huge hotels, although I was buoyed up with an intimation at the Savoy that some provision could doubtless be made for me. Cherishing this hope I returned about midnight, very light-hearted and humming the familiar air, "There's always room at the top," only to learn it would be useless to undo my luggage. I hastened to the station to discover that every berth for Liverpool was taken. It was too late to retreat, and shivering in my evening clothes I tried to sleep sitting up with a copy of a lurid newspaper under my coat to keep out

the cold, and thus arrayed entered the Adelphi Hotel at six o'clock in the morning, wan, weird, and haggard. And they believed my story and asked no questions, and took me in. Finer evidence of the attitude of a city toward him could no man receive than such a gracious reception from that keen and suspicious critic, Mine Host of the Inn. To the members of the Press, a Press which in the main stands for the essential things that make civilization pure and sound and lasting, I desire to express my thanks for their many courtesies, and especially do I feel under obligation for the manner in which the few hundred addresses I have delivered in Liverpool have been reported. If occasionally I have spoken somewhat rapidly, it has not been to annoy the reporters, but because I have felt deeply, and when you feel deeply you forget everything but the cause you are advocating.

To the succession of Lord Mayors who have dignified the great office they have held during our stay in Liverpool, and to the Lady Mayoresses, who have brought grace and charm and distinction to their high position, we are most grateful for their uniform and unvarying consideration. To all those in authority since we have been here I desire to express my appreciation of the aid they have given to me in the discharge of my official duties. My requests have frequently entailed great labour upon them, but they have never murmured, and to their help, always ungrudgingly given, my government is much indebted. To my colleagues of the Consular Body, I can only say that if the nations dwelt together in the same spirit of harmony that we do, war songs would soon be changed into peace anthems, and the riddle of the ages would be solved—the riddle of how people of different tastes and temperaments can be absolutely loyal to their own country, and at the same time solicitous for the well-being of other countries. There



is one member of the Consular Body to whom we all feel especially grateful, and that is our dear friend, Mr. Malandrinos. He is one of those large-hearted and broad-minded men, incapable of any petty action, always striving to make others happy, and having for his highest satisfaction the joy of his friends. It may seem invidious to single out another old friend on such an occasion, but I cannot refrain from doing so. I met this friend almost immediately upon my arrival in Liverpool, and have seen much of him ever since. He possesses a certain protean quality, for he has assumed many disguises, but has never been able to conceal his identity. I have pierced him through all his little simple, artless subterfuges to discover that, whether he called himself the trade and port of Liverpool, or the shipping and trade of Liverpool, or the commerce and trade of Liverpool, he was the same dear old fellow, bristling with statistics, fragrant with tonnage, a little sour of countenance, perhaps, when Holyhead, Fishguard, or Southampton was mentioned, but quickly recovering his jollity when he reflected that he must ever remain the great receiving and distributing port for the North of England; somewhat teased if you played with the hoary tradition which requires him to be treated ponderously, but withal a welcome guest on almost every local toast list, though wearing a somewhat impish grin at the thought of how he has taxed the originality of many of the leading citizens of Liverpool, from the far-off times when King John in his hour of need granted the charter.

It is with genuine sorrow that I say to him not good-bye, but *au revoir*, for I feel that we are destined to meet again.

If, during our residence in Liverpool, Mrs. Griffiths and I have been able to do anything to help the great march onward of international goodwill, if we have

contributed even the smallest measure to the widening of the area of good feeling between England and America, so that silly books and highly seasoned but half-baked editorials in tropical newspapers, with their grotesque comments on our country, can be laughed at instead of being pondered over by our Liverpool friends, we shall feel that our stay in this city has been as profitable as it has been pleasurable. Such virtues as we may possess I know you regard as national, and our defects only as individual. Whatever may happen to us in the future, nothing can take away the sweet memories of the years we have lived, I will not say among you, but with you, for you have accepted us as being what in very fact we are, your kinsfolk. While this is in a sense a farewell gathering, it lacks the sombreness of such an occasion, for we are only going a little way, and hope often to see you in London, and often to return ourselves, to renew the intimacies and friendships which make Liverpool a city that we greatly love.

## THE CITY OF LONDON

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE GUILDHALL,  
SEPTEMBER 27, 1909

**I**N view of the proportions of the toast assigned to me and the short time allowed for its presentation, I presume that I am expected to speak very briefly of the commanding personages it includes, and merely to graze the Corporation.

How well do I remember when I saw my first Lord Mayor, and how profoundly impressed I was with the splendour of his robe, the richness of the massive chain he wore, and with all the decorations and trappings of his great position. I felt as a distinguished commander felt, who remarked when a list of generals was submitted to him that he did not know what effect they might have on the enemy, but that they simply terrified him. Since then I have had the privilege of knowing several Lord Mayors in another English city, and while the pageantry has lost none of its attractiveness, the real significance of the office has been revealed to me.

It means much to any Municipal Corporation to have, as its highest representative, a man who jealously guards its interests, who sympathizes with and stimulates all healthy social movements, who is the patron of art, the friend of learning, the dispenser of civic hospitality, and the exemplar of the loftiest civic ideals. Such a man, I am sure, is the present Lord Mayor of London, and in being such a man he is but

following in the footsteps of a long line of illustrious predecessors. If the Lord Mayor represents the amenities and urbanities of civic life, the sheriffs typify a sterner aspect, for they embody the majesty of the law. The evilly inclined, looking upon their dazzling effulgence, are made to realize that the law is not to be trifled with, and that while justice may be tempered with mercy in England it is still justice, and that the way of the transgressor is hard.

There will be no impropriety, I trust, if I embrace within the limits of my toast the Lady Mayoress, and the Lady Sherifffesses—if there be such a title. Whether there be or not, I fancy that some middle-aged Englishmen now living will be called upon to propose in this historic hall, or elsewhere, the health of some demure Lady Sherifffess, and of the inconsequential person who at that time happens to be her husband. There is a certain charm which the ladies bring into official life, relieving it of many of its asperities, as they infuse into its service a gracefulness and tenderness, a gentleness and sympathy which men may aspire to but which they can never attain.

To some people a city, whatever may be its age or its traditions, is only a succession of streets, a series of shops, or a multiplication of warehouses ; but to those who have imagination it is a living, throbbing, vital thing with a spiritual as well as a material value. They love to repeople it with the poets and artists, the statesmen and warriors, the courtiers and nobles, the beaux and dandies, the glowing beauties and the stately dames and the restless crowds who once dwelt within its gates. But, if this were all, the streets of London would only awaken sad and splendid memories. If this were all, what would it signify to you or to me that Johnson and Savage, penniless but not depressed, walked for hours, as Boswell tells us, around St. James's Square unable to pay for a night's lodging, but empha-

sizing to each other their common love of country. If this were all, what would it mean to you or to me, apart from the literary and historic associations, that Chaucer's Pilgrims started on their memorable journey from the old Tabard Inn; that Shakespeare and his jolly comrades illumined the *Mermaid* with their flashes of lambent wit; that Goldsmith sleeps so quietly near the press of Fleet Street, or that in the Abbey so many of England's mighty dead keep excellent company. It is because men who dream dreams and see visions still walk the streets of London town; it is because these streets are daily thronged by thousands who, like Johnson, have such a passionate love for England that for her sake they would willingly endure any hardship, or undergo any sacrifice, that London is London, and that it makes such a continuous and irresistible appeal. All that makes England great has found expression within this ancient city. To it men have come through the ages to strengthen their religious faith, to broaden their culture, and to rekindle their enthusiasms, and from it they have gained a fresh inspiration for the day's work.

The charm of London is the charm of the sea: it is never static, but always full of movement—rhythmic movement too—tumultuous and tempestuous at times, ever vibrant with thought and feeling and sentiment and emotion, and yet continually moving forward with steady purpose to a definite and worthy realization.

To be a member of the Corporation of London is an honourable distinction. To belong to any association or body which has continuity, which is rooted in the deep rich soil of the past, and yet renders a high social service to the present, should dignify and ennoble all of a man's efforts. To assist in directing the destinies of London may well fill a man with humility and pride,



with ambition and resolution, with lofty zeal and patriotic ardour.

England has no finer asset than her public servants, who, with purity of aim, largeness of thought, sympathetic insight, and inflexible determination, devote themselves to the care of her interests and the advancement of her ideals at home and overseas.

As an American who believes that all misunderstandings between England and his own country arise from ignorance, and will disappear with fuller knowledge, and that with their disappearance will disappear also many questions which now irritate and perplex the nations, I am glad to have the opportunity of showing my goodwill by proposing the health of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Corporation of London, representing, as this triple union does, civic courtesy, civic justice and civic righteousness.

## THE AMERICAN IN FICTION

RESPONSE TO A TOAST AS GUEST OF THE EVENING  
AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB, WHITEHALL COURT,  
LONDON, FEBRUARY 21, 1911

THE subject assigned to me this evening is somewhat enigmatical. I thought I might be expected to say something about the American novel—to explain why it had not been written, to venture a prediction when it should appear, and with what it might probably deal. I thought, also, that the pleasant duty might devolve upon me of saying something of the regard in which contemporary English fiction is held across the Atlantic. If this were so, I would have said that notwithstanding the fact that we have a group of earnest men and women who are trying to reveal America to this and other nations, and notwithstanding the fact that Americans do not wait for the latest English novel in that high mood of expectancy with which our forbears looked for the works of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, yet they welcome gladly and read with pleasure, and usually with profit, not only the best English fiction, but the very best English literature whatever form it may bear.

My theme, however, is very much restricted because I have been asked to say something about America as she is misconceived and misrepresented in English fiction, using fiction in the broadest sense of the word, so as to embrace novels, books of travel, the drama,

newspaper and magazine articles—and the spoken word!

Nothing is easier than to misrepresent another country, and nothing more satisfying than to attribute defects, shortcomings, extravagances and absurdities to somebody else. Judging superficially and *mistaking the forebodings of the few for the opinions of the many*, what erroneous conclusions—and I use this only as an illustration—might not a foreigner or a stranger, resident in England during the past six years, have formed of this country. He might have imagined perhaps that the path of panic was regarded by the Englishman as the way to glory, for during that period there has been the fear, when the tunnelling of the Channel was suggested, that the English landscape might look very attractive some day to French eyes—before the *entente cordiale* was established.

There was an apprehension when Bleriot crossed the Channel that all navies would go to the scrap-heap and that the wars of the future would be fought in the air. Within a few months there was the anxiety that some foreign Power might suddenly place 10,000 men on some unprotected place on the English coast without the knowledge of the Admiralty or the War Office—and there was a feeling that the sex problem might be precipitated if mixed bathing were encouraged. Anyone judging the English drama superficially might imagine it was the duty of the Censor to forbid the acting of all good plays.

I simply mention these things to show how easy it is to misunderstand other people, and how tolerant we should be in international criticisms. The one fair judgment that is worth while—a fair, impartial and just judgment, discriminating in its delicate accuracy—can only be secured if we are in a sympathetic frame of mind. You cannot approach the subject of the evening, from the standpoint of antagonism or hostility.

It has always seemed strange to me that men should delight so much in exposing the foibles of their neighbours, in calling attention to the trivial and incidental, while neglecting the fundamental things which really determine character.

Sometime ago I was very much interested in reading in one of the English newspapers the statement that London was to be congratulated because it had an opportunity of seeing at the same time two of the most characteristic American plays, representative of American Society at its best, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *Strongheart*, as if the drawing-room of the typical American hostess was a sort of vegetable store, and as if it were the usual thing for an American heiress to marry a half-breed, if he should happen to be a half-back in a Varsity team.

A great many of the misconceptions on both sides of the Atlantic are due to the stage. Almost invariably the Englishman behind the footlights is represented as a being of mincing gait and insufferable drawl, with a monocle and a vacuous mind, just restrained from knavery by anæmia of will and feeble intellect. The American, on the other hand, is depicted on this side, as worshipping the *God of Success*, utterly devoid of taste, with an enormous appetite for making money, and talking always of size, bulk and magnitude. The American woman appears in English drama as vain and frivolous, with a nasal twang, speaking a language which nobody ever heard or understood, so much immersed in social ambitions as to regard her children as an incumbrance and her husband as an investment, and conducting herself in such a way as to bar her from entering any reputable drawing-room in her own country. Then there is the simpering, giggling schoolgirl; the precocious child contradicting his parents in public and always speaking first when any subject of conversation is introduced; "the oil king"

or "steel magnate" who buys an ancestral place in England, converts a dignified Elizabethan home into a bizarre modern structure, rides atrociously to hounds, gives ostentatiously to local charities, offends all the neighbours and generally dislocates the world in which he is implanted but does not move.

The most sensitive patriot has long ago forgiven Charles Dickens for his unflattering portraits of American life which represented conditions that have ceased to exist. We now think of him only with gratitude for his incomparable creations in other spheres. Since the day of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, a new tone characterizes English observations on our country. Meredith has been a seer of the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. H. G. Wells has shown a sympathetic and true imagination in many of his chapters in *The Future of America*. A gallery of charming American portraits has been drawn by Albert Kinross. The fact is that great writers of fiction, as a rule, have confined themselves to types of their own country, with which they are thoroughly familiar, because they recognize the futility of depicting the national characteristics of another country of which they have only superficial knowledge. It is certainly unfortunate that nations are described to each other to the extent that they are by ephemeral writers. I say ephemeral because what they write is without knowledge, fundamental truth or distinction of style. And yet there is a certain piquancy in it and they secure a wide reading for the time being and do a great deal of harm.

Such writers refer to America as a land of multi-millionaires, sky-scrapers, swift divorces, newspapers always sensational and unclean, crime everywhere rampant, lynching the favourite pastime, justice, when not slow, corrupt, statesmanship venal, with all public municipal life degraded, manners coarse and



gross, humour vapid or grotesque, trusts omnipotent, spiritual and intellectual values entirely disregarded. According to this view, Rome, in the most prosperous days of her decline, would have been an earthly paradise compared with America.

I do not, of course, propose to defend my own country. America needs neither apology nor explanation. It is well, however, to remember that it is less than 130 years since she had that unpleasant little scrap with the home country. During that time America has developed her material resources, absorbed ten millions of strangers and effected a partial adjustment between races. She has made the continent habitable and paid some attention to the spiritual and intellectual needs of her people. I do not claim that we have built up a great literature corresponding with European literature, but there are men and women endeavouring to interpret American life as they see it about them, its trend, significance, purpose and what may be called essentially American ideals.

As the people of America have come into a closer relationship with the people of England, their prejudices and misconceptions have largely disappeared. They know, although the Englishman is shy and reserved, although he condemns American plays and American books, although he thinks we should leave his masterpieces undisturbed, although he fails to understand why an American should prefer his own country to England, that he likes us but thinks it would be an exhibition of bad taste frankly to tell us so.

When the aerial week-end service is established between the two countries we shall realize more fully than ever before how much we think and act alike. Judged by the best representatives, the American will appear to you, I am sure, as he appears to me, a man alive with intellectual curiosity, eager for adventure,

arduous for great undertakings, exceedingly tolerant in his views of other men. He is elemental, simple, artless, unaffected ; too young to be blasé, too natural to affect what he does not feel, and, perhaps, liking to be liked.

I think when you know him as I know him you will like him.

## MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

AN APPRECIATION ON BEHALF OF THE AUDIENCE OF  
AN ADDRESS BY MR. BIRRELL, M.P., ON THE  
OCCASION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING  
OF THE LIVERPOOL PUBLIC LIBRARY

IT is with unfeigned pleasure that I second the resolution of thanks, so feelingly and eloquently proposed by the Chairman. Many years ago I read *Obiter Dicta*. Since then I think I have read everything Mr. Birrell has written and many of his speeches. We have all fallen under the witchery of his style, so subtle in suggestion, so genial in humour, so searching and yet so kindly in satire, so profound in observation and comment, so pure in sentiment, so limpid and lucid in expression, so tender and humane in treating of the foibles and follies of men. He is a lineal descendant of Charles Lamb, dowered with the same rich gifts, and we go to his writings, however often the visit may be repeated, with the pleasurable anticipation with which we always go to the *Essays of Elia*, knowing that they possess that perennial interest and charm, that elusive but unmistakable distinction of style, that nobility of diction, which characterize the literature that lives.

Writing at a time when contemporary fame has often been sought by authors through the employment of the sensational, the weird and the grotesque, Mr. Birrell has always been true to the highest ethics of his art, choosing, for his handmaidens, beauty and truth. There is a benignity and serenity in his writings,

which is as refreshing as the cool, tranquil spaces on a summer's day, in the deep recesses of the forest.

It has been true of many English statesmen that they could write an epic or a sonnet, a romance or a dissertation on religion or philosophy, with the same ease and grace which they directed the affairs of empire. It has fallen to few statesmen, however, to do what Mr. Birrell has done, to infuse their contributions to political debate with such a charming literary quality as to cause their words to be listened to and read by men of opposing party faith with the keenest delight. His utterances are always relieved by the wit that stimulates, and mellowed and ennobled by the gentleness that heals. You are as well known and as greatly beloved, Mr. Birrell, in my country as in your own land, and I bear to you to-night the homage of kinsmen beyond the sea. Your gift to English letters will prove a precious legacy to all who enjoy the delicate and exquisite musings of rare and cultured souls.

## DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

INAUGURAL ADDRESS ON ASSUMING THE PRESIDENCY  
OF THE JOHNSON SOCIETY, LICHFIELD, SEP-  
TEMBER, 1913

I DESIRE to express my profound appreciation of being elected to the Presidency of the Johnson Society, even if the office carries with it the privilege of delivering the annual address at the place of his birth. A monument often becomes a symbol of forgetfulness rather than of remembrance. But such a unique anniversary as the one which is annually held at Lichfield means that Johnson still lives among you, that his large humanity and his deep sympathy make him a fellow-townsmen of each succeeding generation. His vivid talk, his arresting personality, his stimulating intellect, and his eager curiosity, are real to us, and seem in some way personal to each one present. I believe his dread of death would have been tempered could he have known that this day would be devoted to the observance of his memory in the city that he loved. The Johnson Society is rendering an inestimable service in gathering and holding together material concerning Johnson which will enable future generations to know him in a way that would otherwise have been impossible. It is a service, too, for which we ourselves cannot be sufficiently grateful, since there is a tendency at the present time to neglect the great makers of our literature through the disposition to read books so light and vapoury that the mind may



wander at pleasure in perusing them without losing the thread of the narrative.

Speaking of Johnson in Lichfield, I am reminded of the beautiful relation that existed between the town and the man even in his lifetime. Where can you find a prouder mother or a more devoted and loyal son? When he returned here for the first time after a prolonged absence he experienced the sense of disillusionment which one always feels who comes back from a great city to the hamlet or village or town in which he was born. The streets of Lichfield, of course, seemed narrower to Johnson than they did in his youth; the shops were less imposing, and the whole environment less commanding. He grieved, too, with that great capacity he had for sorrow, for the old friends who had passed away. Later in life, when he saw things in a truer perspective, he joyously brought Boswell from what he described as, "A state of death," to his native city, "that he might see for once real civility." "Every man," he once remarked, "has a lurking desire to appear considerable in his native place," and it was naturally at Lichfield that he hoped "to show a good example by frequent attendance on public worship." The abiding love he had for this historic city was reciprocated in a very beautiful and unusual manner when the Corporation of Lichfield bestowed upon him, at an annual rental of five shillings, a lease for ninety years of the house in which he was born. It is a circumstance that cannot be too often referred to, since it seldom happens that a man of genius is generally accepted until he is beyond the sound of praise, and especially is this true of recognition by those who knew him before he gave promise of greatness. Ordinarily we travel far in search of our heroes, and are so wearied by the quest that we are too fatigued to give proper recognition to the men and women about us, who come bearing rich gifts. The



STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON IN FRONT OF HIS BIRTHPLACE, LICHFIELD  
*After a painting by Harry Goodwin, 1876, in the possession of John Lane*



example of Lichfield is worthy of the widest imitation. Men do their best work—this is especially true of authors and no one knew it better than Johnson, who suffered so much from poverty and neglect—in an atmosphere of sympathy and goodwill and general recognition.

It may not be altogether inappropriate that an American should follow a number of distinguished Scotchmen in paying tribute to the immortal memory of Johnson. He was a man of many prejudices, and among them was his dislike of the Americans which was as pronounced and, I believe, as senseless as his antipathy to the people of Scotland. He had little toleration, indeed, for anyone who was unfortunate enough not to live in England. When a number of foreigners were talking in a loud tone in a coffee house where he happened to be, he said to his companion, "Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation, 'For anything I see foreigners are fools'?" When Boswell spoke of a friend who had resided for a long time in Spain, and was unwilling to return to England, suggesting it was the fine Spanish climate which kept him there, Johnson replied, "Nay, sir, how can you talk so? What is climate to happiness? What proportion does climate bear to the complex system of human life? You may advise me to live at Bologna to eat sausages—the sausages there are the best in the world; they lose much by being carried." Here was a man who evidently thought that nothing could be considered as a compensation for living far from Fleet Street.

Johnson's attitude towards America becomes more explicable when we remember that he could not conceive of any persecution being sufficiently oppressive to induce an Englishman to leave his native country. Those who did so must necessarily be morally depraved or intellectually infirm. He always had vast stores

of wrath at his command, and drew most copiously upon them when reference was made to Americans and to the American cause. Upon one occasion, when he was talking about universal benevolence he suddenly exclaimed, "I am willing to love all mankind except American," and added that the colonists were "rascals, robbers and pirates," and that he would "burn and destroy them." In his pamphlet entitled *Taxation no Tyranny* (that is taxation without representation), he said, "But we are told that the Americans, however wealthy, cannot be taxed, that they are descendants of men who left all for principle, and that they have constantly preserved the principles and stubbornness of their progenitors, that they are too obstinate for persuasion, and too powerful for constraint, that they will laugh at argument, and defeat violence ; that the continent of North America contains three millions, not of men merely, but of Whigs"—what an illuminating comment—"of Whigs fierce for liberty and disdainful of dominion, that they multiply with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes, so that every quarter of a century doubles their numbers." The pamphlet was written at the desire of the Government, and perhaps from the feeling on Johnson's part that it would be ungracious for him to refuse the request.

Several paragraphs which were omitted for some reason from the final publication are worthy of consideration. After referring to the fact that the Americans were urged to violence by "men whom they thought their friends, but who were friends only to themselves," he added these significant words, "and made, by their selfishness, the enemies of their country." In another omitted paragraph he stated that "their numbers are at present not quite sufficient for the greatness which, in some form of government or other, is to rival the ancient monarchies, but by Dr. Franklin's rule of progression, they will in a cen-



tury and a quarter be more than equal to the inhabitants of Europe. When the Whigs of America are thus doubled, let the princes of the earth tremble in their palaces. If they should continue to double and double, their own hemisphere would not contain them. But let not our boldest oppugners of authority look forward with delight to this futurity of Whiggism." That the colonists consisted so largely of Whigs had much, we may imagine, to do with Johnson's point of view. He confessed—his candour is one of his most engaging qualities—that he knew little about America. He only regarded that as knowledge which he acquired at first hand, and we feel, therefore, that his prejudices might have disappeared with more light. He had plenty of heat, but little light.

What a noble revenge time has inflicted upon Johnson's excoriations of America! The first place almost that an American visits in London is the "Cheshire Cheese," where he experiences a sweet feeling of contentment if he can sit in the chair which he believes was once filled by the huge form of Johnson. The college that attracts him most at Oxford is Pembroke, because of its associations with Johnson. He would be willing to sneeze for the rest of his life if he could only have a pinch from the convivial old snuff-box. If Johnson were living now I am sure he would talk very differently about the America of to-day, for no one admired more than he did great manifestations of beneficent creative energy, and nowhere have such manifestations been more conspicuous than in the country he so violently denounced. Were he with us now, he would in all probability be serving on the British Commission appointed to commemorate the Anglo-American century of peace. In what rounded and sonorous periods he would delight to dwell upon the achievements of his kinsmen across the sea, and how eloquently would he insist upon



the advantage of continued friendship between our two great countries. How could Johnson help loving our present America? He was fond of admiration, even susceptible to flattery, and nowhere is he more generously admired than in the land whose inhabitants he regarded with so much suspicion and distrust. The fact that the people of England and America speak approximately the same language and have a common jurisprudence, common ideals in diplomacy, and a common conception of what constitutes an efficient state, does not form as strong and enduring a bond of union as the mystic chords which stretch from the Poets' Corner in the Abbey to thousands of sympathetic hearts in the New World. We are developing an American literature as we are developing an American art, but we will often turn in the future, as we have turned in the past, to the men and women who have given distinction to English letters. And so we feel that Johnson belongs to us almost as much as he belongs to you. In the spirit of this realization, and without further mention of what he probably would least care to remember himself—his vehement criticisms of America—I enter upon the more congenial task of a consideration of the man whose personality appeals so strongly to us that, when new material cannot be procured, we eagerly return to the old so that we may always be in touch with his fertile and vigorous mind.

Why was the Johnson Society founded? Why are annual pilgrimages made to the places where he loved to linger? Why do we treasure everything associated with his name? Why does he so dwarf all his brilliant contemporaries that they seem almost like shadows against the background of his tremendous vitality? Why is it, as we pass along Fleet Street, we are apt to forget all who have trodden that busy thoroughfare in the intervening years and think only of the haunting figure of Johnson, who is as much alive to-day as

when he sallied forth at nightfall to find solace in the delights of human companionship, or in the early morning to get oysters for Hodge. When a man survives the criticism of his own age and posthumous dissection, we may be sure that there is good reason for the favourable judgment that time has passed upon his attainments and his achievements.

A controversy has long waged, and it seems to me a vain and futile controversy, as to whether or not Johnson owes his pre-eminence to Boswell's skill as a biographer or to his own genius. If Boswell had never written a line about Johnson he would still have been regarded as one of the great figures in English literature, and in making this statement I do not desire to minimize in any measure the obligation we owe to Boswell—an obligation so great that it can never be repaid—for drawing such a graphic and compelling portrait of his hero, that his *Life of Johnson* has been the envy and despair of all succeeding biographers. We certainly owe to Boswell the feeling of personal affection we have for Johnson. He was cast in such a large and original mould, however, his knowledge of men and of books was so vast that by the sheer bulk of his personality he towers above that dull level of mediocrity which few authors in any age transcend.

The people of Lichfield did not have to wait until Johnson's life was published before they recognized his true greatness. Had Johnson never spoken a word that was recorded, did we know as little of him as we know of Shakespeare, his writings would have assured him a permanent place in English letters. Fortunately an author's fame is not determined by the avidity with which his books are read during his lifetime, or after his death. Should a referendum be taken in England upon the simple question, "Have you read *Paradise Lost*?" the noes, I fear, would be so overwhelming in number that Milton would be

deposed if his overthrow could be accomplished by popular neglect.

We may frankly admit that Johnson is little read to-day, but this fact in no wise militates against the value of what he wrote. It is true he announces no new philosophy of life. He told no startling truths. His style is remarkably free from anything sensational or unclean. He deals in an elemental way with the great issues of life, with the obligation man owes to himself, to his country, and to his God. He wrote out of the fullness of experience, with an intimate and wide knowledge of humanity. He was a student of his fellow-man, but he never studied them in a cold-blooded and analytical spirit, and took no pleasure in exposing their weaknesses and follies. He had a nobler purpose, and that was to be helpful to mankind, by showing that real happiness can only be attained by a complete subjection and mastery of the appetites and passions. "Old-fashioned moralist," some one exclaims. "No wonder people do not read him in the twentieth century, when he used such long words and laid such emphasis upon duty." He lacked the lightness of touch, I grant, the flow of exquisite fancy, which calls us back again and again to Addison, and Lamb, and Goldsmith, but he never failed to say what he wanted to say with absolute lucidity, and he never wanted to say anything that was not pure in sentiment and lofty in thought. His style flows on with the majesty of a mighty river, which is free from any obstacle that might impede its passage to the sea.

Johnson describes in the preface to the dictionary his purpose in entering upon that vast undertaking in such memorable words that although we are all familiar with them, I think they should be repeated on each anniversary of his birth. "The chief glory of every people arises from its authors; whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation

of English literature must be left to time ; much of my life has been lost under the pressure of disease ; much has been trifled away ; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me, but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble if by my assistance foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge and understand the beauties of truth. When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure to my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man who has endeavoured well." How many wise utterances do we find scattered through his essays and his more pretentious books, showing how sanely and how profoundly he had thought upon conduct and life. "To do nothing," he tells us, "is in every man's power—we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties." He was incapable of cherishing anger, unless he felt he had been very deeply wronged, and so we are reminded that "the cup of life is surely bitter enough without squeezing in the hateful rind of resentment."

How true is his comment that men have been wise in very different moods, but that they always laugh the same way. How well we know what he so admirably expressed "that the power of tediousness propagates itself." It is almost impossible to glance over a page of *The Rambler* or *Rasselas*, or anything, indeed, that Johnson wrote without finding something which demands pause and reflection, by the comprehensive knowledge which he showed of the motives of human action and the consequences which flow from the gratification of our unrestrained natural desires. Johnson's poetry stands apart from his prose, both in volume and significance. I have recently reread *The Vanity of Human Wishes* and *London*, and, notwithstanding contemporary praise and the extravagant eulogies which have been passed upon them by critics



of great repute, I still believe that while he occasionally wrote fine lines—so fine, indeed, that they have become a part of current speech—he did not write undying verse, and that if he were to be judged by his poetry alone he would occupy a comparatively small niche in the Temple of Letters. His edition of Shakespeare and his *Lives of the Poets*, nevertheless, show his familiarity with the highest forms of poetic expression which few men have expressed. We may not always accept his appraisements, we may even feel that now and again he allows his prejudices to conquer his critical faculty, but we must realize that his study of the great poets profoundly influenced his thought and life. While it has been claimed that it was sacrilegious of Johnson to intimate that Shakespeare had any defects, no one who is familiar with Johnson's character, especially with his intellectual veracity, could imagine that he would not say exactly what he believed, although his criticism might be greeted with a chorus of disapproval. Were it otherwise we would not be celebrating his memory so many years after his death. Where can a more adequate recognition be found of the great dramatist's ability to interpret life in all of its varied relationships and in all of its multitudinous activities and consequences than in the *Preface to Shakespeare*, which in some respects is the most remarkable example of Johnson's power of interpretation and expression?

"The genius of Shakespeare," he declared, "was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned. The incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind as dewdrops from a lion's mane." And again, "Though he had many difficulties to encounter and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life and many casts of

native disposition ; to vary them with great multiplicity ; to mark them by nice distinctions ; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers, and it may be doubted whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence can be collected than he alone has given to this country." What Johnson failed to realize was that without words of direct admonition or warning or without any positive proclamation of moral purpose the plays of Shakespeare invariably point their own moral as the action unfolds. No finer analysis of Johnson's writings can be found than in these words of Sir Walter Raleigh: "More than those who came immediately before him he stands for classical doctrine in language and literature. The right work of his time, as he conceived it, was to re-introduce sincerity into literature ; to make it actual and moving ; to discard far-fetched themes, empty conventional ornament, extravagant metaphor, outworn poetic tradition ; so that poetry might deliver its message in a language easy to understand—'like a man of this world.' " His practice in this matter falls far short of the doctrine, in which he never wavered. His own mind was slow and ponderous in its movement ; he had lived much alone in his youth ; and it was natural to him to express his own sentiment with deliberate emphasis and measured dignity. On great or difficult themes he never fails ; but he cannot always adapt his expression to matters of everyday life.

What was called indolence in Johnson would have been regarded as prodigious industry in almost any other man. To write a great dictionary, to edit an edition of Shakespeare and introduce it with a preface packed with discriminating criticism, to write *Lives*



of the Poets, and to do so from a previous knowledge of their works, to furnish practically all the articles for a period of two years for a magazine published twice a month, to imagine from scanty notes what Members of Parliament might have said, and often probably to write speeches for them which were better than they delivered themselves, to write *Rasselas* in a week, not to mention innumerable other essays, prologues and sermons, was no mean achievement for an indolent man. He liked to lie abed, it is true, in the morning—who does not? He was constantly breaking resolutions to rise at eight, and frequently remained in bed until noon. If he were physically lazy, and I am afraid this must be admitted, he was so intellectually alert, had read so widely, observed so closely, and had such a retentive memory, that when spurred to a task he could accomplish it so quickly that we are apt to forget the extent of his literary productions.

The most vivid impression we have of Johnson in action is the picture presented with such infinity of detail by Boswell. And it is the impression of a man who was intensely human, who was impulsive and passionate, quick to take offence, but who had too fine and big a nature to harbour resentment; who was Catholic in his sympathies, but, with certain well-defined limitations, which included Whigs, Scotchmen, Americans, Excise Officers and patrons; who was tolerant of the weaknesses of men, but intolerant of stupidity, especially if it obtruded itself and behaved in an unseemly manner, and who had extraordinary intellectual resources and such command over them that all men acknowledged his superiority in discussion.

He loved, above everything else, to sit with his feet under a table in the company of good fellows, and talk upon any subject that might be suggested. He talked,

as we know, sometimes for victory, but usually to reach a conclusion. If occasionally he was brutal in his treatment of one who was opposing his contention, it was a brutality which sprang from the exigencies of the occasion, when he was hard pressed and fighting with his back to the wall, and feeling that his supremacy in debate was in jeopardy. In other words, it did not arise from any innate savagery of nature or desire to wound, and when the incident was passed he usually sought to make amends for his outburst of temper. Curiously enough he seldom chose the topic of conversation. "Tom Tyers described me the best, sir," Johnson remarked to Boswell, "when he said, 'You are like a ghost; you never speak unless you are spoken to.'" His talk being unpremeditated but rich in illustrations, chosen sometimes from books, but usually from life, had a freshness, spontaneity, and charm which time can never destroy. What pregnant observations he made upon what constitutes good conversation. "A man should not talk of himself," he remarked, "nor much of any particular person. He should take care not to be made a proverb, and therefore should avoid having any one topic upon which people can say, 'We shall hear upon it again.'"

He thought that John Wesley's conversation was good, but said, "He is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his leg and have his talk out." In his opinion, "the happiest conversation is that at which nothing is distinctly remarked but a general effect of pleasing impression." This is hardly the idea that Boswell and others give of Johnson's own talk. Did he not say of some one that he was an unsatisfactory talker, because "there was nothing conclusive in his conversation." On one occasion, he remarked, "We had talk enough, but no conversation; there was nothing discussed." He himself was

interested in everything, could talk upon any subject, because he knew something of all subjects and could talk vitally, which was the real secret of his power. "I pride myself," he remarked, "upon this, that there is nothing of the old man in my conversation. I am now sixty-eight, but have no more of it than at twenty-eight." He liked to have young people about him, and renewed his youth in their company.

He had a genius for companionship, which was nourished by his love of mankind. He demanded much of himself, but very little of his friends. Persons of all tastes and temperaments were attracted to him. Although Johnson was not interested in art, Reynolds valued his friendship. He said scathing things about the stage and plays, and yet Garrick sought his society. Goldsmith's vanity was constantly being offended and still he could not remain away from the Club. Burke was willing to "ring up the bell," for Johnson. Beauclerk and Langton, both much younger men than Johnson, felt the fascination of his talk. High Churchman though he was, he numbered Wesley among his friends, Mrs. Thrale, with her nimble wit, and Fanny Burney, with her demure humour and sweet shyness, experienced the greatest delight in his companionship. What is the explanation of his extraordinary influence upon all who came in contact with him? Simply this, I think, that all who knew him intimately felt not only that they were in touch with a great mind, but that they were also in communication with a great nature.

Johnson evidently contemplated, at one time, being a politician, and thereupon he made this prayer, "And lighten my understanding by knowledge and light, and govern my will by Thy laws, that no deceit may mislead me, nor temptation corrupt me, that I may always endeavour to do good and hinder evil." If he had gratified his ambition I fear that he would have been a fearful spoilsman. He once said to Sir

Philip Clark, "If I were a Minister and any man wagged his finger against me he should be turned out, for it is in the power of Government to give position to one or another, it should be given to the supporters of Government." On the other hand, what a delight it would have been to have heard his denunciations of injustice and oppression. How splendid would have been his appeals for righteousness as the corner-stone of all governmental policies. With his intrepidity of thought and unhesitating courage, he would doubtless have caused as much anguish to the Tories as to the Whigs. We can hardly conceive of him as a docile party man.

Anyone who studies the life of Johnson must feel that his works and his talk only partially explain the man, that he is greater than anything he wrote or said. What we are really commemorating to-day is the triumph of character. We are celebrating the old-fashioned virtues, without which there can be neither individual nor national greatness. We are honouring the memory of a man so bravely fashioned that nothing could reduce his courage or destroy his independent spirit. While these heroic qualities command our admiration they do not account for the extraordinary affection which we entertain for Johnson, and which could not exist were it not that we find, in combination with the rugged elements in his character, so much gentleness and compassion. Only a man with the greatest tenderness of heart could have collected under his roof that miscellaneous company of garrulous people, composed of four women and, I am glad to say, but one man, and have listened to their complaints and endeavoured to compose their quarrels, and, while they were dependent upon his charity, have submitted with only an occasional murmur to their petty tyrannies. To have been able to write at all amidst such uncongenial surroundings is the strongest proof

that could be furnished of Johnson's power of detachment when he conquered his natural indolence and became absorbed in creative work.

He could not pass the children asleep in the street without putting a penny in their hands so that they might be "able to get a breakfast in the morning." When he was asked why he had given money to beggars, his reply was, "To enable them to beg on." There was room within the circle of his love for all who were weak, and helpless, and unfortunate. His sympathies were as wide as humanity itself. If he dearly loved to have "the opportunity of commodious conversation with a duke and duchess," we must contrast with this little frailty his love for the old family servant, Catherine Chambers. What a fine illustration of the gentleness of his nature is that final scene, one of the most touching and beautiful incidents in literature, where he offered a fervent prayer at her bedside, and then kissed her and bade her good-bye with the hope that they should meet in a better place.

It is a mistake to imagine that Johnson was always growling or roaring at somebody. He could turn a compliment with as much grace as the most accomplished man of the world. When Mrs. Siddons came into his room on that occasion when they had such a delightful talk about the stage, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which, he observing, said with a smile, "You who so often occasion the want of seats to other people will the more readily excuse the want of one yourself." "Every man of education," he said, "would rather be called a rascal than accused of any deficiency in the graces." And he further remarked, "You may observe that I am well bred, to a degree of scrupulosity."

In his prayers and meditations the inmost soul of the man has been made visible. We see his frailties



and shortcomings, his self-searchings, his noble strivings, and his strong religious convictions. His religious faith was so deep and abiding, such an integral and indestructible part of the man, that he must be regarded as one of the great spiritual possessions of our race. His fear of death was not a craven fear, but arose from his lofty conception of what was required of a man to make him acceptable to God. When death came all his apprehensions were allayed, and he departed this life with a fine serenity.

Our comprehension of Johnson would be inadequate without a reference to his passionate love of country. If he lived to-day he would not be found amongst those who profess to believe that England is becoming decadent and that she is unable to hold her own in the stress of modern competition. He would not be content to dwell upon the past glories of his country, but would say to the twentieth-century English pessimists, and his voice would be loud and his manner probably most offensive, "That's absurd, sir! Cease your vain repinings, dismiss your idle fears, and realize, if you have the sense to do so, the rare felicity of this island Empire in its geographical insularity and in the loyalty of its stalwart sons. Why, sir, even the Scotch may be depended upon in any grave national crisis." He is so intensely British, indeed, that foreign critics have been unable to appreciate his greatness.

"His truths are too true," wrote Taine. "We already have them by heart. We learn from him that life is short, and that we ought to improve the few moments accorded to us. That a mother ought not to bring up her son as a dandy; that a man ought to repent of his crimes and yet avoid superstition, and that in everything we ought to be active, and yet not hurried. We thank him for these sage counsels, but mutter, we could have done without them." But it is the observation of the commonplace truths, which



Johnson proclaimed in such stately language and which he verified in his own life, which has enabled England to exert such a beneficent influence upon the destinies of the world.

He responded to the varying moods of those about him and, in spite of disease and many physical frailties and a disposition to melancholy, had a lively sense of humour and loved to be amused. He hated pretence, hypocrisy, and shams, and through the greatness of his nature triumphed over circumstances and conditions which would have appalled and overwhelmed one less brave and resolute. "I am a man of the world," he said; "I take my colour in some degree from the world as it hurries along. The man who is forgotten is the man who stands aloof, indifferent to its joys and sorrows, its successes and its failures." With the love he had for his fellow-men, we think of Johnson most frequently surrounded by a group of friends, but his essay on *Retirement* shows that he valued solitude as well as society. In his hours of contemplation he worked out his philosophy of life, which brought him tranquillity if not happiness. The tranquillity is revealed in his intercourse with his friends. It prevented him from beating against the bars of existence, taught him the management of his own mind, and placed him in harmony with his surroundings. It was something apart from his religious belief, and could have existed without it. His philosophy of life is constantly revealed in his conversation. "It is wise to be serious," he declared. "It is useless to be sensitive, and foolish to be gloomy." He thought that "one may be so much of a man of the world as to be nothing in the world." He believed it was the business of the wise man to be happy, and that "to be able to furnish pleasure, pure and harmless, is as good a power as a man can possess." "You must not indulge your delicacy too much," he remarks, "or you will find

yourself *tête-à-tête* all your life." He taught the gospel of cheerfulness.

As we accompany him through his life we find him instant in response to pessimistic views, melancholy reflections, with clear cut, noble replies, filled with serene optimism, not regretting the burden, but grateful for the opportunity of life.

As long as we admire intellectual honesty, moral courage and true reverence, so long will the character of Johnson be an inspiration to mankind. The years which have passed since he was laid to rest in the Abbey have greatly enhanced his fame, and it may be truly said, on the 204th anniversary of his birth, that he is the best beloved of all English writers.

## THE AMERICAN LUNCHEON CLUB, LONDON

SPEECH MADE AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY THIS CLUB  
TO THEIR CHAIRMAN, MR. JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS,  
DECEMBER 4, 1913

I HAD arranged a few mental notes before coming to the dinner, but in the presence of this charming and overwhelming surprise, it is really the loveliest cup I ever saw, they have become useless for the moment. I must say something not from notes, but from an overflowing heart.

In that delightful fantasy, *The Crock of Gold*, we are told that hunger, love and curiosity are the three great impelling forces in life. I have experienced the play of all of these forces this evening and they have all been satisfied, and this is a statement which few men, and no woman, can truthfully make.

The members of the American Luncheon Club have given me so many evidences of their regard that I do not require anything more than the pressure of the hand or the passing word to testify to the delightful relationship of perfect understanding and sympathy which has been established between us. While I have done nothing to deserve this exquisite remembrance, I am nevertheless profoundly grateful. It will always be one of my most cherished possessions, suggesting as it always will the affectionate thought that prompted the beautiful gift.

I appreciate very much indeed that your Excel-



PRESENTED BY  
THE AMERICAN LUNCHEON CLUB IN LONDON  
TO THEIR CHAIRMAN,  
THE HON. JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS,  
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,  
DEC. 4, 1913





lency presides over this gathering. I know that you are here, not only on account of our most agreeable personal relations, but because of the deep interest you take in the Luncheon Club and in the Service I represent. In the short time you have been in London you have won our heart by your engaging manner, by that power of good conversation, to use Gabriel Hantoux's expression, which opens the heart by your gracious and thoughtful public utterances and by your spacious outlook on life. I can never be sufficiently grateful to Lord Charnwood for the skill he has shown in discovering my hidden virtues and for the beautiful manner in which he has spoken of my work in England. It is a very great pleasure not only to myself, but to all the members of the Club, that so many of our English friends have entered into the intimacy of this family party. It is most fitting that they should be with us, since our English friends, and among them we include a number of distinguished men of letters, have contributed so much to the enjoyment and success of the Club, making us feel not only the kinship of blood, which may and probably will grow weaker, as race group proportions shift in America, but the kinship of ideals and purposes which constitutes a far more permanent bond of union. An English writer expressed the hope the other day that some one would undertake a study or history of the influence that literature has had in promoting the excellent feeling which prevails between Great Britain and the United States. No one can accurately measure the extent of that influence. Personally I believe it to have been very great, and that it must constantly increase as the body of our common literature is augmented, and that it is a more potent factor in determining our friendship than the most carefully prepared stipulations in conventions and treaties.

It is now more than eight years since I came to

England with much fear and not a little trembling. My apprehensions, however, have been so completely dispelled, in the genial sunshine of English hospitality, that the years have passed as swiftly as if they were days. The mists, the fogs and the grey skies have assumed for me simply an æsthetic value and the east wind only adds piquancy to the caressing softness of the English climate.

It is a matter of great personal gratification that this dinner should be given while I am still in office and that it should be the expression of the thoughtfulness of my own countrymen. It is quite customary, I believe, to welcome an official with a feast and to dismiss him with a dinner and thus to have the opportunity of saying something pleasant before and after taking. It does not happen so frequently, however, that friends gather about him while he is still in active service to express some degree, perhaps, of approval of his public conduct and, in this instance I trust, also of his private life. It is a hazardous thing to give your friends the opportunity of saying face to face what they really think about you. Few friendships could survive such a test, if friends were absolutely frank. That I expect to return home this evening with a fairly undamaged reputation is a high tribute to your capacity for reticence.

The American Luncheon Club is composed of good Americans. They are unlike the boy who applied for a position and in the course of his conversation, learning that his possible employer was a strict Protestant, replied when asked as to his religious faith that he was a Catholic, and then hastened to add, "But, you understand, sir, not a good Catholic." He was thereupon promptly dismissed with the intimation that if he had been a zealous believer he would probably have been accepted. The world has grown so tired of half-hearted, faint-hearted and no-hearted con-

victions that it would rather listen to a man who is positive, even if he is positively wrong, than one who hesitates, falters and stumbles, even if he does not actually recant in his efforts to propitiate and please. We believe in America, as you believe in England, that a man who is not a passionate lover of his own country is an undesirable alien in every other land. The year we have been together has been very rich in effort and achievement. It has demonstrated the power of collective purpose. The spirit of organized patriotism has been enlarged and strengthened as we have seen it constantly demonstrated in our weekly reunions. We have the cosmopolitan feeling of being both at home and abroad, for the wealth of London opportunity is within our grasp, and, true to our fictitious national reputation, we have been quick to appreciate this fact and to take advantage of it. Each week we have felt the kindling glow of the spirit that comes from contact with the minds of men who speak from ample knowledge and often with the authority of those engaged in original research work. We have felt the inspiration of the personality of men who are thinking out things and the men who are doing things in England and America and in other parts of the world. They have brought to the Club a constant stream of fresh energy, enthusiasm and life. It is a proof of the suppleness of the American man of affairs that he can concentrate upon the direction of his personal interests in the morning, and then go to the Luncheon Club and listen with the keenest delight to talks on religion, art and literature, on science and the drama, on big game shooting, on economic and social problems, on the hopes of the youngest republic, on peace and war, on the perils inherent in all forms of government and on the need for a renaissance of the individual unless the State is to be permitted to dictate our diet, prescribe our

religion and regulate our affections. Occasionally we have had a dreamer with us, and sometimes, I think, we have enjoyed the dreamers most of all, as they recalled to us, what we are so apt to forget in our crucifixion of unusual opinions, that the history of the progress of the race is the story of the realization of some man's dream—the verification of some woman's vision.

The memories of the Club have made a large contribution, a contribution begun long before the Club was organized, to the intimate relationship—more intimate now than ever before—which exists between the citizen and the Service to which I have the honour to belong. While the progressive permanent character of the American Consular Service is due to the initiative of three presidents, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, and to the sympathetic attitude of the State Department, the work of reconstruction and reform has been greatly facilitated by the intelligent recognition of the needs of the Service by Americans living abroad who have been prompt in appreciation, helpful in suggestion, and instant in action.

It is true of all of our great services—the Army, the Navy and the Civil services—that they require the active co-operation and sympathy of the citizen to enable those who are carrying them on to be most efficient. We only do our best, said Carlyle, in an atmosphere of encouragement, hope and love. Such an atmosphere London furnishes to all the foreign representatives who come to this compelling city. I trust that the Club may enjoy a long and constantly expanding life and that its members may always be known for their devoted patriotism, their sympathetic hospitality and their international goodwill.

I want to thank you again and again for your

many kindnesses. I do not know exactly how I feel this evening. I simply know that I am experiencing the uplift of spirit, which only the greatest of all joy can produce—the joy of being with one's friends.





## APPRECIATIONS



## THE LATE JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS

*Consul-General, the United States of America*

### AWAY

I CANNOT say and I will not say  
That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand  
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old time step and the glad return.

Think of him, faring on as dear  
In the love of There, as the love of Here.

Think of him fired as we knew him when  
He faced the throngs of his country men.

And swayed them with a power that knew  
Inspiration yet logic too.

When we knew the lights of the lifted face  
And the voice's charm and the gesture's grace.

When he spoke for truth, with a conscience clear  
And the glad heart whole and the soul sincere.

Truth ! as bright as the light of day—  
He is not dead—he is just away.

Mild and gentle, as he was brave—  
When the sweetest love of his life he gave.

## THE GREATER PATRIOTISM

To simple things—where the violets grew  
Blue as the eyes, they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed  
As reverently as his lips have prayed.

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred  
Was dear to him as the mocking bird.

And he pitied as much as a man in pain  
A writhing honey bee, wet with rain.

Think of him still, the same—the same  
His lowly pride in his lofty fame.

Think of him still as the same—I say  
He is not dead : he is just away.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



CHICAGO, *January 17, 1917.*

DEAR MRS. GRIFFITHS,

It is very gracious of you to wish me to have even a slight share in the life sketch of Mr. Griffiths. He was a rare spirit, and I am glad that through your love and devotion his life and work are to be wrought into a memoir that will ensure their permanency and authoritativeness and safeguard them from the caprice of tradition and the forgetfulness of time.

The thought of Mr. Griffiths always, and with quite natural logic, brings before my mind the picture of the Indianapolis of his early struggling days. Indianapolis was then beginning to take on the dimensions and the manners of a city, a city singular among the communities of America because all the points of the compass seemed to converge in it—north, south, east, west—all fusing to make its atmosphere, its genius and its temperament.

I suppose a stranger passing through the Indianapolis of those days would have said to himself: "A pleasant town, but life here must be rather dull and eventless." And yet what forces were moving and surging, mightily though silently, beneath the surface; what talent was in the process of formation; what genius was fermenting; what splendid powers were working, in some slight measure consciously, but in far larger measure unconsciously, toward notable accomplishment and world-wide celebrity!

Benjamin Harrison had reached the zenith of his political career and had been elected President of the United States. James Whitcomb Riley was just

coming into his great inheritance—a nation's love that later almost culminated in idolatry. He was known as the Hoosier poet in those days. Now he is a world's man.

Booth Tarkington was then barely on the verge of manhood. His great talents were still wrapped up in the bud, like a flower that has not yet unfolded to the caress of the sun, though everything about him—his pronounced and arresting features; his shy, though highly dramatic, presence; his brooding, mystical quality of thought and of atmosphere—was prophetic of the distinction that he has since attained as the foremost novelist of America.

And shoulder to shoulder with the men who have, by their salient and abounding gifts of mind and heart, earned for themselves, their city and their country, an immortality of renown, stood Mr. Griffiths—a type neither eastern nor western, but cosmopolitan, whose talents were so opulent, so harmoniously balanced and so nobly ordered that they carried with them unmistakable intimations of a great future, a victorious career.

The endearing provincialism so pleasantly conspicuous in the speech, the manner and the work of James Whitcomb Riley was as unassimilable with the personality and the intellectual fastidiousness of your husband as the English ballads of the North Country are unassimilable with the classic grace and finish of the poetry of Keats. Mr. Griffiths was, in the mould of his spirit, in his culture, less a Hoosier than he was an Englishman. He was passionately American, but he was one of the few souls so big, so free and sweeping in their vision that they are insusceptible of geographical definition. He was, by the catholicity of his temperament, in a very real sense a citizen of the world.

Personality is always an elusive force, but the thing that chiefly impressed me in my personal contacts

with Mr. Griffiths was the fine distribution of the talent of life—the large dispersion of power in him. His gifts were not localized. They were not concentrated in some special aptitude. His faculties and interests were not submerged in a function. He lived with an equal emphasis in all the qualities that go to the making of a *man*.

Oratory, in any proper interpretation of the word, is almost a lost art in the America of these times, because this day is supremely the day of democracy, and the ideals and standards of democracy are inimical to the virtues of proportion, restraint, sanity and sincerity that are of the very essence of the public speech that commands the silent admiration of the mind rather than the boisterous applause of the passions.

Mr. Griffiths' great powers of oratory were a public trust, to be used with scrupulous care, for the enlightenment and inspiration of his audience. As Riley subdued to wise thoughts and happy moods the spirit of the people by the melody and sweetness of his song, so Mr. Griffiths cultivated the taste and ennobled the conscience of the people by the dignity and seriousness of his thought and the refinement of his address. I have never heard an orator in this country who in his early days gave more certain promise of an outstanding accomplishment, nor one in whose public utterances there was a more felicitous combination of the qualities of force and charm.

Through some magic of his personality, through some noble audacity of his art, Mr. Griffiths overcame the handicap imposed upon the gentleman in politics and achieved a harmony rarely achieved in America—a harmony of culture and popularity. I have always thought that, judged by the standard of sheer mastery, the oratory of Henry Ward Beecher is the greatest our world has known in any country or in any age. Demosthenes was a Greek speaking to

Greeks. Cicero was a Roman speaking to Romans. Chatham was an Englishman speaking to Englishmen. Webster was an American speaking to Americans. Henry Ward Beecher is unique, in that amid all the passion and prejudice of our Civil War—a passion and a prejudice almost as intense in England as in this country—he had the temerity to carry his propaganda to an alien people in an alien world—that was in great part critical and hostile—and his temerity was justified, for on every occasion he came off conqueror, and more than conqueror, through his resistless oratory.

To your husband belongs a conquest of a similar kind, for the task that he essayed and carried to a triumphant conclusion was almost as severe a test of power as the task that Beecher confronted when he subdued turbulent and intolerant audiences in Birmingham, in Manchester and in other towns of England by his eloquence. The Consular Service in Europe has always been hedged about with absurd diplomatic restrictions and unpleasant social limitations. The social prerogatives and the lustre of office have belonged to the Minister and to the Ambassador. The Consul has been concerned with trade—not with politics ; with commerce—not with society. No matter what his personal charm, what the measure of his endowments, or how admirable his social fitness might be, tradition required his rigid exclusion from all the great social functions of the state to which he was accredited.

I can think of no more striking testimony to the dominating force of the talents, to the high excellence of the manhood, to the charm of the personality of Mr. Griffiths than that it was reserved for him to do what many able men before him had tried and failed to do—what even one so distinguished in the world of letters as Nathaniel Hawthorne had failed to do—to break down the barriers between the Consulate and

the high places of this world, and to command for the Consular office a social prestige and recognition it had never before enjoyed.

It is difficult—and I may be permitted this comment because of my English antecedents and nativity—to overcome the insular prejudices of an Englishman ; but it is unspeakably more difficult to overcome the social and political traditions of an Englishman. That is a giant's labour, and yet that is the labour Mr. Griffiths performed with the ease that is the peculiar secret of genius. His career in England was a triumph that appealed to the pride of every American and brought delight to the hearts of those who had the privilege of his friendship.

Had Mr. Griffiths been spared, this generous and appreciative nation of ours which loves a real man would, I am sure, have bestowed upon him its highest honours.

Your husband, dear Mrs. Griffiths, went forth on the last adventure just as his day was touching the splendour of high noon. That is beautiful. It is glorious to live and then to go, erect, in all the vigour of one's strength and manhood, to confront the wonders of the Unknown—the tasks, the problems, the mysteries of the Great Beyond.

I am, dear Mrs. Griffiths,

Very cordially yours,

(Signed)      JOSEPH A. MILBURN.



WHEN such a man had reached the end of an active and useful career, so much of which had borne a close relation to the good of his fellow-men, it was fitting that high honours should be paid to his memory. For the last five years of his life Mr. Griffiths had passed in and out among the people of London, always devoted primarily to his official duties, never neglecting the smallest details of the work confided to him by his government, and at the same time putting himself into the closest touch with the commercial, social, legal and other professional bodies to be found in that great city. His association with literary people, kept up from the time of his old Indianapolis days, was merely extended from the capital of his own State to the metropolis of the world. His latest friends and associates came to know his character and characteristics and to appreciate him as had been the case throughout his life. His breadth of view while representing his country, its ideas and interests, had given him a universal outlook. When his death was announced these qualities brought a degree of recognition that was only complementary, not new.

Letters, telegrams, resolutions passed by commercial bodies, social and official organizations, together with letters from people all over Europe, the United Kingdom and the United States, poured in. A special service held in his honour at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was attended by the American Ambassador and his staff, by foreign Ministers and by consuls from all the countries of the world who had lived with him in the



association that always exists in great foreign cities, by large numbers of citizens and by a host of friends and acquaintances. This solemn and distinctive service was followed on the same day by meetings in other parts of London, at which resolutions were passed and steps taken still further to honour his memory.

A chosen escort accompanied the body to Liverpool and the same respect was shown to his widow. The five years spent in Liverpool before he went to London had made Mr. Griffiths quite as well known there as in his later service, which was really a proper recognition of the first. His body was met at the train in Liverpool by a large number of his old friends, and by representatives of the commercial, social and literary elements of that great city. These accompanied the body to the Town Hall, where it lay in state throughout the whole of the afternoon and evening before removal, in the morning, to the steamer, escorted by the same large number of friends and representative people. A memorial service was held at the old St. Nicholas Church, in Liverpool. It would have been impossible for any funeral taking place in England, apart from royalty itself or some great military leader, to have attracted more attention or to have evoked greater tributes of respect.

Upon the arrival of the body in New York it was met at the pier by representatives of legal, literary, college and social bodies from his own State who had come there on purpose to do him this final honour. The funeral services were held at the First Presbyterian Church in New York, which was filled with the leading men of the country. The President of the United States and the Department of State were represented, as also the various organizations from his own State. The list of pall-bearers was made up of some of the most distinguished men of the country who had

long known Mr. Griffiths and offered his memory this tribute of high respect. Nothing was left undone that could mark the honour in which he was held even far from his Western home and remote from the foreign cities in which he had rendered his most conspicuous service to his country.

GEORGE F. PARKER.

"Mr. Griffiths served his Government in a way that is given to few men in any time to serve."

WILBUR J. CARR

*(Director of the Consular Service,  
State Department, Washington, D. C.)*



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